



Full guide to the '96 NFL season
16 pages in the Saturday Magazine



Rupert Cornwall on the Democrats
Page 15



THE INDEPENDENT

3,079

SATURDAY 31 AUGUST 1996

WEATHER: Dry and bright

50p (R55p)

Birt's plan hits a wall of protest

MATTHEW HORSMAN
Media Editor

John Birt yesterday ran into a wall of political opposition to his plans to restructure the BBC, with accusations that he was trying to privatise chunks of the corporation "by the back door".

The BBC's controversial director-general confirmed an article in yesterday's *Independent* that the corporation was planning to spin off its resources into a separate, wholly owned subsidiary. But he vehemently denied the move would lead to the privatisation of BBC Resources.

"There is work in progress to see how Resources could be brought to trade more effectively in the external market where it is already active and to raise

privatisation of the BBC," Gerry Morrissey, supervisor of broadcasting at Bectu said. "We will vehemently oppose any attempts by the BBC to split up and sell off any part of the corporation."

Jack Cunningham, the shadow Secretary of State for National Heritage, said: "Fundamental changes of the kind proposed by Mr Birt should have been part of the debate before the BBC's new Charter was renewed by Parliament."

He added that Mr Birt's aggressive campaign for an increase in the licence fee was "inappropriate against a background of proposals for change which do not enjoy public and political confidence."

Alex Carlisle, home affairs spokesman for the Liberal Democrats, said: "The integrity of the BBC as a public service broadcaster must be maintained. The proposals as they have appeared imply a backdoor privatisation of the BBC."

The harsh words marked an escalation in the political opposition to Mr Birt's stewardship of the BBC, which has included a commitment to the commercialisation of the service as well as a radical management shake-up that critics claim could ruin the World Service.

Gerald Kaufmann, the chairman of the Commons Heritage Select Committee on Broadcasting, and himself a proponent of a more commercial BBC, was none the less highly critical of the current management. "The BBC belongs to the Government. It is funded by the taxpayer, and operates by Royal Charter. The people who run it have no right to reconstruct it," he said.

He said that the BBC should halt all changes immediately, and await a session of the Select Committee in the autumn for a full and frank debate. "We shall be questioning them very rigorously, and we shall be demanding straight answers to very clear questions."

Bectu's Mr Morrissey warned that the commercial changes proposed for BBC Resources would only be the beginning.

Leading article, page 13



BIRT'S BREAKUP CORPORATION

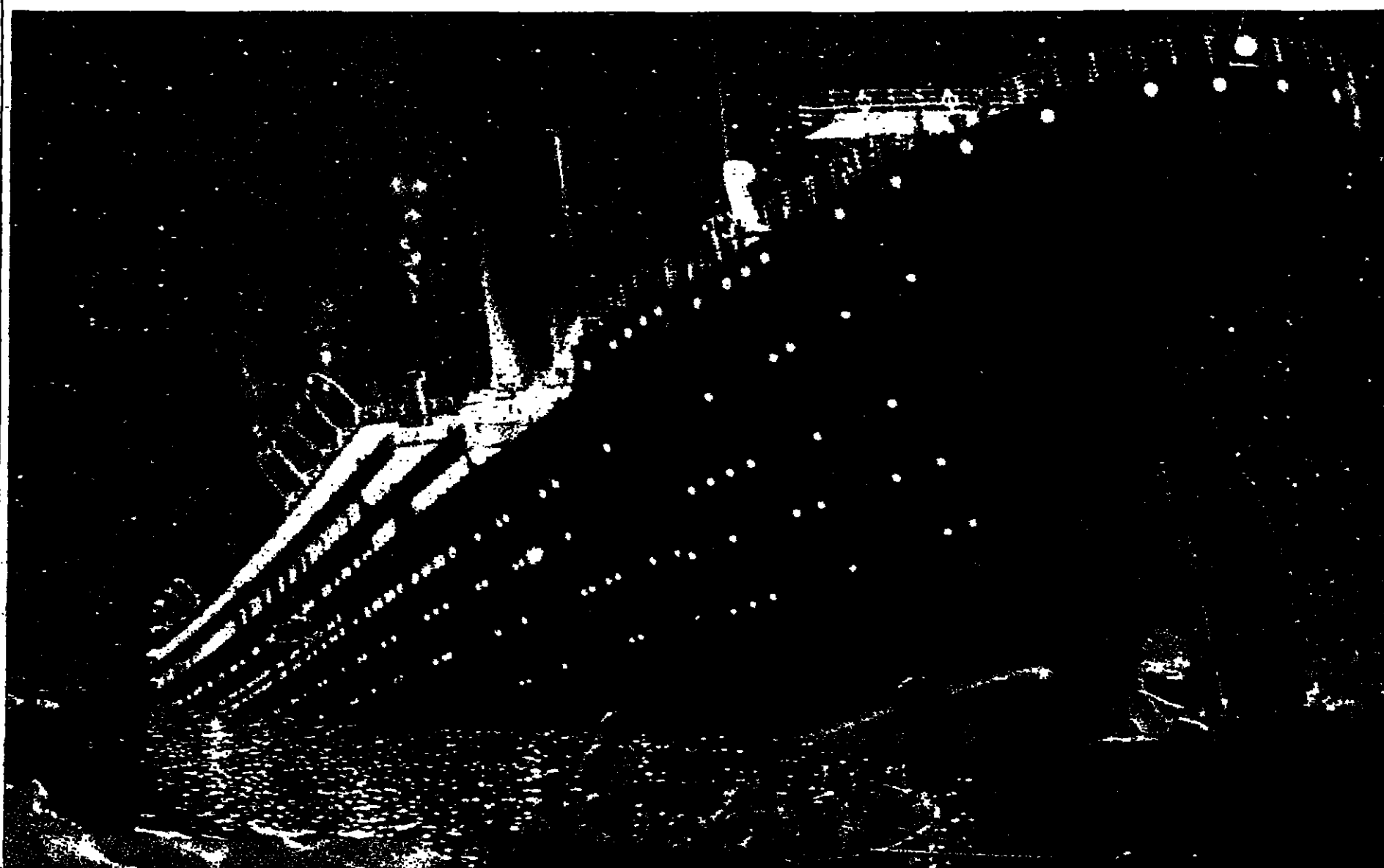
capital for future investment," the BBC said in a statement. A spokesman added that creating a separate subsidiary to contain BBC Resources, which groups the corporation's studios, editing suites and other basic facilities, was not inconsistent with the BBC's mandate as a public service broadcaster.

Mr Birt, speaking on the *Today* programme on Radio 4, insisted there were no plans to privatise any part of the BBC.

But his assurances were rejected by Bectu, which represents BBC Resources' 9,000 staff. "This is a prelude to full

'It would be cheaper to lower the Atlantic'

(So said Lew Grade in 1979. Yesterday the £3.3m operation to raise the ship was abandoned)



REBECCA FOWLER

The ship they said was unsinkable sank back to her home of 84 years at the bottom of the ocean yesterday. As the *Titanic* defied the salvage operators' desperate attempts to raise her in swelling seas, the Atlantic refused once again to relinquish its most famous wreck.

A wrenching sound of snapping cables marked the moment when they lost their hold over the 15-tonne section of *Titanic*'s hull. Before an audience of 1,700 tourists who had paid to watch history being resurrected, the balloons holding her in

place broke free and the sea reclaimed her.

Like those who have gone before, RMS — the company that owns exclusive salvage rights to the ship — found she was not ready to rise. Lord (Lew)

'The greatest tragedy is to give up. We haven't. We'll get it next year'

Grade, who helped fund the 1979 film *The Raising of the Titanic*, said: "As I said all those years ago, it would be cheaper to lower the Atlantic than raise the *Titanic*. It was a terrible tragedy, so many lives were

lost, and God knows what else. People said there were diamonds and gold on board, but I never found any. They should let it rest in peace now. You can't do anything about the people that went down in her. It's futile."

When the *Titanic* set sail in April 1912 on her maiden voyage from Southampton, crowds gathered to marvel at the world's first luxury liner. But when the supposedly invincible steel hull hit an iceberg in the

North Atlantic, there were not enough lifeboats for a full evacuation, and 1,523 of the 2,200 passengers and crew were lost.

Among the three survivors from the disaster who travelled on the *Royal Majesty* cruise ship to watch the salvage operation was Edith Haisman, 99.

Ms Haisman was 16 when her parents booked the family on to the *Titanic*, with hopes of opening a hotel in Seattle. Although she and her mother found a place on a lifeboat, her father perished. She recalled: "As he was walking up the gangplank, my father had a presentiment. He turned white. He had some

sort of idea that something was going to happen. I, like everybody else, didn't expect it. It was really a lovely ship. The people were so happy."

For decades, salvage operators were beguiled by the challenge of raising the *Titanic*, and the wreck was located in 1985. RMS has recovered 4,000 artefacts which hint at the splendour of a ship filled with chandeliers, fine porcelain and crystal.

George Tulloch, president of RMS, was determined that at least a portion of the ship should be brought back to the surface in the £3.3m operation, to provide the centrepiece for an

exhibition in New York with the possibility of a full-scale *Titanic* museum in the future.

He was close to tears yesterday as he described how the salvage attempt foundered. "One line snapped and then they went one at a time and the piece is gone. The *Titanic* is not easy to bring home. But the greatest tragedy in the world is to give up. And we haven't given up. We'll get it next year."

The spot where the section of the hull went back under is marked by a beacon that will last two years, enabling the salvors to return for a further attempt.

Godfrey Hodgson, page 15

More post delays in store as hardliners deliver threat

BARRIE CLEMENT
Labour Editor

The Labour leadership yesterday called for an end to the Royal Mail's letters monopoly, the Government warned.

Tony Blair, the Labour leader, made clear his support for Alan Johnson, the beleaguered joint general secretary of the union, who believes there is already a basis for a settlement and that the proposals should be put to the membership.

"I am sure the leadership position of the union is absolutely correct in saying there is a basis for a settlement," he said. Mr Johnson has been consistently over-ruled by his executive, which is bitterly opposed to the management's productivity proposals, especially "teamworking". A union official said that the intervention by Labour politicians was "unhelpful".

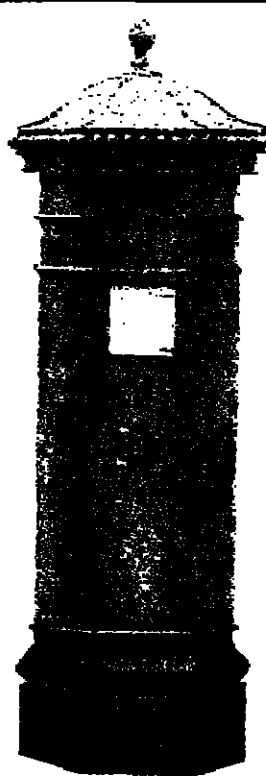
Ian Lang, President of the Board of Trade, made it clear

with action possibly lasting from Friday to Monday inclusive. Such a decision would lead to the further suspension of the Royal Mail's letters monopoly, the Government warned.

The management has offered to set up a joint working party to investigate flexible working, chaired by the conciliation service Acas. The management would be willing to abandon its insistence on team-working if the union would drop its principled objection to it.

Richard Dykes, managing director of the Royal Mail, said a three-month suspension of the monopoly would threaten the business. "How could the union executive justify putting its members' jobs on the line when it has not even given them a chance to air their views in a ballot?" he said.

Rail strike details, page 2



Boxing clever: Action could soon cover weekends

Girl's body washed up on Norfolk beach

CHARLIE BAIN

The body of a young girl, thought to be that of six-year-old Jodi Loughlin who vanished from a Norfolk beach nearly two weeks ago, was discovered yesterday, washed up nearly 30 miles along the coast.

There was no sign of her brother Tom, four, who vanished with her from Holme beach, near Hunstanton 13 days ago. Detectives said that a man out jogging in the early hours of yesterday morning had spotted the body, which was washed up on the high-tide mark at Weybourne.

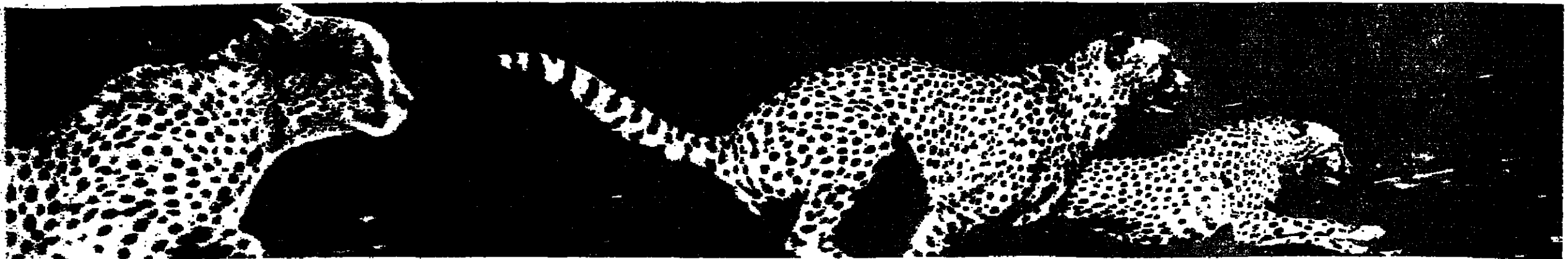
A post-mortem examination will be held and police said that Jodi's parents, Kevin Laughlin and Lynette Thornton, both 37, of Norwood, south London, were being kept informed. The couple last saw the two children on 18 August at Holme beach, running through crowds of families towards the waves as the

tide came in. Within minutes, both had vanished from sight.

Mr Laughlin and Ms Thornton, who had left their home the previous day for a week-long holiday at the Norfolk resort, searched for two hours before reporting the children missing. Last night, Norfolk coastguards said it was perfectly feasible that Jodi's body could have travelled the 30 miles east from Holme to Weybourne, as the county had experienced some of the worst-ever August weather.

"If anything — bodies, debris — had been out at sea, it would have been washed ashore by yesterday's heavy seas," a spokesman for Yarmouth coastguards said.

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Virgin fly to Jo'burg from October 2nd.

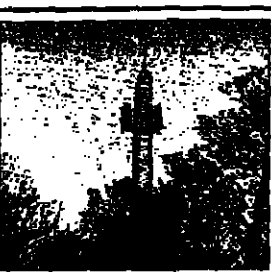
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news

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Trail of blood
New York vampires and the case of the missing reporter



Mast mad
Making a pin-cushion of the countryside



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Why do restaurants have to be like movie sets?

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WHOLESALE NAME: _____
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Public warned as sex offender escapes

MATTHEW BRACE

A convicted paedophile was on the run last night after escaping from a supervised unit at a children's adventure park.

Police warned the public that 32-year-old Trevor Holland, a patient at an NHS-run secure unit in Hertfordshire, was violent and should not be approached.

They said he leans to the right when walking, has a nervous twitch and covers his ears when approached. He is 5ft 10in tall, with grey hair and a Lancashire accent.

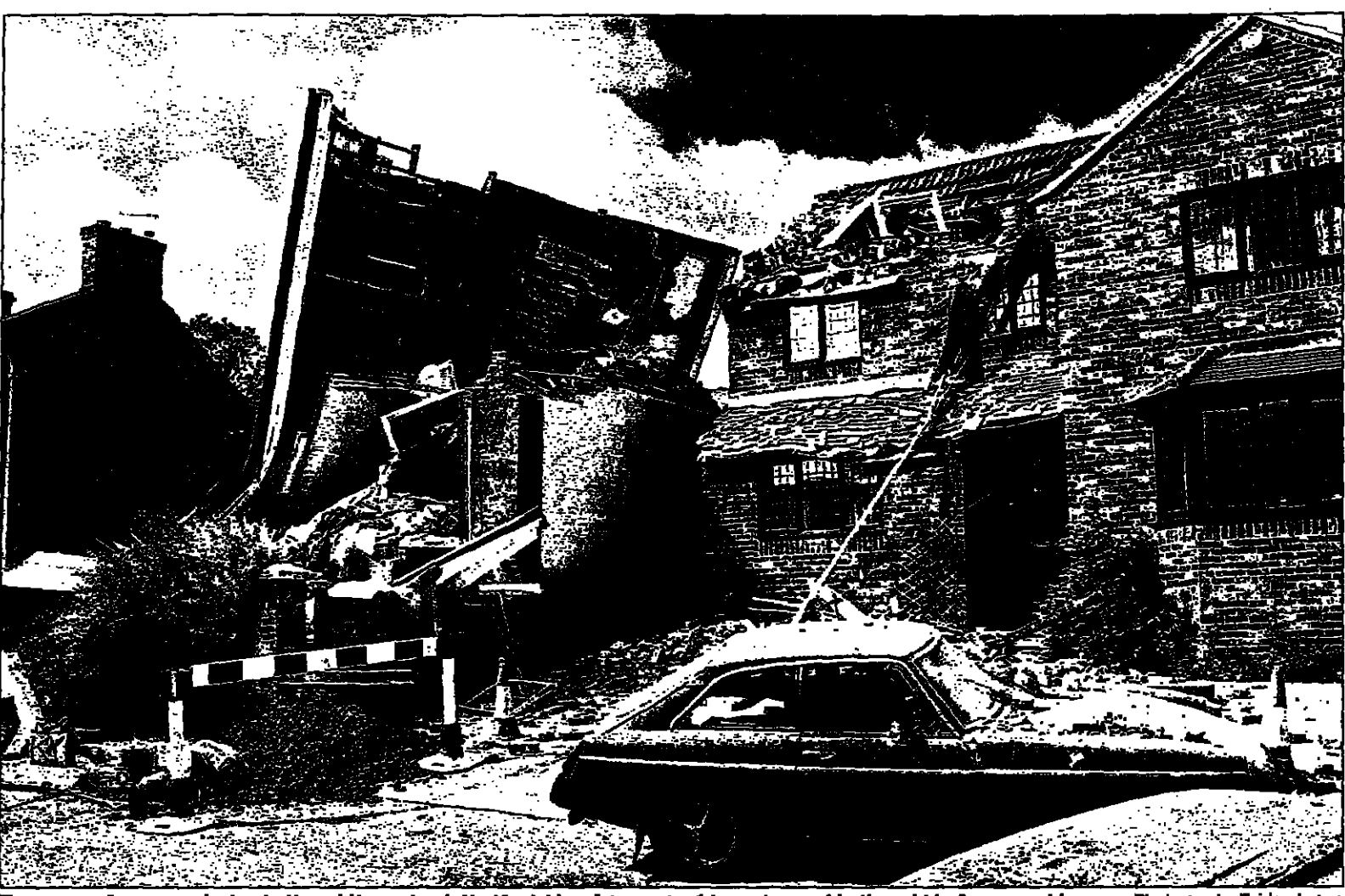
Thomas Freeman, the chief executive of the Horizon NHS Trust, which was in charge of Trevor Holland's care, said Holland had previous convictions from 1992 and 1994 for either indecency or attempted indecency on young boys aged between 12 and 15.

Mr Freeman added that Holland had also been convicted in the past of sending obscene literature to children under the age of 16, assault and affray.

Holland had been sent to the Eric Sheppard Unit at Abbots Langley, Hertfordshire in May, after he had absconded from a less secure unit, where he was sent in January after being convicted of affray at a pub in Oxfordshire. He was ordered to attend the Unit under Section 37 of the Mental Health Act.

Scotland Yard said Holland was being accompanied yesterday on a half-day trip to Chessington World of Adventure in Surrey by a male nurse.

The alarm was raised at 2.45pm after Holland absconded from a pub near to the adventure park after complaining of a stomach ache.



The scene of a gas explosion in Hemel Hempstead, Hertfordshire. A teenage girl was trapped in the rubble for several hours. Photograph: Fairley Lupton

Prescott memo widens rift

JOHN RENTOU
Political Correspondent

The strains at the top of the Labour Party were exposed yesterday by the leak of a letter from the deputy leader John Prescott to his Shadow Cabinet colleagues demanding that all important documents are "copied to me at the same time as they are copied to the leader's office".

The latest evidence that Mr Prescott feels excluded from

Labour's inner circle follows a long series of semi-public protests at being subjected to what his predecessor, George Brown, famously called a "complete ignorance".

In an interview with *The Independent* two weeks ago Mr Prescott said: "Sometimes policies seem to appear rather quickly. I think this has left the party feeling a little uneasy."

The memo, which was sent from Mr Prescott's Commons office in the last few days,

insisted: "As we enter the next phase of the Road to the Manifesto campaign, and the general election campaign itself, it is especially important that I am kept apprised of all policy developments."

A spokesman for Mr Prescott described it as a "gentle reminder to the Shadow Cabinet of the existing procedure", while Mr Blair's office dismissed reports as a "ridiculous fuss about administrative trivia". But the letter was clearly

intended to assert the deputy leader's authority.

Mr Prescott is known to have been angered - sometimes to the point of talking about resignation - by the failure of Mr Blair's office to consult him.

He was not told in advance of Harriet Harman's decision to send her son to a selective school, and was unhappy with Shadow Chancellor Gordon Brown's plans to cut benefit for young people who stay on the dole. After Labour back-

bencher Austin Mitchell's unhelpful *New Statesman* article, the leak was a further distraction from the launch of Mr Blair's nationwide tour to sell Labour's manifesto.

Furthermore, he is engaged in a desperate arm-twisting exercise in Scotland to avoid a further embarrassment this morning - defeat in a close vote on the ruling Scottish executive over his plans for a two-question referendum on a Scottish Parliament.

SIGNIFICANT SHORTS

The RMT transport union has called two more 24-hour strikes by guards and on-board catering staff at seven train operators - on 11 and 23 September - and ordered a six-day overtime ban from 16 September to 21 September.

The companies hit by the action will be: CrossCountry Trains; Merseyrail Electric; Regional Railways North East; North West Regional Railways; North London Railways; ScotRail and South Wales and West Wales. Staff at nine more companies are being balloted on action, with the results due on 12 September. Given a statutory seven-day notice period, employees at all 16 companies could walk out on 21 September. *Barrie Clement*

Two of the 184 hostages released from the hijacked Sudan Airways flight at Stansted Airport on Tuesday have applied to stay in Britain. The Home Office confirmed yesterday that the unnamed pair, understood to be Sudanese, sought leave to remain when they were interviewed by immigration officials this week. It is understood they are claiming political asylum, although the Home Office refused yesterday to specify grounds.

A spokesman said the applications were being considered but that it was likely to be six months before a decision could be made. After that, he said, there was an appeals procedure which could take a further six months. Because they applied for asylum at their point of entry, the couple will be entitled to claim benefits. *Sieve Boggan*

British diplomats in Cambodia were urgently investigating reports that a mines clearance expert kidnapped by Khmer Rouge guerrillas had been killed. A Thai newspaper reported that Christopher Howes, 36, who was taken last March with two Cambodian colleagues while clearing mines in the Siem Reap province, had been executed.

A Foreign Office spokesman said the report was the most serious suggestion yet that Mr Howes was no longer alive. The *Bangkok Post*, citing an unidentified officer of Pol Pot's *Khmer Rouge* reported that Mr Howes, from Bristol, had been killed on Thursday at the headquarters of Khmer Rouge leader Pol Pot in Angkor Veng.

French calves are being imported to be slaughtered and incinerated for compensation, it emerged yesterday. Under the EU scheme, boosted in the UK to compensate British farmers hit by the BSE scare, French farmers are sharing the £103 payment per calf with British importers and slaughterhouses.

As more 300 live French calves arrived at a slaughterhouse, the RSPCA described the practice as an "absolute disgrace". The animals arrived on a chartered livestock ship at Southampton and were taken by lorry to an abattoir in Warwickshire. They will not be used for food and will be killed, their carcasses immediately rendered and the remains incinerated.

CONCISE CROSSWORD
No. 3080 Saturday 31 August By Spunus

1	2	3	4	5	6	7
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27						

ACROSS

- Centre (5)
- Sanctioned by authority (8)
- Plant louse (5)
- Following orders (8)
- Hard work (5)
- Metric measure (3)
- Risky (6)
- Russian currency (6)
- Mass of fish eggs (3)
- Junior soldier (5)
- Minor irritation (8)
- Creed (5)
- Obstinate (8)
- Breeding establishments (5)

DOWN

- Bedtime drink (5)
- Bid (5)
- Bitter (5)
- Flag (6)
- Large store (8)
- Precipitation (8)
- Game bird (8)
- Discarded (8)
- Scottish burgh (3)
- Before (3)
- Young birds of prey (6)
- Taxi driver (5)
- Person under eighteen (5)
- Blood vessels (5)

Solution to yesterday's Concise Crossword:
ACROSS: 1 Delibes, 5 Orite (Deliberate), 8 Caper, 9 Pitfall, 10 Abatement, 12 Gyp, 13 Probe, 14 Chaste, 17 Bid, 18 Dairy farm, 20 Longue, 21 Ovoid, 22 Sully, 23 Natural, DOWN: 1 Dacha, 3 Lap, 5 Barrels, 6 Super, 8 Oyster, 9 Ambrosia, 7 Eclair, 11 Marmalade, 13 Robbies, 15 Hayloft, 16 Pidgeon, 18 Ditch, 19 Medal, 22 Oar.

weather

NOON FORECAST

Low 5 moves north-east while Low 6 tracks east-north-east with little change in pressure. High 6 is drifting north-east.

WORLD WEATHER

Country	Temp	Wind	Cloud	Temp	Wind	Cloud
London	15-20	10-15	6-13	London	15-20	10-15
Birmingham	15-20	10-15	6-13	Birmingham	15-20	10-15
Manchester	15-20	10-15	6-13	Manchester	15-20	10-15
Edinburgh	15-20	10-15	6-13	Edinburgh	15-20	10-15
Glasgow	15-20	10-15	6-13	Glasgow	15-20	10-15
Cardiff	15-20	10-15	6-13	Cardiff	15-20	10-15
Belfast	15-20	10-15	6-13	Belfast	15-20	10-15
Paris	15-20	10-15	6-13	Paris	15-20	10-15
Brussels	15-20	10-15	6-13	Brussels	15-20	10-15
Amsterdam	15-20	10-15	6-13	Amsterdam	15-20	10-15
Frankfurt	15-20	10-15	6-13	Frankfurt	15-20	10-15
Berlin	15-20	10-15	6-13	Berlin	15-20	10-15
Moscow	15-20	10-15	6-13	Moscow	15-20	10-15
St Petersburg	15-20	10-15	6-13	St Petersburg	15-20	10-15
Warsaw	15-20	10-15	6-13	Warsaw	15-20	10-15
Prague	15-20	10-15	6-13	Prague	15-20	10-15
Vienna	15-20	10-15	6-13	Vienna	15-20	10-15
Budapest	15-20	10-15	6-13	Budapest	15-20	10-15
Stockholm	15-20	10-15	6-13	Stockholm	15-20	10-15
Helsinki	15-20	10-15	6-13	Helsinki	15-20	10-15
Tallinn	15-20	10-15	6-13	Tallinn	15-20	10-15
Riga	15-20	10-15	6-13	Riga	15-20	10-15
Warsaw	15-20	10-15	6-13	Warsaw	15-20	10-15
Prague	15-20	10-15	6-13	Prague	15-20	10-15
Vienna	15-20	10-15	6-13	Vienna	15-20	10-15
Budapest	15-20	10-15	6-13	Budapest	15-20	10-15
Stockholm	15-20	10-15	6-13	Stockholm	15-20	10-15
Helsinki	15-20	10-15	6-13	Helsinki	15-20	10-15
Tallinn	15-20	10-15	6-13	Tallinn	15-20	10-15
Riga	15-20	10-15	6-13	Riga	15-20	10-15

LIGHTING-UP TIMES

City	Lighting-up	City	Lighting-up
London	18.58	London	18.58
Birmingham	18.58	Birmingham	18.58
Manchester	18.58	Manchester	18.58
Edinburgh	18.58	Edinburgh	18.58
Glasgow	18.58	Glasgow	18.58
Cardiff	18.58	Cardiff	18.58
Belfast	18.58	Belfast	18.58
Paris	18.58	Paris	18.58
Brussels	18.58	Brussels	18.58
Amsterdam	18.58	Amsterdam	18.58
Frankfurt	18.58	Frankfurt	18.58
Berlin	18.58	Berlin	18.58
Moscow	18.58	Moscow	18.58
St Petersburg	18.58	St Petersburg	18.58
Warsaw	18.58	Warsaw	18.58
Prague	18.58	Prague	18.58
Vienna	18.58	Vienna	18.58
Budapest	18.58	Budapest	18.58
Stockholm	18.58	Stockholm	18.58
Helsinki	18.58	Helsinki	18.58
Tallinn	18.58	Tallinn	18.58
Riga	18.58	Riga	18.58

AIR QUALITY

City	Yesterday's Readings	City	Yesterday's Readings
London	Good	London	Good
Birmingham	Good	Birmingham	Good
Manchester	Good	Manchester	Good
Edinburgh	Good	Edinburgh	Good
Glasgow	Good	Glasgow	Good
Cardiff	Good	Cardiff	Good
Belfast	Good	Belfast	Good
Paris	Good	Paris	Good
Brussels	Good	Brussels	Good
Amsterdam	Good	Amsterdam	Good
Frankfurt	Good	Frankfurt	Good
Berlin	Good	Berlin	Good
Moscow	Good	Moscow	Good
St Petersburg	Good	St Petersburg	Good
Warsaw	Good	Warsaw	Good
Prague	Good	Prague	Good
Vienna	Good	Vienna	Good
Budapest	Good	Budapest	Good
Stockholm	Good	Stockholm	Good
Helsinki	Good	Helsinki	Good
Tallinn	Good	Tallinn	Good
Riga	Good	Riga	Good

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THOMSON

7

As an eye injury forces Frank Bruno to retire from the ring, **Jack O'Sullivan** asks what is the secret of his enduring charm

He didn't have Tyson's power or the eloquence of Ali. His victories were not memorable. So why do people love him so?



Boxing clever: Bruno (left) with the WBC belt; in a production of *Aladdin* (top right); and joking with Harry Carpenter when the commentator retired



Photographs: Daily Mirror/PA

Frank Bruno, Britain's favourite fighter, yesterday ended a career which, although unexceptional in boxing history, gave him a world title and turned him into one of the country's most popular sportsman.

He didn't have Mike Tyson's power and Muhammad Ali's eloquence escaped him. His victories were unmemorable and his defeats were often by second-raters. Yet, through a combination of wit, charm and considerable bravery, he won the hearts of millions, even those with little time for the brutalities of the Sweet Science.

The threat of a detached retina in his right eye forced him to hang up his gloves, thwarting a planned comeback challenge to Mike Tyson. "What is to be is to be," said Bruno. "I've had a good innings. I've ducked and dived." No longer will he have to pretend to be the world's most dangerous boxer. From now on he is expected to concentrate on his other activities as stand-up comic, pantomime artist, advertiser of HP Sauce and Britain's most loveable gentle giant.

The recurring injury ended a 14-year professional career in which this boxer of questionable ability finally seized the WBC world heavyweight championship on points at his fourth attempt last September, an achievement the great heroes of British boxing, such as Henry Cooper, could not match.

He lost the title again six months later after his second, humiliating drubbing by Tyson.

Bruno's punch was good, calculated to be equivalent to a padded 12lb sledgehammer travelling at 20mph. The trouble was that Bruno, glass-jawed and too slow around the ring, too rarely connected glove to victim.

The key to his enduring popularity has been his affability. Whereas many of his contemporaries fail to shake off an aggressive bad-man image when outside the ring, Bruno has been the cheeky, chirpy chap, with a deep Cockney voice, apparently devoid of bloodlust and with a sense of humour

that allowed him to play the part of Juliet in Comic Relief's Shakespearean folly.

Bruno's character has sanitised boxing at a time when it is becoming harder to defend. He is the model Nineties man - macho, at least in the ring, but a sentimental, sensitive gentleman out of it, loving his wife, Laura, with whom he has lived for 16 years and his three children. To women he is a sweetheart - protective, but not threatening and with an endearing hint of stupidity.

Lennox Lewis, Britain's other heavyweight to take the

WBC title, looks too mean. Joe Bugner was never forgiven for ending Henry Cooper's career. The way was left open for Bruno to take Our 'Enry's place as the nation's brave, but ultimately unsuccessful loser.

The Bruno image has required careful management, in particular by Laura Bruno, whose toughness in negotiation is said to be the flipside of Frank's easy-going manner. He always wears double-breasted suits of the sort favoured by the Duke of Windsor, never swears, and is a church-going Catholic. And he is very funny, with a

well-prepared script. His one-liners were in evidence again yesterday. Did he have any plans, he was asked. "Only for the wife in the bedroom this Christmas and my kids in the front room." His catchphrase, "Know wha' I mean, 'Arry?" - Bruno's chorus in interviews with the veteran BBC commentator Harry Carpenter - is entrenched in the language.

His acceptability to white audiences has led some to accuse him of selling out to the black community - his mother came from Jamaica, his father from Dominica. He successfully took legal action against one such allegation. Others point to an extraordinary achievement in making himself a black British hero with no enemies.

So what now for Bruno? At

34, he is rich, living in an Essex mansion surrounded by 70 acres near Brentwood. But, as he said yesterday, "The old man has to go out and earn some money". Commentating is probably out - Bruno's dozen or so one-liners would not sustain him.

But advertisers see a big future. "He would look good in a Hamlet ad," said Trevor Beattie, of TBWA. "Strength in the

face of adversity, another disaster. You could have him getting knocked out for the 63rd time, but rising above it all. He is the classic British loser. We love them." Jo Tanner, of Saatchi and Saatchi, said: "He'd be great at sending himself up. I see him looking good in a ballerina's tutu. Or he could advertise the Harrods sale, talking like a posh nob."



Winner at last: Bruno with his wife, Laura (left), after finally lifting the WBC title

The wife-beaters who do not fit the brutal pattern

JASON BENNETTO
Crime Correspondent

The stereotype of the "wife beater" as an unemployed, ex-offender who was abused himself when a child is false, according to a new study - which also shows that most of the men involved believe they are doing nothing wrong and that relatives and friends are usually aware of the attacks, but do not report them.

More surprisingly all the men had full time or part time jobs, only one had a criminal record, and although four said they were beaten at least once by their parents only one said he was a victim of repeat violence.

Previous research has suggested that poverty and a previous history of violence were very important in predicting which men battered their partners.

More than 430,000 women each year are victims of domestic violence, according to estimates in 1993, and only about one quarter of these are reported to the police.

Interviews with wife-beaters are rare because of the difficulty in getting access to offenders.

But the new research, involving 23 offenders, was carried out during the past 18 months, as part of a Master of Philosophy degree, by Superintendent Stephanie Yearn-

shire, area commander of South Tyneside, Northumbria.

The men were all from Sunderland, and says Superintendent Yearnshire: "They were all people who would be considered regular, everyday men."

"Virtually all of them were totally surprised they were arrested. Their attitude was that it was something private which the police were interfering with."

The men were aged between 19 and 51, with about half aged from 20 to 23. Almost all were manual workers and included taxi drivers, scaffolders and

labourers. A quarter of the men had been violent towards their partners in the previous month and four admitted inflicting weekly violence.

Injuries included "broken bones", and one woman ended up in intensive care, but most cases were bruising.

In a small number of incidents the women had retaliated, one attacker being hit on the head with a frying pan and another needing stitches to his hand.

Almost all the men thought their behaviour not worthy of arrest. One said: "I only slapped her on the back of the head,

I was surprised I was arrested, there was nothing vicious about it."

Typically they blamed their partners. One man said: "I didn't think she would take it this far."

"We have had our arguments like everyone else...I don't know if the violence will continue, it all depends on her behaviour and attitude."

The most cited reasons for violence were jealousy and drink. A third of the couples split up, but had got back together again.

Although most lived in council-rented accommodation, none could be described as "deprived" housing, said Supt Yearnshire.

In 70 per cent of the cases the wife or partner called the police, although in more than half the cases parents were aware of violence and in almost a similar number friends knew.

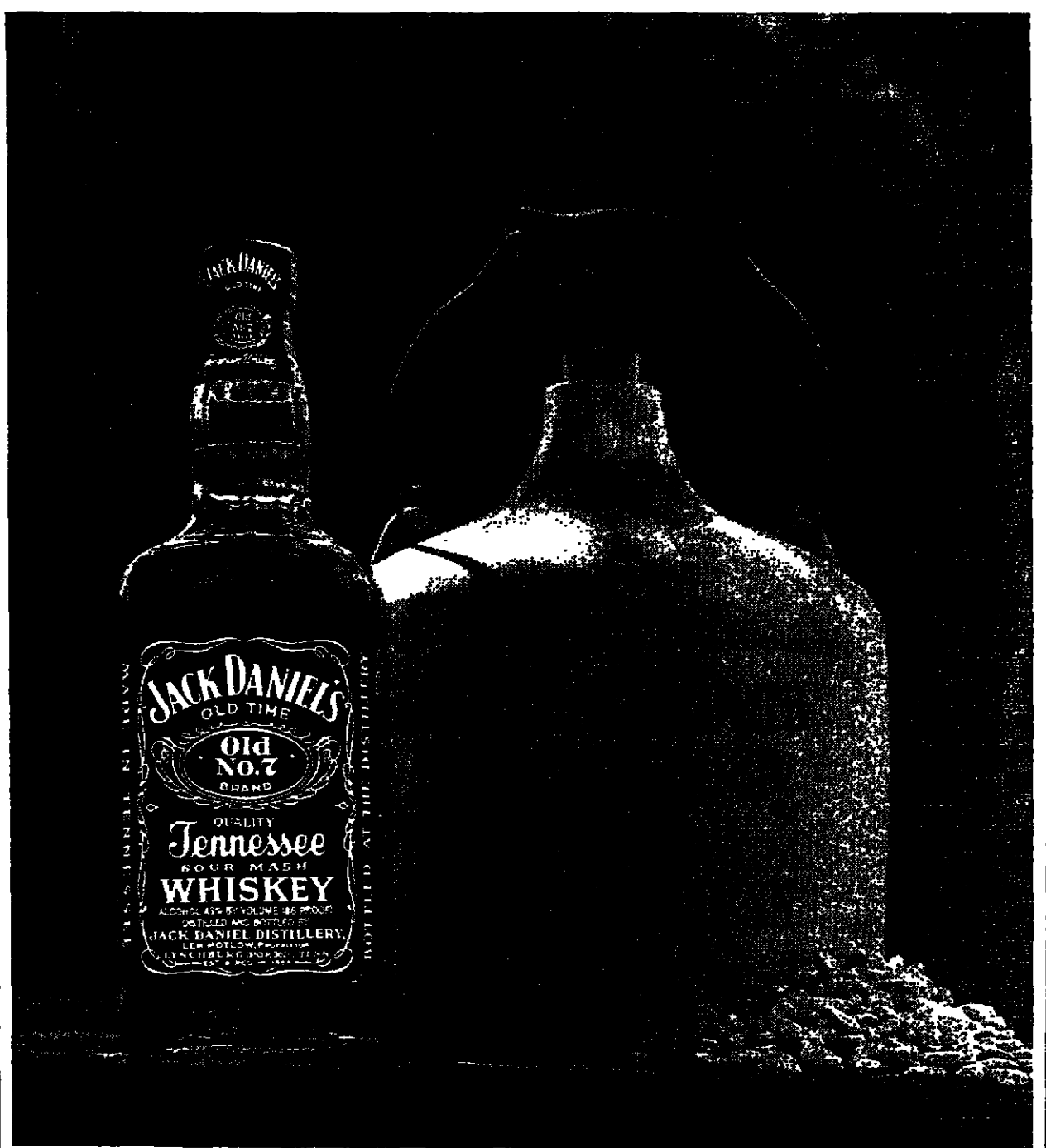
Supt Yearnshire said: "They appear to have adopted the 'ostrich position' - they stuck their heads in the sand and hoped it would go away."

She argued that the police had made great strides in their treatment of domestic violence, but called for better treatment of victims in court.

Supt Yearnshire will present her paper on domestic violence in Birmingham on Monday at the International Police Training Conference.



Take that: Coronation Street's Jim McDonald beats wife Liz



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BBC: Birt's Break-up Corporation

Mathew Horsman
spells out the
director-general's
radical programmes
only strategy

In 10 years, if John Birt gets his way, we will have a BBC shorn of all its production facilities and cut back to a core programming operation.

The BBC director-general's plan is to create, for the next millennium, a "virtual corporation" — a so-called "publisher-broadcaster" whose sole purpose is to commission excellent programming.

Virtually every other aspect of the broadcasting business could be farmed out, either to private companies or to "wholly-owned" BBC subsidiaries providing services to the brain trust at the centre.

The model might be Channel 4, which commissions all its programming from outside producers, and yesterday's confirmation from Mr Birt that he is, indeed, considering a separate, commercial status for BBC Resources, the giant facilities arm, is only the latest indication of his radical strategy.

Many within the BBC believe that BBC Production, the newly created programme-making arm, will follow a similar path. The first step would be to rationalise the operation (rumours of as many as 2,000 lost jobs are rife).

Thereafter, BBC Production might become a commercial subsidiary, free to make programmes not only for the public service broadcaster, but for private companies as well. The step from there to privatisation



Chris Priestley

is not a giant one. But why, Birt's supporters might argue, should the BBC undertake the huge capital investments necessary to keep pace with technological change?

Shouldn't the corporation concentrate on what viewers want to see on their screens, rather than on the studios, editing suites, cameras and all the

other infrastructure of broadcasting? Signs that the BBC is already moving in this direction came with news that the information technology functions are likely to be put out to tender, perhaps this autumn, thereby saving the BBC money and removing the internal IT department.

As well, the BBC has already announced it will privatise BBC Transmission, raising as much as £250m and relinquishing the need to finance a hefty bill for the introduction of digital transmissions starting in 1998.

Mr Birt denied yesterday there were plans to privatise BBC Resources. But a host of politicians and trade union officials are not convinced — no

surprise, perhaps, given the thrust of Birt's changes to date.

Why did he separate broadcast from production? Why consider a commercial trading status for BBC Resources? The answer must be to take the BBC closer to his grand vision.

Birt will get support for his vision from Sir Christopher Bland, the chairman of the

Board of Governors. The present Government is also likely to accept much of the argument about the future of the BBC.

The chief problem may be the mounting pressures on the licence fee. If the BBC is stripping down to its essence, and farming out much of its activity to the commercial sector, then should it receive the full

fee from viewers? And if it can make commercial revenues on its own, just how long will the licence fee be tenable?

The BBC is seeking the first real increase in the fee since 1985. But the chances of getting more money, even as the restructuring continues, must be rated as reasonably low.

Leading article, page 13

Express shake-up puts jobs at risk

MATHEW HORSMAN

Sue Douglas, editor of the *Sunday Express*, was last night asked to cut short a holiday in Scotland and return to London to discuss the future of the Express titles, which are to undergo a radical reorganisation.

But the managing director, Stephen Grabner, denied speculation Ms Douglas was leaving her job, saying "we very much hope Sue will be part of what we are planning", and that the Express intended to add several new products, including a weekend magazine.

Question marks over Ms Douglas's future are the first sign of a restructuring inspired by the newspaper's owners, United News & Media, run by Lord Hollick, the Labour peer.

The aim of the changes is to cut the £45m editorial budget by up to 15 per cent and to staunch the readership losses that have dogged the two titles in recent years. Ninety jobs may be in danger, although Mr Grabner declined to comment. The introduction of a seven-day operation to provide services such as pictures, sub-editing and layout, leaving two editorial teams to direct the titles. Richard Addis, currently editor of the *Daily Express*, would become editor-in-chief of the two newspapers, while Mark Palmer, currently number three at the daily, would take on the *Sunday Express*.

Another option, which some staff insisted was still possible, would see the *Daily Express* turned into a five-day, rather than six-day newspaper, with a new weekend newspaper published on Saturdays and Sundays.

The problems at the Express group date from well before Lord Hollick's MAI, the ITV franchise-holding company, merged with Lord Stevens's United early this year. Several years of low investment and little promotional spending left the titles weak in the battle with the mid-market leaders, the *Daily Mail* and *Mail on Sunday*. Staff were yesterday steeling themselves for further job cuts. "Morale is just shite," said one senior journalist.

BSkyB loses key executive to fifth channel

MATHEW HORSMAN
Media Editor

David Elstein, the man known as the "acceptable face" of Rupert Murdoch's BSkyB, yesterday jumped ship to join struggling Channel 5 Broadcasting as its new chief executive. The surprise move was greeted with delight by Channel 5 staff, who see Mr Elstein as one of the most capable men in British broadcasting.

His arrival coincides with increasing financial pressures at the soon-to-be-launch of the fifth channel, where a high-stakes campaign to retune millions of video recorders up and down the country has got off to a slow and expensive start.

Mr Elstein said: "Channel 5 has assembled a first-class team, who are on track with the tasks facing them." He replaces Ian Ritchie, who has agreed to stay

on as chief operating officer, but is believed by some colleagues to be likely to leave altogether.

Industry sources suggested last night that teething pains in the retuning exercise, as well as slow progress on marketing and promoting the new channel, had combined to convince the owners to replace the chief executive. The launch is scheduled for 1 January 1997.

Mr Elstein, 51, spent the last

three and a half years at BSkyB, where he was head of programmes. But his real job, in the eyes of many in the industry, was to present a more human and acceptable face at a time when Mr Murdoch's broadcaster was upsetting rivals in ITV, the BBC and the cable industry.

For the last nine months he has worked without a contract at BSkyB, and rumours that he might soon leave had been rife.

Although unexpected, the move made eminent sense to those who know him. "David has always wanted to run a mainstream channel," one said.

Formerly director of programmes of Thames Television, he joined BSkyB in 1993. Channel 5 Broadcasting is backed by United News & Media and Pearson, owners of Thames Television. "In a way David is returning to his roots

at Thames," one Channel 5 insider said.

It is believed that BSkyB has drawn up a short list of potential candidates to replace Mr Elstein. Speculation was growing last night, however, that the company may use his departure to engineer a general management shakeup involving further promotion of Elizabeth Murdoch, the daughter of the company's 40 per cent owner.



David Elstein: Surprise move by 'acceptable face' of BSkyB

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AND ACROSS THE COUNTRY

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news

Wheels span a century as motor industry passes the 100 mark

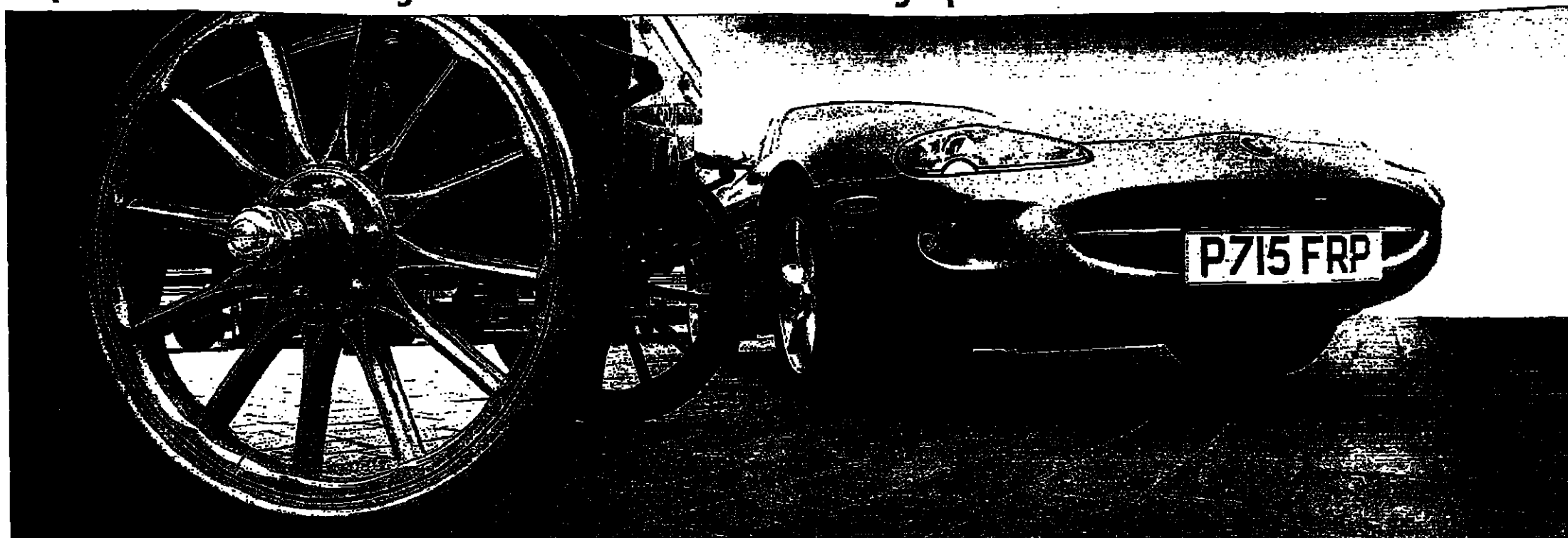
Spanning a century of the British motor industry, an 1897 Daimler and a 1990s Jaguar XK8 appeared together yesterday at the Museum of British Road Transport in Coventry.

The museum has been bringing its collection of vehicles to a peak of gleaming perfection in preparation for celebrations to mark the centenary of the industry in this country.

More than 190 cars, 75 motorcycles and 200 bicycles are housed there, providing an evocative chronology of changing technology and styles.

The display includes a 1948 Standard Vanguard, a Jaguar E-Type from the 1960s and a Hillman Minx from the 1950s. Visitors to the museum, may, by prior arrangement, sit in a vehicle of their choice.

The collection has grand state cars owned by former members of royalty, including a fairly ordinary-looking red Metro which turns out to have been driven by one Lady Diana Spencer.



Shining examples: An 1897 Daimler and a 1990s Jaguar XK8 yesterday outside the Museum of British Road Transport in Coventry which is marking the centenary of the motor industry in this country

Girls leave the boys trailing in GCSEs

FRAN ABRAMS
Education Correspondent

Girls' schools have increased their share of the top positions in this year's league table of leading independent schools' GCSE results. All of the top 10 schools are girls-only, as are 17 out of the top 20.

However, the head of the top-of-the-table South Hampstead High School for Girls said yesterday that she was more concerned to hold her pupils back than with pushing them to achieve more.

They were so highly motivated and ambitious that they risked suffering stress, said Jean Scott.

There were seven schools where every single exam entry gained at least a C-grade, all of them girls' schools. Several girls' schools moved up towards the top of the list, with St Paul's girls rising from 12th place to second, and King Edward VI High School for Girls rising from 24th to fifth.

Meanwhile, some of the most famous boys' public schools dropped down the list, with Winchester, 11th last year, falling to 18th place and Eton, 13th last year, falling to 35th place.

Girls' GCSE scores have been improving faster than those of boys for several years, with girls doing better than their male classmates in most major subjects.

In 1995, the only subjects in which boys did better than girls were maths and biology. And

the gap between the sexes appears to be getting wider, with 4.7 per cent more girls gaining A-C grades in 1988, and 8.2 per cent more doing so in 1995.

But South Hampstead's Jean Scott said her main concern was trying to reduce the pressures on her pupils rather than increasing them in order to push up exam scores.

Despite an ongoing debate over whether GCSEs are really necessary for pupils who are certain to do well at A-Level, the girls could see that the top university places went to those who had gained straight As in the exam, she said.

"We play it down as hard as we possibly can. We say GCSEs are nothing, it's A-Level, then your first degree, then your second degree that counts. But you can say that as much as you like — they know it's important."

"I think it's because more and more people are going to university. It's not just important to get in, it's important to get into the right place because there is definitely a hierarchy," she said. Yesterday the Independent Schools Information Service, ISIS, which puts out the information on its 600 member secondary schools, said GCSE results were improving.

This year 43.3 per cent of entries were graded A or A*, compared with 41.8 per cent last year. "By every measure, independent schools have outstripped national performance," said national director David Woodhead.

How independent schools performed at GCSE

Schools are listed by the percentage of entries gaining A* to C grades. Where two schools achieved the same percentage, the school which entered more candidates is listed highest. Statistics are provided by the Independent Schools Information Service.

	No. of candidates	% A*-C
South Hampstead High School, London	94	100.0
St Paul's Girls' School, London	88	100.0
Old Palace School of John Wingham, Croydon	85	100.0
Wycombe Abbey School, High Wycombe	81	100.0
King Edward VI Girls' High, Birmingham	77	100.0
Withington Girls' School, Manchester	74	100.0
St Mary's School, Caine	74	100.0
Bromley High School	62	99.9
Putney High School, London	81	99.9
St Helen's School, Northwood	81	99.9
Oxford High School	79	99.9
Haberdashers' Aske's, Barnhamwood	168	99.8
North London Collegiate School, Edgware	103	99.8
St Catherine's School, Guildford	74	99.8
Guilford High School for Girls	72	99.8
Loughborough High School	71	99.8
Manchester Grammar School	207	99.7
Winchester College	139	99.7
The Cheltenham Ladies' College	132	99.7
Nottingham High School for Girls	117	99.7
Haberdashers' Aske's Girls, Epsom	115	99.6
Hymers College, Hull	107	99.6
St Martin's, Solihull	51	99.6
Saverknots School	138	99.5
King Edward's Grammar School	130	99.5
Charnock School, London	88	99.5
Croydon High School, South Croydon	48	99.4
The Godolphin & Latymer School, London	96	99.4
Westbourne School, Penarth	115	99.4
Bolton School (Girls Division)	115	99.3
Central Newcastle High School	104	99.3
Leeds Girls' High School	83	99.3
Howell's School Llandaff, Cardiff	255	99.3
Eton College, Windsor	152	99.2
St Paul's School, London	148	99.2
King's School, Canterbury	133	99.2
Merchant Taylors' School, Northwood	32	99.2
Westminster School, London	35	99.2
Burienhead High School GPOST	151	99.1
King's College School (Girls)	120	99.1
Bury Grammar School (Girls)	79	99.1
King's High School for Girls, Warwick	74	99.1
St Saviour's School, Winchester	74	99.1
Talbot Heath School, Beaconsfield	143	99.0
Stockport Grammar School	133	99.0
Rugby School	79	99.0
Wimbledon High School GPOST, London	78	99.0
St Albans High School for Girls	67	99.0
Tornhead School, Guildford		99.0

Solicitors promise to get tougher on themselves

PATRICIA WYNN DAVIES
Legal Affairs Editor

The Office for the Supervision of Solicitors, the revamped machinery for handling complaints against lawyers, will aim to provide a first response to dissatisfied clients within 24 hours, its chief pledged yesterday.

Peter Ross, the office's director, said at the launch of the successor body to the Solicitors' Complaints Bureau that he hoped contact could be made within the time-scale by letter, a telephone call or a visit by a local conciliation officer. That was one of a series of targets he promised in an attempt to rid the

organisation of its reputation for delay, bias and toothlessness. The body is effectively drinking in the last-chance saloon after the Legal Services Ombudsman warned that if it did not achieve a better level of satisfaction than the bureau it could be just a matter of time before the Law Society loses its com-

plaints handling function altogether. Consumer organisations have also been deeply critical. Mr Ross, a solicitor and former senior Crown prosecutor, admitted that the size of the task facing him and his staff of 200 was "enormous" and promised to publish performance targets covering delay, responses to

adverse comments by the ombudsman (to whom clients can complain if they are still dissatisfied), improvements in handling of in-house complaints by solicitors' firms, the use of conciliation officers and regular updates on the progress of cases. He warned his own colleagues that "a dissatisfied

client can cost a solicitor 23 potential clients". It remains to be seen, however, whether the reforms are more than a change of name. A spokeswoman for the National Consumer Council said yesterday: "We will be watching the new body very carefully to see if it will be tougher on solicitors."

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Upbeat Clinton sets sail on tide of optimism

Arguing in so many words that "if it ain't broke, don't fix it," Mr. Clinton listed his achievements and presented himself as the man of the future. "We do not need a bridge to the past," the President said, implicitly underlining the generation gap with his 73-year-old Republican challenger Bob

Earlier though, those same delegates had been stunned

Chicago soap opera, page 15



SIGNIFICANT SHORTS

Lab tests on material collected in Atlanta by the FBI after the Olympic bombing are almost complete, and the bureau is shifting its focus to video and photos taken at Centennial Olympic Park by ordinary citizens, a senior federal law enforcement official said. Federal investigators are studying more than 200 rolls of videotape and still photographs taken at the park near the time of the 27 July bombing, the official said. *AP — Washington*

Moscow judge killed

Judge Olga Lavrentyeva, the mother of a three-year-old daughter, bled to death at

Danish State Railways is distributing dark socks to its 20,000 employees, following complaints from passengers about their white ones, the daily *Politiken* reported on its front page. Travellers have grumbled that too many rail employees wear thick, white-cotton socks which do not match their dark-blue uniforms. Company bosses were expected to report white-sock wearers, the newspaper said, but gave no details of possible sanctions. Many Danes wear the socks, originally sold as sportswear, with all sorts of attire, including evening suits. *AP - Copenhagen*

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THE INDEPENDENT

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Pretoria to put troops into 'crime jungle'

MARY BRAID
Johannesburg

Units from the South African Army and Air Force, under the command of two veterans of the war in Angola, and 1,000 extra police have been called into Johannesburg to spearhead an anti-crime drive that will adopt "the principles of warfare".

One of the men leading Operation Anvil will be Colonel Beks Pieterse, formerly second in command of the notorious and now disbanded 32 Battalion, which earned a vicious reputation as part of South Africa's military force in the Angolan civil war. The other, Colonel Theunis du Toit, was head of the South African air operation in Angola.

Bush-warfare methods would be employed against criminals "in the Johannesburg jungle", said Col Pieterse, now a senior staff officer.

Johannesburg has the highest murder rate in the world and it is rising. A Police Service spokeswoman said the level of car hijackings and murders, including the killing of police officers, demanded "drastic measures". The Defence Force and the police have already joined forces to tackle political violence in the run-up to elections in KwaZulu-Natal. The new joint operation is already in evidence in Johannesburg and the surrounding Gauteng province, with a rash of spot roadblocks and searches. Helicopters are being deployed to allow small crack police units to

respond quickly to incidents, particularly car hijacks.

The police spokeswoman said joint operations had produced good results in KwaZulu-Natal and it was hoped that could be repeated. "Being much more visible should affect the level of crime."

The announcement of the initiative follows the death this week of Eliakim "Pro" Khumalo, a 1970s soccer star and father of the South African international "Doctor" Khumalo, during a car hijack outside his home in Soweto.

Earlier, a German businessman, Erich Ellmer, was shot dead in his driveway by car hijackers. Such high-profile cases have increased pressure on politicians to curb the crime wave, in which Johannesburg is among the worst-hit areas.

The involvement of the military will please some of the critics who say politicians are doing too little to tackle crime.

For them, the police are part of the problem. The National Police Commissioner, George Fivaz, has admitted that corruption is widespread.

This week a policeman was shot while allegedly robbing a shopping centre and the head of a car-theft unit was held in connection with stolen vehicles. They are the latest in a long list of cases in which those charged with upholding the law have been caught breaking it.

It is widely acknowledged that some officers are in the pay of crime syndicates operating throughout the country.

Church outcry as Poles reform abortion law

ADRIAN BRIDGE
Central Europe Correspondent

The Polish Parliament yesterday overturned one of the strictest anti-abortion laws in Europe, in a move swiftly condemned by the country's powerful Roman Catholic Church.

The driving forces behind the change were the country's ruling former Communists and a variety of women's groups who argued that the law, passed in 1993, had forced tens of thousands of Polish women to turn to backstreet abortions.

Under the new law, women will be able to have abortions up to the 12th week of pregnancy. Church leaders described the vote as a "tragic decision".

The abortion debate has raged in Poland ever since the overthrow of Communism in 1989, serving as a useful barometer of the Church's influence over Polish society.

As almost everywhere else in the former Eastern bloc, abortion was available on demand in Poland for most of the Communist era, but, after intense pressure from the Church, tough new anti-abortion legislation was finally passed in 1993 by a centre-right coalition, containing pro-Catholic, pro-Life parties.

Under the terms of the current law, abortions in Poland are permitted only if the pregnancy results from rape or incest, if the life or health of the

mother is judged to be at risk or if the fetus is irreparably damaged. Doctors caught transgressing the regulations are liable to two years' jail.

In addition to sparking a surge in backstreet abortions, the 1993 law spawned a new phenomenon in Poland — "gynaecological tours" to neighbouring countries such as Belarus and the Ukraine where pregnancies can be terminated with no questions asked. More sinisterly, it led to an increase in the number of unwanted babies being abandoned.

Condemning what many of its members saw as a return to some form of medieval clericalism, the SLD wasted no time in signalling its intention to reintroduce a liberal abortion law after its 1993 election success — although its passage through Parliament was repeatedly vetoed by former President Lech Walesa, a devout Catholic and a father-of-eight.

On the other hand, Mr Walesa's successor, Aleksander Kwasniewski, himself a former Communist, has already made clear his support for the liberalised law, which should now come into force later this year.

But the story is unlikely to rest there. Within minutes of yesterday's vote, right-of-centre parties, now grouping around the Solidarity trade union, said they would seek to reverse the changes should they win next year's parliamentary elections.



Police trying to move squatters from Alexandra township, Johannesburg, fire rubber bullets

Photograph: AP

Former minister expelled from ANC

Cape Town (Reuters) — The ANC expelled the former deputy minister Bantu Holomisa for accusing the party of corruption, a statement from the office of Cyril Ramaphosa, the party secretary, said yesterday. President Nelson Mandela dismissed Mr Holomisa as deputy minister of environmental affairs and tourism with effect from 1 August after he accused a fellow minister of taking a bribe.

After his dismissal Mr Holomisa said that the casino tycoon Sol Kerzner had contributed to the ANC and made allegations against leading party figures, including Deputy President Thabo Mbeki.

A spokesman for the ANC branded him a liar for the funding claim but Mr Mandela acknowledged a few days later that Mr Kerzner had in fact given the ANC R2m (£293,000) — but said that the president had been the only one who knew about it.

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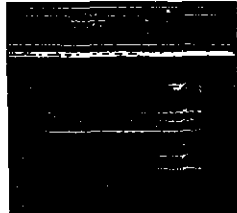
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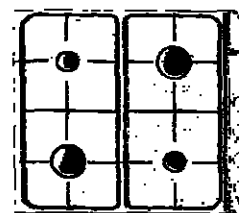
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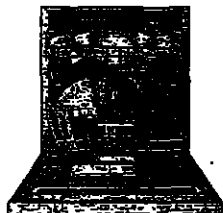


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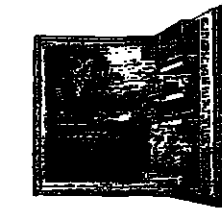


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The Independent Guide to a Healthy Pregnancy

If you are already pregnant, or hoping to be, Tuesday's eight-page special report will help you decide what to do to keep fit and well — and give your child the best possible start in life.

THE INDEPENDENT

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international

New China hits the buffers of reality



RIDING THE
IRON ROAD

TERESA POOLE

Peking - From a distance, it looks as if a three-tiered Chinese pagoda is floating high on the polluted haze of the Peking skyline. But as one draws nearer, the classical roofs and red pillars gradually reveal their place on top of a towering archway, the focal point for a building which has hung its arms east and west with such lack of constraint that it is now half a mile long. Not since Chairman Mao constructed the Great Hall of the People in the late Fifties has Chinese architectural ambition grasped its territory as audaciously as the new Peking West Railway Station.

Here is a palace fit for the trains of emperors, except that any sense of classical Chinese proportion was long ago abandoned. Opened in January, the 5bn yuan (£400m) station is more than 300 feet high, covers 380,000 square yards, and is floored in marble. Golden Chinese characters are mounted on the archway, giant replicas of President Jiang Zemin's inscription of the station's name.

A workforce of 20,000 built this colossus in three years and China claims it is the biggest railway station in Asia. But what the country needs is more trains. In a sharp reminder of the reality behind this *folie de grandeur*, Peking West has only six platforms and fewer than 30 train departures a day.

On a hot August noon, the waiting rooms inside are overflowing, while hundreds more passengers lie outside, sprawled in the shadow cast by the huge facade. These are the lucky ones, the ones with tickets, because even the railway ministry admits it can meet only two-thirds of present demand.

Liu Cheng and his travelling



Making tracks: Holidaymakers queuing in Peking in the hope of getting a train home at the New Year

Photograph: South China Morning Post

companions are sitting among a heap of canvas bags and plastic-wrapped bedding quilts opposite the main station entrance, seemingly unsure whether they are part of the problem or the solution. There are 15 youths in the group, all between the ages of 20 and 22, dressed in oversized acrylic suit trousers and open cotton shirts.

They are newly graduated from the Number 13 Railway Vocational School in Changchun, north-east China, skilled in the repair of railway-construction equipment. After a 14-hour trip from Changchun to Peking, the lads are waiting for the evening, when they will take a 26-hour train to Chang-

sha city, in southern Hunan province, a total journey of 1,700 miles. They are on their way to their first jobs, and most are leaving home for the first time. "I will miss my parents," said Liu, rather forlornly.

Liu and his team have been assigned to a track-expansion project near Changsha. The bottleneck on the railways has become so serious for both passengers and goods that Peking plans to spend £26bn over the next five years laying 6,250 miles of track and buying rolling stock.

Liu's task is urgent, because China's rail gridlock has become one of the most extreme examples of what happens when

the insatiable demands of New China run headlong into the limited resources of Old China. The mystery is how this planned expansion will be paid for.

The state railway is a loss-making enterprise in the best traditions of a command economy. With 3,370,000 workers, the it employs more people than the population of Singapore, and still provides the schools, medical clinics and housing compounds to which its staff have grown accustomed.

Starting salaries for Liu and his friends are £25 a month or so, but they believe the railways will be a reliable employer. "I heard that the railway under normal conditions will guaran-

tee to pay a salary every month," said Wang Youxiang, who adds that he has brought a photo album of his family to fend off homesickness.

Railways in China did not have an auspicious start: the first stretch was built near Shanghai and bought by the governor in 1877 so that he could tear it out. A century ago, China had 370 miles of track, compared to Britain's 21,000 miles. The Qing dynasty rulers did not become railway enthusiasts until they realised its virtues for troop deployment. Since then, and especially after the Communist victory in 1949, expansion of the railways across China has been a prime means for Peking to ex-

tend its central control.

Apart from the chaotic years of the early Cultural Revolution, travel around China under Communism was strictly regulated. Without permission from one's "work unit", buying a train ticket could be impossible, until the era of reform dawned in the early Eighties.

In the years since then, freedom to travel has been greedily seized by China's people. And in a developing country this size, most of those journeys must be done by train, often on bone-numbingly hard wooden benches for days at a time.

In 1987, the annual tide of "floating population" started to swell, as unemployed farmers

headed for new jobs in the cities and thriving coastal regions. These days, China's railway system has to support the world's biggest voluntary internal migration during the New Year crush, when most of the 90 million migrant workers head home for their annual holidays.

Li Zhumin, 23 years old and weather-beaten by her job selling fruit in Peking's outer counties, sits on a newspaper on the floor of Peking West surrounded by boxes of presents for her family in Xinyang, in Henan province.

It is her annual visit home, and the 10-hour trip costs just 63 yuan by hard seat. "Not comfortable," she laughs. Like airlines around the world, Peking West is now charging excess baggage for more than 20kg of luggage in an attempt to persuade travellers to curtail their ambitious packing.

It is not only workers who are squeezing into tightly packed carriages. The introduction of permanent two-day weekends just over a year ago, and the provision of paid holiday by foreign-invested companies, has prompted a craze for sight-seeing trips by Chinese within their own country.

On Platform 2, the Erwti family emerge cautiously after China's longest train journey, a 2,400-mile, three-day voyage from Urumqi, in Western Xinjiang province, to Peking. They are Uighur Muslims on a two-week holiday, and will journey on to Beidaihe, China's most famous seaside resort, where the masses and the leaders sunbathe on carefully segregated beaches. A sack of Xinjiang melons and boxes of raisins are balanced carefully on their luggage trolley.

As the Erwti family struggles through the bowels of the Level 2 Basement arrivals hall, Peking West is already showing the strain of being a patriotic trophy. Just two months after its inauguration, large cracks started opening up in the underground levels. This week, after heavy rains, piles of sawdust were dotted about in the main atrium to collect water leaking through the ceiling. The station may have been planned as a grandiose symbol of New China, but it has already been necessary to summon a familiar figure from Old China: the repairman.

This is the latest in a summer series on railways of the world.

Apathy kills Arafat's mosque protest

MARK DENNIS
Jerusalem

An anticipated massive Palestinian protest yesterday at Jerusalem's al-Aqsa mosque failed to materialise, thanks to a combination of increased Israeli military deployment and Palestinian apathy.

However, the absence of confrontation did little to defuse a growing crisis between Yasser Arafat, the Palestinian leader, and Benjamin Netanyahu, the Israeli Prime Minister, which threatens to undermine the already stricken peace process.

Israeli and Palestinian authorities had expected nearly 100,000 worshippers to descend on the mosque after Mr Arafat called for a massive protest against Mr Netanyahu's hard-line policies. Only 10,000 to 20,000 came, less than a normal turnout for Friday prayers at the mosque.

While the bolstered military presence at Israeli checkpoints ringing Jerusalem blocked



Netanyahu: No progress in relations with Yasser Arafat

many Palestinians from entering the city, the small turnout also underscores how thoroughly disenchanted ordinary Palestinians have become both with the peace process and with Mr Arafat's performance.

The failed protest highlights the difficulty that Mr Arafat has in motivating the Palestinians, who have seen their standard of living decline dramatically, mostly due to the extended Israeli closure of the West Bank and Gaza, since the signing of the Oslo peace accord three years ago. Critics have accused Mr Arafat's government of corruption and human-rights abuses and as serving as little more than a security proxy for Israel in controlling the population of the West Bank and Gaza.

Mr Arafat called for the demonstration on Wednesday at a meeting of the Palestinian Legislative Council, where he said recent moves by the Netanyahu government meant they had "declared war" against the Palestinian people. He blasted Israeli attempts to expand Jewish settlements on the Bank and to consolidate control of Arab East Jerusalem, combined with its continued foot-dragging on the peace process.

The call came as part of a heated exchange between the Arafat and Netanyahu camps over the past week. Mr Arafat became incensed when Israel bulldozed a Palestinian centre for the disabled in East Jerusalem, which officials said was built illegally, and released plans for building in at least one West Bank settlement.

In the wake of the failed protest, the Palestinian authority released a statement saying the Netanyahu government was "determined to blow the peace process". It warned that if Israel continues with its present policies, it will push the area towards violence.

While Arafat remains defiant, he has sent mixed messages by continuing talks with Israel. Mahmoud Abbas and Dore Gold, deputies to Mr Arafat and Mr Netanyahu, met late Thursday, although a spokesman said no progress was made. In addition, an Israeli-Palestinian steering committee, which will supervise implementation of the Oslo Accord, is due to start meeting next week.

Mr Velvet smooths the upward path of Lebed

PHIL REEVES
Moscow

In English, his name translates as "Mr Velvet" and it suits him. There are few government officials in the world, let alone in Russia, who are as smooth and affable as Alexander Barkhatov. And there are even fewer who have a more exacting task on their hands.

Not long ago the scene in his office would have been unimaginable to any journalist who has tried to crack the shell of secrecy that still encases much of the Russian state. Telephones were ringing non-stop. Press releases, cuttings, faxes lay on the tables. A computer flickered on a desk, disgorging the latest news.

True, these cramped quarters, not far from the Kremlin, could hardly be compared with the plush premises of a Saatchi & Saatchi, even though Mr Barkhatov works for an outfit most leading press consultants would give their right arm to sign up. Yet the mere existence of this hive of activity marks an astonishing departure from the past.

His boss - or, as Mr Barkhatov puts it, his "client" - is Alexander Lebed, chief of Russia's Security Council. With his bleeper on his hip, and his charm at the ready, the PR man is the chief storm-trooper in Mr Lebed's publicity campaign to establish a power base.

Perhaps more remarkably, he also represents the once highly secretive Security Council. Mr Lebed, a law-and-order

retired general with a penchant for soundbites, used to call himself "an iron fist". Mr Barkhatov is his velvet glove.

In the past few weeks, he has been in over-drive. Mr Lebed's rapid ascent has stirred up jealousies within the Kremlin among rivals who fear he is on a fast track to the presidency. His peace mission to Chechnya, though popular with the public, has infuriated senior officials within the military and the Interior Ministry.

Even Boris Yeltsin, his mentor, refused to interrupt his "holiday" to see the general, although the President has invited his old chum Helmut Kohl to Russia next month. With the knives sharpening all around, Mr Barkhatov has been using one of the few weapons at Mr Lebed's disposal to ensure his survival - the media.

Yesterday the Prime Minister, Viktor Chernomyrdin - who earlier said his peace plan "needed a lot more work" - announced that the President had finally approved it. Mr Lebed was in the southern Russian republic of Dagestan for a meeting with the Chechen rebel chief-of-staff, Aslan Maskhadov, where he hoped to sign a statement laying the ground for a political settlement.

When prominent liberal democrats, including the former prime minister Yegor Gaidar, called an anti-war rally in Moscow to support his peace efforts, Mr Barkhatov again intervened. Knowing the bulk of Mr Lebed's supporters are any-

thing but democrats, his office sent out an acid statement by the general. The organisers were people "hitherto unnoticed in my circle of friends... I sincerely declare I have never had the honour ever to require their aid, and hope to do without it in the future."

If this client is unusual, so, too, is the organisation behind them both. Since its founding in 1992, the Security Council has remained mostly concealed from the public gaze, maintaining the same air of secrecy as the previous occupants of Mr Barkhatov's office - the Central Committee of the Communist Party.

Mr Lebed intends to transform the council into a powerful tool with which he wants to overhaul government. Mr Barkhatov vaguely describes it as both a "connecting link" between government structures, and a body which has "overall control" of them. But, as a former TV journalist, he supports the idea of more openness.

"I don't want all information just to come out of the press centre," he said. "When there are journalists who write about the economy, I will send them to those people [in the council] who understand the economy. I know that, as a journalist, you need an original source."

Journalists will, of course, believe this when they see it. Asked to throw light on Mr Yeltsin's snubbing of Mr Lebed, Mr Velvet smoothly replied: "As a journalist, I could tell you a lot. As a press secretary I can only say 'no comment'."

Sex-ring search focuses on cellar

Brussels (Reuter) - Police searching for the bodies of missing girls in Belgium's child sex scandal found "hot spots" in two houses owned by the chief suspect, Marc Dutroux, a convicted paedophile rapist. And a detective arrested on Sunday in connection with the investigations was formally charged yesterday.

At its first meeting since the summer break, the Belgian cabinet agreed on tougher controls on the early release from jail of sex offenders. Dutroux, an un-

employed electrician, was freed 10 years early in 1992 after serving three years of a 13-year sentence for raping five children.

A gendarmier spokesman, Jean-Marie Boudin, said in the Charleroi suburb of Jumet that investigators using British-made radar-imaging equipment had found two "hot spots" in one house and one in another. "Now we are using only the British apparatus in the cellar of the Jumet house. Up to now this apparatus has indicated two places of interest in the cellar." The

equipment is triggered by cavities underground.

Last night exhausted police suspended their searches until Monday. South of Charleroi, in Neufchateau, the nerve-centre of the investigations, magistrates confirmed charges of vehicle theft, insurance fraud and forgery against chief police detective Georges Zicot. Dutroux has been linked to organised vehicle theft and police are investigating the child sex and theft ring together.

Belgian police are going to

Brussels and Prague to search for missing Belgian children. Dutroux has been named in the murder of a young Slovak woman. Interpol said he was also believed to have planned the kidnapping of at least one other Slovak woman. A spokesman for the Belgian gendarmier's special disappearance squad said they were also likely to contact colleagues in Austria investigating what seemed to be a "child-for-hire" network across central Europe.

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S There's a great deal going on

ter of England, or whether the master should have a right to veto the removal of diocesan bishops, and just as large, if not larger, reason should not, and that the church is a creature of parliamentary control. This does look like a more significant recovery than the 35 per cent of self-declared Anglicans who told Gallup they would never attend any place of worship. The meaning of the findings is that the Church of England is no idea at all of the sort of people it has or might hope to have. It is not a church, it is a committee. It expects all the privileges of a church but recoils with horror at the obligations. It could do with a little of the *Samuel's* asstringent logic.

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Let's start with the celebrated "gay kiss" on *Eastenders* – and see how quickly a minor soap-opera episode relates to the grand restructuring of BBC resources management disclosed on our front page yesterday. Michael Jackson, incoming controller of BBC1, this week stepped in to order a cut in the length of a kiss between two gay men. Why? It's real life. An awful lot of people have seen it happen on the street or in their local park. Why heavily-handedly cut it?

The BBC's reputation hinges as much on such exhibitions of social cowardice as the number of arrows in its management flow chart – a point John Birt, the director-general, sometimes seems to miss. *Eastenders* could be made entirely "out of house", bought in from an independent production

company. It might be more or less well acted and directed. But the BBC's inescapable role is to ensure that plots are imaginative, that character develops, and that difficult themes such as sexuality, or social politics, or indeed just politics, are taken up with a sense of risk, and of engagement with contemporary life.

BBC2 proposes to have a "black" night once a week. It is an intriguing plan which could turn out to be embarrassing and second-rate, or a convincing destroyer of stereotype and prejudice. That critical judgement will not depend on who makes the programmes or where they are made, but simply on whether they make good television. Contracting-out, in other words, is no substitute for making public service broadcasting work day-to-day. Commissioners, not contractors alone, can ensure that the BBC offers something more than potboilers and spectaculars, sport and imports. In the end, content always matters more than structure. So the question is, does John Birt's proposed new structure secure high-quality content?

Mr Birt, though he may not know it, is a student of the late Nicholas Ridley. As Tory environment secretary in the Eighties, Ridley wrote a pamphlet arguing that public bodies, especially local authorities, need to meet only once a year in order to let a series of contracts, which would cover virtually every service for which they were responsible. All that



was needed was a tiny group of super-contract-letters. This way competition for contracts would drive down costs while allowing the inner core (the "virtual corporation", in Birt parlance) to think and act strategically.

It is a theory that has appealed to the Government. It applied a variant in Whitehall, leading to the creation of such "Next Steps" agencies as the Prison Service. Mention that and immediately a problem becomes apparent. Can the centre retain control when operations are flung to the four winds; can a contract ever specify all the details of performance? Applied to television, the question is whether it is possible to create a contract that commits the integrity and flair and the whole-hearted commitment of production people? Mr Birt has never been a BBC programme-maker. He will never know how much producers depend on "resources staff", camera crews, studio managers. He yesterday denied that carving out BBC Resources as a free-standing entity was a preliminary to privatisation. But he knows that is not the point. The question is whether a small central core of contract letters and programme ideas merchants could carry the great weight of BBC standards, aspirations and performance.

Mr Birt's logic carries him much further than he has yet been prepared publicly to admit. The BBC could safely sell Broadcasting House and lease back the suite of offices

needed to contain them – in the way that, at long last, HM Treasury says it is going to sell its Westminster headquarters and lease back space. This BBC would, it is true, have no need for all the superstructure of personnel, catering and other basic services which inflate the payroll and make it appear such a behemoth. But such changes are not going to improve the quality of programme ideas or bring viewers flocking to BBC1 on Saturday night. Every argument advanced by Mr Birt stands or falls on programmes.

There is, in Broadcasting House and Television Centre, a Jurassic tendency, people who fear all change. They do not see with John Birt's clarity that the BBC will have to adapt and compete in the brave new world of multi-channel broadcasting if it is to have a hope of commanding public resources. Let alone seeing the licence fee raised. Mr Birt has said management change will free resources for programme-makers. There are certain challenges, notably the purchase of big-ticket sport, where money alone seems to talk. But in news and entertainment what matters as much as money is imagination, editorial integrity, commitment to the public good – qualities which money of itself does not buy. The virtual BBC deserves to become real only if it promises more and better real programmes. And that is how Mr Birt has to sell it to us, the people who fund it.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

BSE: The Ministry carries on with its experiment on the British public

Sir: It is good to learn that a computerised model of the past and future pattern of the BSE epidemic (report, 29 August) bears out with mathematics what I predicted in evidence to the House of Commons Select Committee on Agriculture in 1990 and in letters in your columns: namely, that BSE would fizzle out about AD2000, that it would be maternally transmitted and that many more BSE-infected animals were going into our food chain than were being destroyed by the Ministry of Agriculture.

You are right to comment of this new research that it cannot cast any light on the most important aspect of the BSE saga – whether

the new variant of CJD is related to eating BSE-infected material: mathematics cannot help us there. But we do not need help in this matter. The unique finding in 1996 of 12 cases of CJD all in people under 40, all occurring in the UK within 30 months and all exhibiting the "new" strain happened in the only country in the world which, uniquely also, has fed upwards of 700,000 BSE-infected cattle to its citizens since about 1985, including until November 1989 the most highly infective organs. Logic tells us that these two unique observations must be related.

When MAFF finally did for humans what it had done for cattle

more than a year earlier, namely banned infective brain material from our foods, they exempted the brains of calves although it was likely that calves, like lambs, would be born infected. Calves' brains are still not banned and may be added to meat pies, pâtés, stock cubes and tinned items although MAFF have known for several years – but denied it until a few weeks ago – that maternal transmission occurs in BSE as it does in scrapie. Thus we UK citizens are still the subjects of an ongoing transmission experiment courtesy of the Ministry of Agriculture, Fisheries – and Food. H C GRANT MD, FRCP London NW3

Sir: It is not wholly accurate to describe the Spongiform Encephalopathy Advisory Committee (SEAC), the Government's advisory committee on BSE, as "independent". We mean no reflection on its members, but SEAC is the creature of government ministers and officials. They choose its members and service its activities. Ministers are strongly placed to (mis)interpret its findings, as has arguably happened in the case of BSE. The same goes for a number of highly significant "independent" advisory committees, which advise the Government on the safety of the food we eat, medicines we take, the

environment we live in and the air we breathe. They are usually highly secretive and immune from any public or peer group review.

In our highly complex modern world, such bodies have outgrown their modest beginnings as mere advisory bodies. They are presented to us as "public watchdogs" and that, as we propose in our report *Behind Closed Doors*, is what they should become – public bodies, independent both of government and industrial interests. STUART WEIR WENDY HALL Democratic Audit University of Essex Colchester

Right to care for our own children

Sir: Your interesting articles on "holding the baby" (29 August) suffered from the weakness which afflicts all debate on this subject: you did not address the problem of how to enable women to look after their own children. Most mothers of young children do not want to hand their children over to a stranger, however well-qualified, and the only reason they do so is from economic necessity – they have to work in order to maintain their standard of living.

Even if 24-hour nurseries, free of charge, and generous tax breaks for childcare were made available to all mothers tomorrow, it would not solve the problem which faces today's generation of women: when we have children, we want the right to rear them ourselves. We are not interested in fighting for the right to do two jobs: one job is enough for any human being. But still we continue to read the same dreary old arguments about how we can be enabled to work in the cash economy at the same time as rearing our children. I don't want to be liberated to be at my employer's disposal: I would rather be liberated to be at my baby's disposal.

Until bringing up the next generation is recognised by society as a worthwhile and valuable occupation in its own right, and remunerated accordingly, women will continue to experience motherhood as a nightmare of guilt, frustration, inadequacy and fatigue, instead of the joyful and fulfilling experience it should be. JEAN MOLLOY London SE13



Faces from world history: Julius Caesar, the pioneer feminist Emmeline Pankhurst and Joseph Stalin



History no mere island story

Mr Winder wants Stalin, Hitler, the Holocaust, feminism, the First World War and the rise of sport and television covered; they are taught in the 20th Century World course. Stephen and the Industrial Revolution are covered in the Expansion, Trade and



Industry course. The Romans and Greeks are covered in detail as is the slave trade, as well as the "traditional British history" of Churchill, Henry VIII and Harold. History in schools is not "a dogged set of names with made-in-Britain tags". And cheer up – the pupils do actually enjoy it. ROB DOUGLAS Sheffield

Sentence should reflect rape victim's court ordeal

Sir: It is normal for judges passing sentence to take account of evidence of remorse on the part of the criminal, and a guilty plea is generally thought likely to be rewarded with a lighter sentence than an unsuccessful defence. Surely it is therefore proper and just that the recent court behaviour

of a rapist who subjected his victim to a six-day ordeal in the witness box, which most people would probably regard as a callous public extension of the offence, should be considered as an aggravating factor and reflected in the sentence passed on him. Calls to limit defendant's rights in such cases must be viewed with

caution, but this option at least offers the opportunity to punish appropriately and create a precedent which might cause future sex offenders brought to trial to consider that the best interests of their victims might in fact be their own. PETER KELLY London E8

William Morris, rest in peace

Sir: Dorothy Bittcliffe's letter (28 August) calling for the restoration of William Morris's grave at Kelmscott displays ignorance of Morris's own strongly held views on the subject.

Along with Philip Webb Morris founded the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, which was fundamentally opposed to the damaging "repairs" carried out on our ancient monuments (Morris nicknamed the SPAB "Anti-Scrape"). Morris was a disciple of John Ruskin who, in *The Seven Lamps of Architecture* argued that the restoration of old buildings was nothing more than organised vandalism: although well-intentioned the restorer's work irreparably damages the original building materials. The result is a lie: it is an attempt to misrepresent the past by displaying it with a falsely youthful and "tidy" face. Morris wrote: "It seems to me not so much a question of whether we are to have old buildings or not, as whether they are to be old or sham old."

His grave at Kelmscott, like the churchyard, is beautiful because it is unspoiled and unrestored. The most fitting way to mark the centenary of Morris's death this year is to leave his grave as it is – open to the quiet dignity that time and the English climate bestow. DAVID JAMES Oxford

Neatest villages not the best kept

Sir: Duff Hart-Davies (Country Matters, 24 August) must never be allowed to judge another best kept village contest. His judging sheet is a recipe for suburbanisation.

This judging couple believe that dandelions, daisies, birds, bees and butterflies are every child's birthright. We're not permitted to deduct marks for close-mown grass, but we add a few on for the odd verge or nettle patch managed for wildlife. Our highest praise goes to the village whose churchyard is a conservation area. STAN HAYNES SHIRLEY HAYNES Huntingdon Cambridgeshire

Eastern sunset

Sir: Oh dear! Julie Myerson has written an entertaining piece (29 August) about her stay in Southwold for what she had hoped would be a perfect summer idyll, but it is impossible for her to have watched the "sun slide into the sea" off Southwold. She must have been in a terrible state. JOHN MILLER Southwold, Suffolk

LETTER from THE EDITOR

One thing newspapers are, in general, pretty lousy at is continuity. A scare flares up – whether it be mysterious flesh-devouring viruses in the Home Counties or killer bees with Continental accents or life-threatening hamburgers. There is a brief explosion of headline-writing, avid reportage and doom-laden (often cod-environmental) analysis. Then the whole thing subsides within a few days. Nothing seems to follow. Other events crowd out the story and the media caravan rumbles on. Oil tankers "destroy" an ecology; jets plummet mysteriously from the sky; governments promise to reform the way they deal with Parliament; but, apparently, there is nothing to be said and the promised inquiries or reviews seep harmlessly away into a journalistic void. Perhaps this merely reflects the short attention spans and picture-sensibility of the television age. But it surely has the effect of making shrewd readers deeply cynical about the whole business as they sense their purchase on events slipping.

Here, we are trying to return to "old" stories more regularly and deliberately – looking, for instance, at what is happening to beef farmers now. But I'd be interested in readers' views about this whole matter, and examples of forgotten stories you want to hear more about.

Meanwhile, some readers tell me that we have been too jokey at times. It certainly worries me that the paper has not been described as the *Indescribably Boring* for many months. Sorry, sorry, sorry. All I can do is plead with arch traditionalists to stick with us: we are genuinely very dull and humourless people and will strive to remain so.

I spent some of the Bank Holiday week in Devon, at the wonderful town of Budleigh Salterton, where the lack of a sandy beach has helped keep the place relatively quiet and unspoiled. Compared to France, the great difference with the

English coast is the relative difficulty of finding good seafood. Throughout Britain and Ireland, shellfish of all sorts still seem to be regarded as nasty, slimy things to be packed up as quickly as possible and sent by lorry to the continent. You get the occasional lurid pink "crab-stick" and a rather sad plastic pot of pickled mussels, but that's your lot.

However, this year – and it may just be me – it seems that there are suddenly more good, cheap crabs on sale, and even edible shellfish. Perhaps continental holidays have returned more Britons to the habit of eating local seafood. Even so, the French do these things much better:

It worries me that the paper has not been described as the *Indescribably Boring* for months

they have *bulots* in the shell, served on beds of fresh seaweed, with local bread and butter. We have deshelled whelks in paper bags, viscous and gummy in the heat.

Finally, readers may have noticed the appalling experiences endured by our columnist Ms Bridget Jones in Bangkok. Well, she has undoubtedly been very stupid. Mind you, on occasion, *Bridget is very stupid*. And, now I come to think of it, those occasions are not occasional occasions. These may seem strange words for an editor to use, even harsh ones. Some readers (take a bow, G. Langley of Bristol) complain about our using Jones in the first place. But she is basically a good person and honest. This seems to me to be a good quality in journalism, if a rare one. Perhaps if the Home Secretary is reading this – you never know – he might consider her case. After all, she helps pay his salary.

Andrew Marr

QUOTE UNQUOTE

The most reliable way to become a millionaire theatre producer is to start off a billionaire – Andrew Lloyd Webber

High quality live sport will gradually go to Sky. We simply can't compete with the cheque book – John Birt, BBC director-general

This was not some sort of article for Hello!, it was a disaster that hit a community – Patricia Greenhill, provost of Dunblane, on media coverage of the school shooting tragedy

When I look in the mirror, all I see is a middle-aged man who needs a shave – Harrison Ford, actor

It's really scary and makes me cry at night. We pass it when we go down the road – Marie Dickson, 10, on the Blair demon eyes poster

I do not think it is possible to be a Conservative and green – Lady Barber, who has abandoned her protest against the Newbury by-pass

The test of a civilised nation is how it treats its dispossessed. Too many of Britain's homeless are living in Third World conditions – Jon Fitzmaurice, director of the homeless charity CHAR

Labour must dump some of the baggage that has kept the party out of office, but so much is disappearing there is a danger that we may arrive in port with an empty vessel – Paul Flynn, Labour MP

We get a better class of loony fan at Radio 4 – John Humphrys, the BBC *Today* programme interviewer

Charities working hard for their money – and supporting the Exchequer

Sir: Chris Blackhurst ("Can we have faith in charities?", 24 August) was unnecessarily alarmist: "This year charitable tax exempt status will cost the Exchequer £725m."

Charities contribute through VAT receipts, as unlike commercial organisations they are in most cases unable to reclaim VAT on the goods and services they buy. The increase in VAT to 17.5 per cent a few years ago hit charities hard; and we now have to contend with the recently-imposed VAT on recruitment advertising. Charities are an enormous source of employment, so staff contribute through PAYE and National Insurance to the Exchequer. I think it is quite possible that the Government receives more in VAT and tax receipts from charities than it loses in tax exemption. MARK PEMBERTON North London Theatre Trust E-mail: mp001@netgate.co.uk

Sir: Chris Blackhurst gives the impression that Britain's charities are awash with cash. The overwhelming majority of charities have low reserves levels and work

exceptionally hard to ensure that their funding goes directly to benefit the causes they were set up to help.

In terms of running costs, according to figures from the Charities Aid Foundation, the average spent by the top 500 charities in the financial year 1994/95 was just 14 per cent. This is less than half the proportion that the public in recent research by NCVO regard as being acceptable to spend on administration.

As for the system of regulation of charities requiring "an urgent overhaul", major steps have been taken with the Charities Act 1993, which has given the Charity Commission greater powers of monitoring and ensuring that all charities with incomes of over £10,000 must make annual returns setting out how their money was spent. STUART ETHERINGTON Chief Executive National Council for Voluntary Organisations London N1

Sir: Chris Blackhurst writes that people "will have felt their blood boil" upon reading that the Guide Dogs for the Blind Association has "handed out interest-free loans to staff". The facts are that we sometimes take a secured stake in an employee's new home when we need him or her to move from our centre in, say, Bolton to the centre in London, where house prices are much higher. Our staff are highly specialists and we cannot recruit them from elsewhere, so vacancies must be filled from inside. Without the right staff in the right place at the right time, the work of our 15 training centres would grind to a halt. ALISON RADEVSKY PR and Marketing Manager The Guide Dogs for the Blind Association Reading, Berkshire

Sir: Chris Blackhurst is quite wrong about the National Trust. We do more and more to encourage people with young families to visit our properties.

Family membership allows two adults and any number of children to make an unlimited number of visits in a year and costs only £48. We now have 683,293 family members. Half a million school children visit our properties each year. MARTIN DRURY Director General The National Trust London SW1

Sir: Chris Blackhurst expressed concern at the ways in which some of the money given to charities is spent. His data relating to charitable incomes were all obtained from the Charities Aid Foundation, itself a registered charity. I wonder how many people realise that if they undertake payroll-giving via the Give As You Earn scheme, the Charities Aid Foundation automatically deducts 5 per cent of the sum donated to pay itself for distributing the donation to the chosen charity. Dr B S WILKINS Southampton

Letters should be addressed to Letters to the Editor, The Independent, One Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 5DL. (Fax: 0171-293 2056; e-mail: letters@independent.co.uk) and include a daytime telephone number. Letters may be edited for length and clarity. We regret we are unable to acknowledge unpublished letters.

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the saturday story

Judged by terrorists

A lot of loyalists who meet Billy Wright, Northern Ireland's best-known Protestant paramilitary, find him slightly disconcerting in person, not because of his fearsome reputation but because of his attachment to religion.

Most loyalist paramilitary people tend to be, if not actually godless, then tough men who are not regular churchgoers and are more often to be found in drinking dens than mission halls. Wright is most unusual because he speaks, and writes, about God.

According to one loyalist: "He has this streak of religious fundamentalism in him, always mentioning God. He has a bible in one hand, and then at the same time he's preaching death."

He also has a willingness to go against the big battalions of loyalism, a readiness to have his picture taken and give interviews, and a seeming disregard for the fact that those who mix paramilitarism and celebrity often end up incarcerated or assassinated.

At one level, his decision to defy the big groups - the Ulster Volunteer Force and Ulster Defence Association, who, playing god themselves, told him this week to leave or face death - is basically an issue of internal paramilitary discipline. Some observers shrug and say, it's a brutal world in there, and you either do what you're told or hunk out.

But at other levels, this is potentially a highly destabilising affair, and one which many worry could accelerate what they fear is already happening: a steady drift back to armed conflict. This business could, at worst, lead to a lot of shooting, a deterioration of the already dangerously charged atmosphere, and it may have far-reaching political repercussions.

It need not necessarily do so, for some episodes of violence can take place in hermetically sealed circumstances. This year, for example, five people have been killed in a feud within the Irish National Liberation Army. The feud seems destined to drag on without end within the notoriously fissionous group, but barely affects the outside world.

The Billy Wright affair, however, is bound to have wider implications, for it has become intertwined with the overall political scene. The shape of political

Threats to shoot a maverick loyalist put peace at risk, says David McKittrick

activity could depend on it; so indeed could the maintenance of the loyalist ceasefire, which has held since October 1994.

The fact that the ceasefire has survived so well has been one of the biggest of the many surprises thrown up in recent years. The 1990s saw the UVF and UDA go on the rampage for several years, inflicting more casualties than the IRA. Loyalist gunmen attacked many members of Sinn Féin, but also carried out indiscriminate attacks on Catholic pubs and betting shops, sometimes killing half a dozen people at a time.

If he is killed, then the loyalists will surely be ejected from the talks

When the IRA went on ceasefire, in August 1994, some thought that the loyalists might keep on going. Instead, not only did they stop killing but many of them took to politics with great enthusiasm and indeed skill. The image of the working-class loyalist as a gunman in a balaclava faded, to be replaced by David Ervine, Gary McMichael and other fledgling politicians in neat suits.

The impact of the new paramilitary parties, the Progressive Unionists and the Ulster Democratic party, was extraordinary. Their evident attachment to peace, desire for dialogue and easy informality made them media darlings. They were feted in Washington and Dublin.

During the republican ceasefire, Gerry Adams said of the IRA: "They haven't gone away, you know." The same was true of the loyalists with the balaclavas: the UVF and UDA stayed in existence. Like the IRA, they kept active, carrying out punishment beatings and occasional robberies, with sections of them dabbling in criminality such as drugs. Like the IRA, they refused to de-commission any weapons.

Even when the peace process period did not deliver everything the loyalists had hoped for, there were appreciably fewer stresses and strains within their organisations than, for example, within the IRA. Billy Wright seems to have been fairly isolated in believing the ceasefire was a bad idea, for there was no significant war party pushing for a return to war.

The return to talks earlier this year brought the new loyalist parties a respectable vote that gave them a place at the multi-party talks. There, according to most of the other participants, their attitude has been constructive and open-minded.

One participant said: "Their presence is important for a couple of reasons. First of all, having them there means there's less chance of violence on the streets. Then it also means that Paisley and company can't use the blood-curdling threats that they might otherwise use."

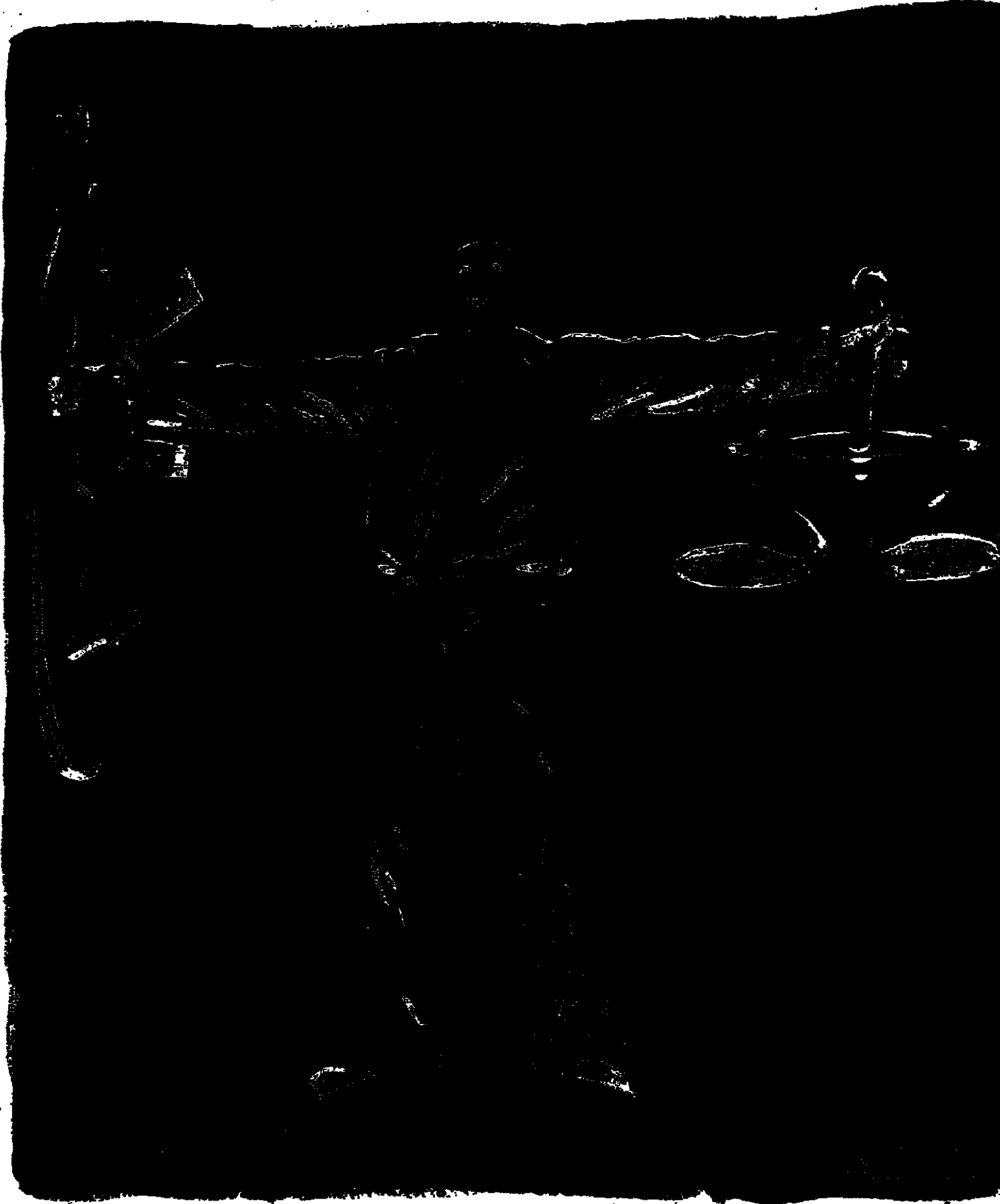
The people who have had the greatest problems in accepting the new loyalist approach have been the established Protestant parties, the Ulster Unionists and Democratic Unionists. Some leading politicians who have resorted to

sabre-rattling to help build their careers have been annoyed to find the men with the sabres at the same table, and annoyed too to hear them talking peace rather than war.

The two main parties have this week embarked on a campaign to have the smaller loyalist parties expelled from the talks on the grounds that they should not be expected to negotiate with the political spokesmen of organisations which issue public death threats.

This is clearly a strong argument. The Progressive Unionist Party (PUP) and the Ulster Democratic Party (UDP) are as yet, to use an old Irish description, only slightly constitutional parties: one of the major arguments for allowing them to stay in talks is that involving them in the political processes will help gradually wean them away from violence.

Most in the talks believe the new parties are serious about politics, yet their parent organisations are resorting to the bad old ways to settle their problems. The proposition that they should feel free to threaten to kill someone in defence of their ceasefire is clearly of the most dubious morality.



But then the position of the larger Unionist parties may not be as moral and as high-minded as it appears at first sight. Senior figures in those parties have long wanted the loyalists expelled from the talks, not because of some purist fastidiousness about threats but because they regard them as political rivals - rivals, moreover, whose over-conciliatory line tends to undermine a united Protestant approach.

Furthermore, as the loyalists point out in private with some bitterness, mainstream Unionism contains a number of senior figures who have themselves in the past dabbled in paramilitarism and resorted to the threat of force. "This is the pot calling the kettle black," said one loyalist source. "They want us out of the talks and I really think some of them want a return to war."

This is the point where the Wright affair has intersected with national politics. Northern Ireland, in the wake of the disastrous marching season, is a tense and dangerous place at the moment, with pessimism and apprehension rife: today is the second anniversary of the announcement of the IRA ceasefire, and the contrast with

that time of great hope is stark. The few silver linings in a bleak landscape include the facts that the talks are scheduled to re-start on 9 September, that the IRA has not started a new campaign in Northern Ireland, and that the loyalist ceasefire has held to date.

Ceremonial expulsion from the talks would slam the political doors on the loyalists and almost inevitably send them off looking for an alternative direction: that might very well be the abandonment of politics and a reversion to terrorism. It is easy to see how that could spark off the IRA and bring about a

complete unravelling of what remains of the peace process.

On the other hand, even many of those who wish the PUP and UDP well will be uneasy with the idea of allowing them to stay in talks if the Wright death threat is not withdrawn. And if he is actually killed, then the loyalists will surely be ejected. Billy Wright's High Noon comes at midnight tonight.

The question of how to deal with the loyalists is similar to the issue of how to treat Sinn Féin and the IRA, and in the final analysis, it comes down to a view of human nature. Some will feel that one-time terrorists

will never change their spots and should be politically shunned, and that any ceasefire ever declared by them will be a sham and a deception.

Others will feel that a transition from terrorism to politics is a possibility, and will be prepared to tolerate an evolutionary phase that could contain violent steps backward as well as political steps forward. The loyalist organisations have themselves lost patience with Billy Wright and decreed his exile: the body politic must now decide whether to treat the loyalists themselves in the same way.

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Jo Brand's week

It seems the Royals are spending a rather large proportion of their allowances, when jetting off on trips abroad, on their clothes. This has not really occurred to anyone until recently, probably because with few exceptions the whole bunch of them don't look as though they've made a great deal of effort in the glad rags department. You may think, considering the fact that I tend to dress in the "Scruffy Bat At Fat Ladies' Shop" style, that I have no right to comment, but my clothes are not paid for by the taxpayer and I don't represent the country, thank Gawd. If the Royals are going to spend all this money on looking the business for foreign trips, the women could at least make the effort not to look like sacks of spuds covered in Dayglo Crumplee and the men could eschew the recently released offender style. And considering many of the Queen's outfits looked like she's knocked them up on a Singer in an evening, she might like to save a bit by getting a couple of dress patterns in and having a go herself.



You paid for this dress

Maybe all the Royals would like to donate their clothing allowances to the people of the island of Elgg in the Inner Hebrides, who are trying to buy their island to avoid a series of rich, eccentric types mincing up and down like they own the place, which of course they do. The asking price is roughly 2 million quid, which if you think of it isn't that much... about as far up as Shearer's knee. Elgg is currently owned by some reclusive German arty type and maybe it's about time the islanders were responsible for their own destiny. Perhaps some millionaire type will buy it and give it to them, as these people do pop up out of the woodwork from time to time. Paul McCartney could afford it, I expect. What a shame the band KLF burnt a million pounds on Jura recently. If only the Elgg mob had legged it down there before they put a match to it,

that would have been half the price sorted.

The Eastenders kiss suffered the unkindest cut of all as one and a half seconds of it out of two seconds slid onto the cutting room floor. I didn't see it. Must remember to catch the omnibus edition. Women have been snogging on the box for quite some time now in soap operas, but because that is the stuff of many a pubescent male fantasy, it was greeted with a "Fwosh!" as opposed to the outraged squeals announcing two blokes at it. There is still a fair amount of homophobia in this country and so one would expect that lot not to take it lying down. I have always been surprised by the paranoia of homophobic men whose battle cry of "Backs against the wall!" belies the fact that most self-respecting gays would not dream of placing any of



their appendages anywhere near any of the orifices of these hairy neanderthals. The two kissers in Eastenders, it has to be said, are reasonably attractive, which softens the blow. Not until we have witnessed the improbable sight of Garry Bushell with his tongue down Eric Hall's throat could we truly say we have accepted homosexuality lock, stock and barrel.

Nice to hear the Tories are out of the red for the first time in 10 years. Nearly 16 million quid overdrawn last year, the party has pulled itself up because of an increase in donations, some £18m this year. This is apparently because of the run-up to the election and the Tories are now on a war footing.

Sounds to me like the people with the dosh are getting scared that they won't hang on to it for too much longer, despite the fact that Tony Blair has said he's not going to grab it from them. Still, we're always told by John Major that throwing money at a problem is not going to solve anything. Let's hope in this case he's right.

The charity for the homeless, St Mungo's, said recently that the number of people sleeping rough on the streets in London was affecting the tourist trade. Well perhaps this will get the Government off their arses, as nothing else until now has seemed to make any difference. Many

people have weighed in with their opinions on this problem, including Trevor Nunn, the future artistic director of the Royal National Theatre, who very helpfully points out that some areas are so "repellent" that "no one of sound mind would pay money in search of entertainment there". Poetic, but not much help. Trev. However, it is the London Tourist Board who come up with the most outrageous comments by saying they are concerned that many homeless people are put in bed and breakfast accommodation when the capital has such a severe shortage of cheap hotels suitable for tourists. (You what?) Expect homeless firing squads from the LTB soon.



They're ruining people's holidays

Having worked in children's homes and as a psychiatric nurse, I have been called upon on several occasions to deal with out-of-control teenagers and also to separate babies from their mothers when the child was felt to be at risk. On none of these occasions did I or others present feel the need to use CS gas. The fact is, if you've got it, you'll use it before you consider the less dramatic options. I thought it was for hulking great brutes uncontrollable by any other means. Silly me.

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SATURDAY 31 AUGUST 1996

The Independent weekend

Zen and the art of Scottish island maintenance

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BOOKS



6 Holroyd's Augustus John reviewed

'The cover says it all: Holroyd's name is in larger print than John's, an acknowledgement that the biographer is better-known than the artist, and there is now a long preface outlining his labours'

SHOPPING



13 Making a home for the noble salvage

'Inside is a sanctuary for the unhinged and the uprooted: doors without walls; baths without taps; fireplaces without chimneys: beautiful things you'd love - if you knew where to find them'

TRAVEL



15 The Florentine hills, high in eccentric delights

'You are dropped off in the main square of Settignano. After a brisk run-down by the courier on the dangers of stepping on vipers, running out of water or attempting the walk in flip-flops, you are on your own'

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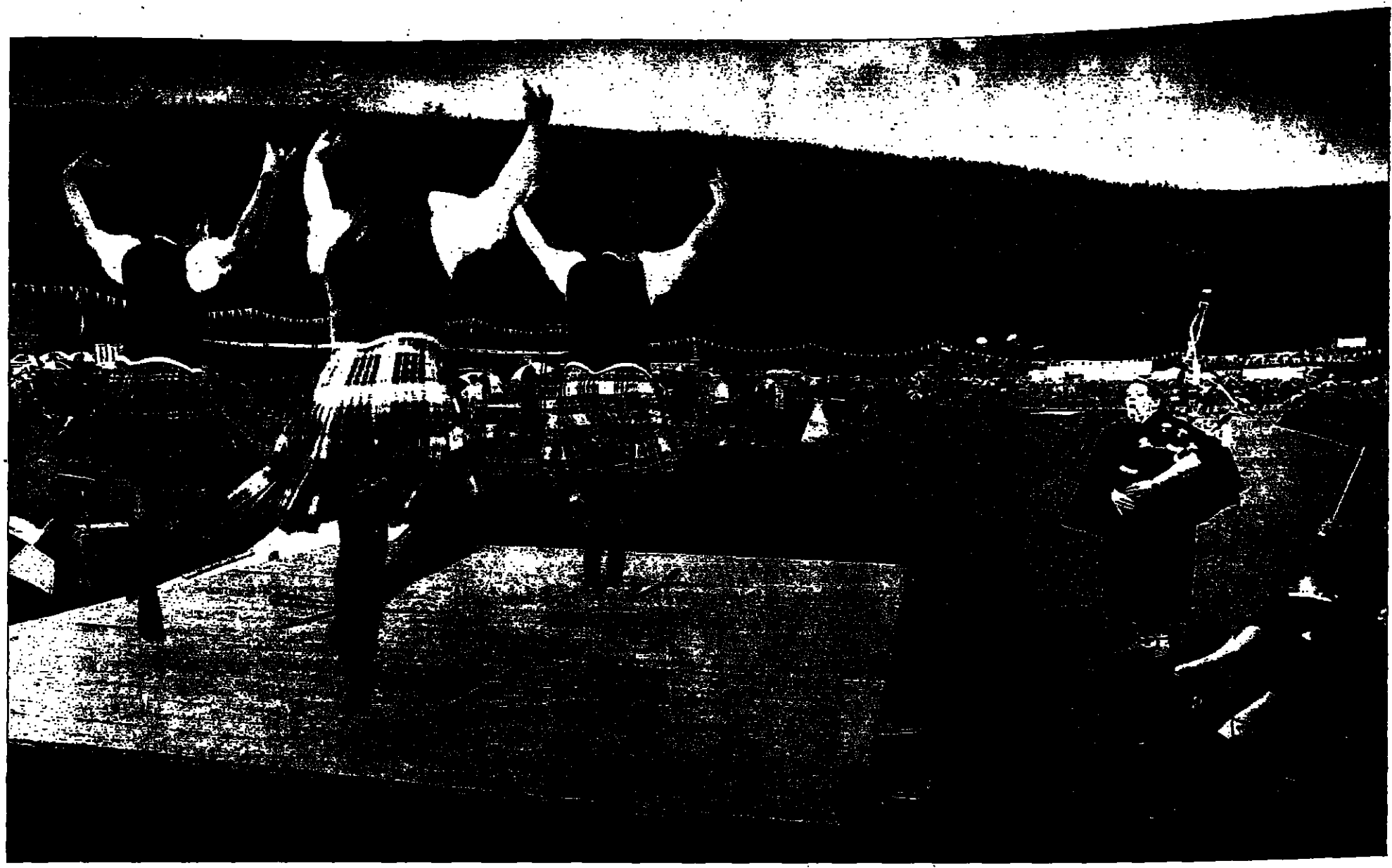
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A wee bit of wellie among the wails

From behind the grandstand came a lone skirl, then another, then another, until the air was filled with the wail of two score mammals dying of a combination of melancholia and the bends. Then, suddenly, pure, lonesome notes kicked in as fingers found holes on chanters and the Lonach, Ballater and Towie pipe bands joined forces to lead the march of the clansmen. I have always wanted to play the bagpipes: that nasal wail ties knots somewhere deep in my loom, as it does to most Celts. But the people in the flats adjoining the dance routines to Take That's *Greatest Hits*: to play the pipes, you really need a convenient patch of moorland to practise on.

The competing notes became a march, the gates swung open and the Forbeses and Wallaces and representatives of the other clans in the area, draped in tartans and swinging pikes, sabres and other polished instruments of torture, stamped in behind the pipers. The crowd applauded these sturdy men with gleeful restraint; the English concept that pipe music should be accompanied by rodeo whoops would be given short shrift here if anybody tried it. Nobody did, though. A rumour that a couple of coach-loads of English might be turning up had been causing a few furrowed brows, but the tourists generally go to Braemar to try to get a glimpse of the Queen. The Lonach Gathering may attract a wider attendance than the residents of Strathdon – 8,000 were expected last Saturday – but they're visitors, not tourists.

This is the second event bearing the name "gathering" I've been to this year. There's a big difference between the two. The first, a New Age extravaganza, took place in Wiltshire, where those tourists who style themselves travellers can avoid inconveniences like cold and damp in their healing tents, and which looks set to go on to the millennium. This was the Lonach's 155th official incarnation, its God-knows-how-many-hundredth as a Highland happening. There are gatherings and gatherings, you know.

It was well after one o'clock by the time the Lonach Highlanders hit the showground at Bellabeg, Strathdon, a foursquare village of Aberdonian granite strung along the road to the Lecht. The weather had held so far, with just the odd minor squall. As they entered the ring, the first tropical drops of a weekend's worth of irrigation smote the feather bonnets. They had been marching since eight that morning, stopping off en route for drinks, courtesy of the area's grandees. Among the houses honoured with a visit is Candacraig, once the seat of the Wallaces and now home to the Roddicks, of Body Shop fame. During a previous visit, Gordon Roddick caused some consternation by enquiring as to how

many of the assembled marchers had used a Body Shop product in their bath that morning. It's still talked about.

At the rear of the procession, a brightly painted cart drawn by a strawberry roan carthorse garnered enthusiastic applause. The man next to me: grey hair, square specs, leant over. "They have to bring him down from Aberdeen, you know. They used to have an old one of their own down here, but he got too rheumatically to make it round the showground, let alone along the march. The last time they used him, they had to stop him halfway round and wait for everyone to catch him up from behind." "What does he do? Is he there to carry equipment?" I asked. "Oh, no. He's there in case anyone doesn't make it. They've been marching since early morning and God knows what they've taken on board." Everyone looked as straight as their pikestaffs. "Oh, no one's ever ended up in the cart as far as I know. He's just there in case."

A Highland gathering is an event of unique charm. Much parodied in the *Beano*, they are actually a combination of pride, nobility and sports that will always remain incomprehensible to an outsider. Great sports, too: why caber tossing hasn't made it onto the Olympic list is anybody's guess, especially in the light of recent inclusions. If ever there was a sport in which the original function was indiscernible, it has to be beach volleyball. Most sports have some root in functionality, in the better training of the human animal to perform its various tasks, be they construction, dexterity, agility, running away, hunting or making war. I was never a great one for things like hockey, but at least one could see that it was excellent battle

SERENA MACKESY



In another life

training. But jumping about in a bikini? Is this really what the Olympic spirit is reduced to?

Some countries, of course, are better than others at publicising their cultural values. This can be the only reason why games for beach bunnies take precedence over more useful skills in the sporting arena. The Afghan sport of *bus kauchi*, for instance, in which teams of horseback mercenaries line up to beat the hell out of each other with whips in pursuit of the headless corpse of a calf, would be extremely useful in training your menfolk to see off those Russians. And there's many a building site that would benefit from warm-up sessions with a caber of a morning. Cabers started their existence as the main rafters of houses. One can see the use of being able to chuck one of those around. According to my dictionary, a caber in the dialect of the north-east of Scotland is also a large, crude man. The advantages in being able to fling one of them over your shoulder are fairly obvious, too.

Beyond the central arena, neighbourhood life – a neighbourhood that covers a vast square mile of places with names like Dead Wife's Hillock and Muir of Fowls – sustained and renewed itself. Hands were shaken, gossip swapped. A second-hand stall hawked tartan skirts at £4, black brogues at £12 a pair. Sporrans started at £15 and went all the way up to £60 for a very fine specimen decorated with the entire mane of some unfortunate pony.

Men nodded solemnly to each other. "How was your picnic?" "Rained off. I'm going to the beer tent." "I'll come with you." Stallholders raced to cover their wares with plastic sheeting

as the weather intensified. Small boys clustered round the army recruitment tents asking for badges and fought duels with plastic claymores won at the fairground. A Hungarian couple, who were so impressed when the Lonach Highlanders and Pipe Band toured the country last month that they altered their holiday plans to include Scotland, sat in the covered stand. He wore a kilt and ate fudge; she beamed.

The rain gathered momentum. "It's just a wee shower," said the jocular announcer, Mr J MacGregor, over the tannoy system. "The Flood was just a wee shower as well, but it lasted a long time." As giants sweated over their girders and hammers and the clansmen lined up to be inspected by Sir Hamish Forbes Bart, MBE, MC, of Newe, a quiline 80-year-old patron of the gathering, who has been taking part in the long march since the war, a gaggle of dancers warmed up by the orange podium on which they were to perform. Its orange plastic surface had been scattered with sand to avoid slippages.

The dancers were mostly girls. Like ballet addicts in the South, boys tend to drop out early. Competitors from Edinburgh and Glasgow sported Phacmas and see-through galoshes to protect their shiny black shoes and tartan socks. Their accompanying piper, who had looked cool in sunglasses earlier in the day, had pulled on a sweatshirt and still somehow contrived to look dignified. Done up in smoothed-back buns and French plaits, they pulled toe-to-calf plies on the spot, wellies scattering mud as they landed. This was a million light years from the elephantine clomp of the set-steps my dancing teachers attempted to instil in us as children. As a concurrent lightning bolt and thunderclap exploded over the showground, the trio on stage turned not a hair, but continued to float in the air like young gazelles. *Stoicism's finest hour.*

This, then, is a gathering, as opposed to a Gathering. There is a lot of sentimentality in public pastimes at the moment; the group activities of my generation seem to have become very didactic, very self-conscious and, often, very humourless. At the *faux* fashion parades across Britain over the last couple of summers, thousands of people seem to have convinced themselves that by taking part in drumming workshops, they are somehow changing the world. There is a lot of bleating about pride and respect, but very little commitment to anything other than the most undemanding offering of hugs and platitudes to strangers. An event like the Lonach is like a long drink of cool water on a dusty day. The essential nobility of the human spirit rarely shows itself better than in the sight of people performing demanding acts of dedicated skill with no other glory in mind than the simple pleasure of doing them well.

When your private life spills out of a cardboard bag on to the street, it's time to take stock

I have been scared of some really dumb things in my time. When I was five, my Mum took me to see *Cats*, but I was scared of Brian Blessed so we had to leave. The same year, I had a fabulously successful birthday party, at which I held court like a mini Joan Collins until I decided I was scared of the lighted candles on my cake. I screamed and cried and curled up beneath a table until my Montessori mates had to be sent home. But let's cut to the chase (chase being the operative word). Today, I am frightened of my garbage bags. They don't just make me nervous. They inspire in me a nauseous, heart-pounding terror that mists my vision and claws at my diaphragm. With good reason...

Last night, for once, I took out the garbage myself. I've found that if you do

something very, very badly, people generally don't ask you to do it again. When we first moved into the flat, I diligently dragged the bin bags down the stairs, accidentally tearing them along the way so burnt scrambled egg spilled across the limp porch. Grace said I didn't have to do it again.

We accepted that we all have different talents. Grace is excellent, among other things, at walking in high heels, applying eye-liner and getting things cleaned up. I am good at hailing taxis, pointing, and imitating Mick Jagger and Tina Turner simultaneously. I am excused rubbish duty. But Grace has barely been home this week and the kitchen was starting to stink. If there's anything I'm really scared of, it's creepy crawlies. So I gathered up the cartons of

EMMA FORREST



sour milk and bags of rotting fruit and set to work.

I couldn't find the rubbish bags, so I put everything in the designer carrier bags I accumulated during the summer sales. I love Anna Molinari. Well, I love

how her dresses look on Sherilyn Fenn in Hollywood premiere-night paparazzi shots from the pages of *Allure* and *W*. I wanted anything from there, so I got a belt that I don't even particularly like, but it was the cheapest thing in the sale. And they wrapped it in tissue and put in the most enormous, rose-printed cardboard bag. Then I bought a pretzel from the deli at DKNY and asked the waiter to put it in the biggest bag he had. So those are the bags that I crammed full of rubbish and dragged downstairs. I wasn't planning on it raining and turning my lovely bags to mush.

When I went out to check on them today, not only had they not been collected, but the entire contents of both carriers had spilt out on to the street. Horrible stuff – letters from people I've

fallen out with that I've used to blot my lipstick. On a single biro-inked page, there were maybe 30 crimson stains. There were tags from bras, boasting cost and size. And, worst of all, there seemed to be hundreds of envelopes with my name and address on them. All spilling from an Anna Molinari bag. If I picked, impartially, through my bins, trying to find out what kind of girl the owner was, I would say I was a vain rich bitch, a central casting slash-and-stalk victim from a John Carpenter movie. And then my brain really started going overtime: Someone is stalking me. They have been been through my garbage. They know my address, they know my bra size, they know I spend too much on clothes. I am Jamie Lee Curtis in *Halloween*. I went out, bought some proper plastic bags

and tried to scrape everything up neatly. But I still felt jittery. So I got a second opinion. My 10-year-old friend, Jack, is visiting. He is a horror aficionado, and as he was going through the comparative merits of Stephen King's *The Stand* and his earlier *Carrie*, I told him about the rubbish and why I was so jumpy. He was quiet for a while, scratched his head and straightened his jacket and then turned slowly towards me.

"Emma, I have to tell you that, not only are you the next target of a twisted, psychotic, possibly masked serial killer, but you have also endangered the lives of all of your friends. We are to be picked off, one by one, and all because you couldn't be bothered to use proper rubbish bags."

I'm even worse at washing up.



Pepper mills and cheap prints

AUCTIONS

John Windsor previews a contemporary "tag" sale at Bonhams and Phillips' print sale

Old prints are out of fashion and cheap and Phillips' minor sale on Tuesday, September 10 (12 noon), is well worth a rummage. Auctioneer Richard Lloyd has brought back from "somewhere on the continent" the choicest of up to 20,000 engravings, the remaining stock of a print shop that traded for 30 years at the beginning of the century then closed for 30 years before being bought out.

The most valuable will appear in Phillips' October auction. But hundreds of others are lotted together in collections of 50 or more, estimated around £200-£300 a lot. Some are later impressions from plates engraved by 17th century Old Masters. Most entertaining are scurrilous early 19th century engravings that include an anonymous caricature of George IV in a brothel thrusting a bundle of banknotes towards a swooning prostitute amid much commotion.

The same lot of 80 prints, est £200-£300, is strong on commotions, as indeed was the early 19th century - commotions between keepers and dogs at shoots, street commotions between sailors and prostitutes and between urchins and denizens of the beau monde. Some of the prints in this lot are cheeky continental satires against the English, intended for sale in the English market; poor spelling gives some of them away. Also in the same lot: a robust Cruickshank of an exploding railway locomotive, symbolising the mid-century boom and bust in railway shares.

Why is there, in auctioneer's jargon, such a "small audience" for such delightful things? As an investment, old prints crashed spectacularly in the late Twenties following a buying mania that rivalled the 17th century Dutch bulb craze. Since then, big money has steered clear of them. More recently, mass reproduction of images by photolithography has caused confusion about what is a genuine old print.

In the trade at large, fakes abound - Italian crooks print accurate facsimiles of old prints on blank endpapers taken from old books - but at least most Old Master engravers have now been published in catalogues raisonnés, in which the tiniest scratches denoting different "states" - reworkings - of the same engraved plate are meticulously catalogued. The sale's four prints by the 17th century Claude Lorrain, among 31 Old Master prints lotted together at £150-£250, are the identical Arcadian images that appear priced £3,500 or so at the top dealer Agnew's. But Phillips, having consulted the Claude Bible, the catalogue raisonné by Lino Manacci, have catalogued their source as 200 Etchings of 1816, a book that contains prints from reworked plates that Claude originally engraved nearly 200 years earlier. Do not be unduly disappointed to find that the Claudes and Hollars have been trimmed to the plate-mark. That was usually how they were issued. Paper was scarce in the 17th century and the trimmings were re-used for smaller plates. Whole-sheet specimens are rare.

If you can pick up any of these lots within estimate - cross your fingers that print dealers are still on holiday - then, even including framing costs, you will have dozens of decorative pictures at about a quarter of their shop price. They



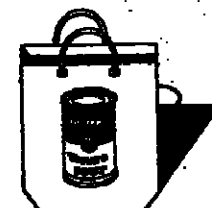
Above: An anonymous 19th-century caricature of George IV in a brothel goes under the hammer at Phillips. Below: Shin Azumi's ingenious pepper mill, £34 at Bonhams' "tag" sale.

are ideal as gifts - and Christmas is looming. But if you do not want to give them away - a wizard wheeze, this - having bid successfully for an 80-odd, £200-£300 lot, keep the 20 you like best and bung the remainder back into Phillips' October auction - the lot might fetch only £100 less than you originally paid for it. Viewing: Thursday 5 September (2-5pm), Friday 6 (9am-5pm), Sunday 8th (2pm-5pm), Monday 9 (9am-5pm).

A chance to spot and buy the work of young design leaders - at Bonhams' fifth Decorative Arts Today selling exhibition, Wednesday 4-11 September. A week-long auction? Not quite. This is a "tag" sale - fixed prices, no bidding, and with each batch-made object replaced the moment it has been bought. Strongly tipped as big names of the future: the Japanese couple Shin and Tomoko Azumi, both RCA graduates. Mr Azumi's re-designed pepper mill is ingenious. Think what annoys you most about conventional pepper mills - spilling when filling, of course - think of a solution, then compare it with his. Simple but not obvious: put a wide, peppercorn-catching lip at the top. Price: £34 + VAT. Mrs Azumi has designed a table-chest that folds. More



inscrutable than the pepper mill, it hinges to form either a horizontal table or an upright, three-tiered storage chest. Price £535 + VAT. Then there is JAM, the young trio that became famous for its trendy lamps made out of pierced aluminium drums from washing machines. Their latest design: a three-panel screen in woven cinematic film with aluminium frame, title "3 Minutes". Price: £1,150. Entry £5, catalogue £8. Weekdays (10am-6pm), Tuesday 10 September (7.30am-6pm), Saturday-Sunday, 7-8 September (11am-4pm).



bazaar

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What is it? An airy, whitewashed beach-house of a shop in ritzy Holland Park, filled with clothes, and home and fashion accessories. It showcases young designers, whose experimental, handmade designs can be expensive.

The shop's stock? Intriguing, theatrical bags, including capacious teddy bear-fur tote bags (from £95), Isabel Dodd's punky black latex shoppers (from £72) and Sam Heskia's beaded evening bags (from £125). Dalmatian-print wraps by Camilla Ridley (from £59) and foxy take-fur stoles by up-and-coming label Jacksons (from £60). There's also a wildly eclectic collection of accessories for the home: wool and felt blankets in strong pastels (from £260); modernist Sixties glass (from £30); eccentric hologram-effect sponge bags (from £24.50).

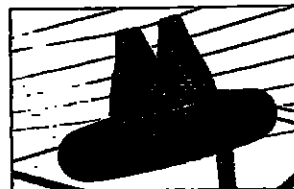
Who shops there? On a good day, customers get to mingle with regulars Christy Turlington and Neneh Cherry.

Best and worst buys: Beautifully boxed soaps labelled "Filthy", "Dirty" and "Grubby" (£14.50) make fun gifts, but don't be tempted by twee frosted tumblers decorated with New Age fish and flowers - an unexpected aberration.

Good thing

Bentley Belt, £24.95

Tiny children are useless in arm bands as they don't keep their chins out of the drink. The buoyant embrace of a rubber ring is far more suitable. The Bentley Belt goes one better as its little vest attaches the child more securely to its salvation. This is not, as they say on the packaging, a life saving device. *Hill Toy Company: 01765 689955*



Mad thing

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arts reviews

CLASSICAL MUSIC

András Schiff Plays Brahms
Queen's Hall, Edinburgh

A return festival visit from the pianist and friends. By Raymond Monelle

For the second year running, the pianist András Schiff gathered a group of friends and colleagues to give recitals of chamber music at the Queen's Hall. Since the only qualification to take part is to be asked by Schiff, the performances are mixed, always competent but variable in their communicative powers. This year, Brahms was the featured composer.

Schiff himself is, perhaps, a musician who plays too much too often. His particular strength is a kind of stamp-and-go rhythm, full of the swing and lift of the dance. In passages of inward emotion, sweet lyricism or grim seriousness he is less convincing; you sense that he is bored with the sheer mass of music he is called on to perform.

You would expect, therefore, that the Piano Quartet in G minor would fare well. There were plenty of gypsies in the finale, heavy-booted and akimbo, and the opening *allegro* drove forward, weighty and firm of centre, as though breasting great waves. The whole ensemble had a density and body, grounded in the forceful playing of the violinist Erich Hóbarth and the cellist Boris Pergamenschikov.

The other piano quartet – the one in A major – was played by a different group, including the violinist Yuuko Shiokawa and the cellist Miklós Perényi. They were a serious, committed bunch, but they played with disciplined energy rather than unbuttoned wildness. Perényi had earlier played the E minor Cello Sonata with a fiery intensity and projection that gave monumental strength to the fugue in the finale.

Shiokawa, also, played a solo, the Violin Sonata in G major. She is a very different kind of player. Her instrument has an icy tone that matches her coolly impersonal style. Her emotions are somehow abstract, and she plays every note with a level, mechanical vibrato that alienates the music. It is a clean and modern style, but it seemed wrong for Brahms.

However, of the soloists, the most bewitching was Elmar Schmid, who performed the Clarinet Sonata in F minor as well as taking part in the Clarinet Trio, Op 114. It was easy to believe that Richard Mühlfeld, for whom Brahms wrote these works, sounded like this. The notes materialised like coloured glows, curling heavenward without human agency, coalescing into a faint aura of soft fragrances like a magic spell. Here was a musician who truly had something to communicate, a sort of Gandalf of the clarinet.

Brahms also scored the clarinet sonatas for the viola, and the F minor was played by Nobuko Imai on that instrument, with a violinist's eloquence and agility. There were also two piano trios. The heart-on-sleeve B major, Op 8, suffered from Shiokawa's pinched tone in the high register, but the C minor, Op 101, was delivered with real ferocity, the violinist (Hóbarth) actually leaving his seat at times.

EDINBURGH FRINGE The Fever, Traverse Theatre

Clare Coulter talks for 90 minutes on a black stage and makes you feel both impressed and ashamed. And all without raising her voice. By Adrian Turpin



Feel guilty, very guilty. Yes, you: Clare Coulter goes for the liberal's jugular in 'The Fever'

Geraint Lewis

If there's been a better production on this year's Fringe than Wallace Shaw's *The Fever*, performed by the Canadian Clare Coulter, then I'll eat my copy of the *Communist Manifesto*.

A silver-haired, middle-aged woman, dressed entirely in black, sits on a black chair in the middle of a bare black stage, and talks without interruption for 90 minutes. She carries with her a glass of water and a piece of paper as she enters, but neither reads nor drinks. Coulter rarely raises her voice, and yet no one could accuse her delivery of being monotone or soporific. Instead it's full of subtle inflections, the soft falls and rises of genteel East Coast America, which both mask and highlight the terrible nature of what Shaw's play has to say.

In a poverty-stricken country teeming with revolution, Coulter's character starts by describing how she wakes shivering in a hotel room, and crawls to the bathroom. She has a fever. But the story she tells is of a different kind of malady, namely the numbness that overwhelms her as she realises the inequalities of wealth between poor and rich, the Third World and the First. "The life I live," she says, "is irredeemably corrupt, it has no justification." Every moment of luxury and comfort is only possible by a wilful blindness to the fact that it is purchased at somebody else's expense.

The Fever is, in many ways, a deeply unfashionable piece. It's a sparkling Marxist-inspired polemic (the woman recalls

opening her door one morning to find a copy of *Das Kapital* wrapped in brown paper on her doorstep). It works by continually implicating the audience in a silent crime. When Coulter uses the word "you", it's not addressed directly at the audience but to some imagined companion or to herself. But Shaw knows that his audience is likely to be middle-class and liberal. He knows their weak spots, so that each "you" rings like an accusation: "Have you ever had any poor friends?" "Your life is another example of getting away with something."

When Coulter does stop talking – for 10, maybe 20 seconds – the silence is heavy with guilt; strangely, it feels more like being in church than in a theatre. Yet the play never leaves one with the sense of being hectored. Shaw's writing is too unshowy for that, and the character he has created is too full of inner conflict. "I know what I like," she says: warmth, cosiness, pleasure, love, mail, Matisse paintings, beauty. Her political fervour is punctuated by sensuous recollections of parties and balloons and delicately wrapped children's gifts.

She's at once thrilled and ashamed, just as *The Fever* leaves you thrilled and ashamed to be sitting in a snug theatre on a cold evening in a prosperous district of a western European city.

Traverse Theatre, Cambridge St. Final performance
2.15pm today (0131-228 1404)

THEATRE

The Heidi Chronicles
Greenwich Theatre

Wasserstein's women: older but still wisecracking. By Paul Taylor

There's a school of Broadway writing that has a wise crack dispenser and an audience ingratiating manual where it's heart should be. On the evidence of *The Heidi Chronicles*, which had its British premiere at Greenwich two years ago, it seemed that Wendy Wasserstein was of this ilk. *The Heidi Chronicles*, an earlier play now unveiled in David Taylor's engaging production at the same address, suggests that we'll have to revise that estimate. It reveals a less slick and much more likeable side to Wasserstein's talent.

True, the basic unit of conversation is still the clever quip, and relentless bantering can make the characters sound shallow rather than brightly combative; the heroine says of the baby she's adopted that "there's a little cellulite on the toes but by the time she's 20 they'll be doing toe tucks at Elizabeth Arden." Yet, the spirit of the piece is supple and appealing.

Jumping about in time between Chicago in 1965, with Heidi at her first high school dance, and New York in 1989, when Heidi, now an art professor, opts for single adoptive motherhood, the play charts the fortunes of the Baby Boomer generation from the heyday of Sixties radicalism through the disenchantments of the Seventies and the cynicism of the Eighties.

There's a wry affection as well as an alertness to the ridiculous in Wasserstein's writing. She refuses to disown or act superior to the experiences that have shaped her – unlike some of Heidi's friends, such as the once-militant feminist turned West Coast executive producer who winds up commissioning vacuous sitcoms about tough girls on the town. What oppresses Heidi is the increasing competitiveness among women. It's as if they have copied the worst aspects of men: "I thought the point was that we were all in this together," she tells an alumnae group.

But the play never really questions whether the envy of the young may not play a part in these feelings. In certain respects, having Susannah Harker play Heidi renders her predicament harder to understand. Radiantly pretty and English-looking, her bland, blonde lustre apparently undimmed by the passage of some 24 years, she seems too conventionally attractive for a character who would make more sense if her physical charms were less obvious. Charlie Edwards and Peter Polycarpou are both excellent as the two men who recur in her life, respectively a gay paediatrician and a radical lawyer who sells out and starts publishing a glossy magazine called *Boomer*. The need for an upbeat ending (Ms Wasserstein is no Caryl Churchill) dictates that there should be hints of resurgent political idealism in the lawyer and that Heidi should have a baby. She holds the infant out and declares: "a heroine for the millennium." Talk about parental pressure: this child, one assumes, is already in therapy.

Booking: 0181-858 7755

TELEVISION Safe and Sound (BBC1)

Jasper Rees wonders just how many more cheerfully absurd plotlines can be woven into this charming Celtic whimsy

When a woman in part four of *Safe and Sound* is described as "a bit of a character", she's only come down with the condition everyone else has had since episode one. Another cockle-warming ladleful of Celtic whimsy from the hyperactive drama department of BBC Northern Ireland, the show has more than its place of origin in common with *Ballykissangel*. Like Kieran Prendiville, author of *Ballykissangel*, Timothy Prager can lay claim to not a milligram of Irish blood.

As if pinning the place down were not hard enough already, the institution and failure of the ceasefire put its own spanner in the works. *Safe and Sound* was conceived before the IRA laid down their Semtex, commissioned

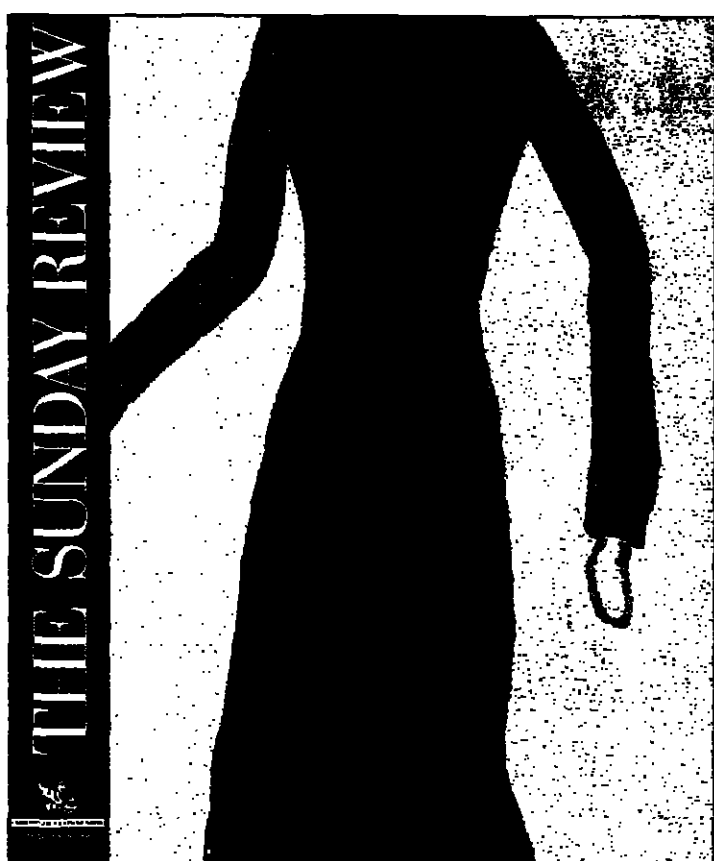
and filmed after that seismic shift in Provincial history, but only screened once the bombing had resumed. The script, therefore, nimbly hedges its bets. Of the two central characters, lifelong pals across the religious divide who run (down) a garage together, the bumbling Catholic Tommy (Des McAleer) is properly sceptical about the durability of the peace. When he has to care for a querulous dog at the garage he builds a protective "peace line" of spare tyres to keep the mutt at bay. Dougie (Sean McGinley), meanwhile, has far-fetched ambitions in love and in business: he sees in his pathetically unrequited pash for Tommy's sister Eleanor the chance to bridge the sectarian gap.

This is all by way of prominent backcloth. The writing works just as hard to keep the goggleometer active, sometimes too hard. In last night's story an old flame of Tommy's returned from England. Now a nurse, she diagnoses a dodgy ticker for Dougie. "I doubt that," quipped Tommy to his buddy: "You don't have a heart."

Prager's resistance levels to the weak Chaplinesque sight gag are also dangerously low. But much of the humour is more satisfactorily oblique, and powered by a refreshing brand of chirpy sarcasm. When Dougie discovers that a man has been chewing the fat in Eleanor's bedroom, he wants to know what happened: "Do you want me to draw you a picture?" says Tommy.

Tommy's own romantic entanglement is the only one that verges on the realistic. His marriage to tough, practical Maggie blows hot and cold in every episode. Like Dougie's infatuation with the slatternly Eleanor, the brittleness of the relationship is a narrative strength. On-off romances are the very life-blood of long-running serials. You do wonder, though, how many cheerfully absurd plotlines Prager can sew into this basic fabric.

Last night's ended with a web of conversational misunderstandings. Though a theatrical conceit, it was as cleverly filmed, and indeed written, as anything out of Jon Byrne, the high priest of Celtic whimsy, to whom all practitioners of whatever nationality make obeisance.



Autumn is almost upon us, and with it a new spirit in fashion. Don't miss our six-page guide to the coming season's essential looks

Plus: Andy Beckett uncovers a New York vampire mystery

And Peter Hennessy reflects on 50 years of post-war decline

IN TOMORROW'S INDEPENDENT ON SUNDAY

THE WEEK IN REVIEW

THE FILM
STEALING BEAUTY

overview

Lucy is a high school student for Bonifacio and a leading candidate for Golden Light on the parade float of the city. She is a girl who has been over from the States to live with her boyfriend, but her presence is...

critical view

When it comes to the film, it's a bit of a disappointment. The story is a bit predictable, and the acting is a bit wooden. However, the film is still a good watch for those who enjoy a bit of a tear-jerker.

on view

On general release

our view

On our list of the best films of the year, this is a real disappointment. The story is a bit predictable, and the acting is a bit wooden. However, the film is still a good watch for those who enjoy a bit of a tear-jerker.

THE OPERA
YES DE CAIRO

overview

Yes De Cairo is a new opera by the composer, and it's a real disappointment. The story is a bit predictable, and the acting is a bit wooden. However, the opera is still a good watch for those who enjoy a bit of a tear-jerker.

critical view

When it comes to the opera, it's a bit of a disappointment. The story is a bit predictable, and the acting is a bit wooden. However, the opera is still a good watch for those who enjoy a bit of a tear-jerker.

on view

In repertoire of the Theatre Royal, Glasgow (0141-332 9000) from 25 October, and on tour in November

our view

Not bad for a first try. The plot will still be high for MacMillan's second opera. It's rumored to be The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe. Scottish Opera do him proud.

THE BALLET
BILLBOARDS

overview

The story that takes the 19th-century ballet of Chicago out of the past and into the present is the story of a young man who is a billboard for the city. He is a boy who has been over from the States to live with his boyfriend, but his presence is...

critical view

When it comes to the ballet, it's a bit of a disappointment. The story is a bit predictable, and the acting is a bit wooden. However, the ballet is still a good watch for those who enjoy a bit of a tear-jerker.

on view

At the Royal Festival Hall (0171-960 4242) to 5 Sept, then watch out Edinburgh, it's coming your way

our view

There has been a lot of talk about the ballet, but it's not as good as it seems. The story is a bit predictable, and the acting is a bit wooden. However, the ballet is still a good watch for those who enjoy a bit of a tear-jerker.

KEY

EXCELLENT

GOOD

OK

POOR

DEADLY

سكنا من الامم

Getting familiar with the witchfinder general

Jan Morris finds there is little to choose between old-fashioned black magic and its contemporary counterpart

Instruments of Darkness: Witchcraft in England 1550-1750 by James Sharpe, Hamish Hamilton, £25

"What is sometimes forgotten," says the author of this learned and enthralling book, is that the trial of Jane Wenham for witchcraft in 1712 "provoked an active pamphlet debate". Well, yes, I had momentarily forgotten that, and Dr Sharpe goes on to mention many other incidental witchcraft trials that had undoubtedly slipped my memory: the story of the flasher-JP John Goodere, for instance, who ran around exhibiting himself during the examination of a witch in 1716, or the accusations against Maude Twogoode the revolutionary enchantress, or the case of "Gregson the north tale teller" — one of them 3 that stole the Earl of Northumberland's head from one of the turrets at York. Why, I had even forgotten that demoniac ferrets, toads and Satanic bumblebees were among witches' chosen familiars!

Yet for all its astonishing range of esoteric reference and example, much of *Instruments of Darkness* struck me as disconcertingly familiar. It concerns witchcraft in England between 1550, when the first anti-witch statute had lately been promulgated, and 1750 when the last statute had recently been repealed. Englanders 300 years ago were "neither particularly stupid nor particularly wicked". They worked, as the historians say, within the mind-set of the time, and most of them were animated by genuine fear, honest religious conviction, and a sense of duty. Nor were they always cruel. Most alleged witches were acquitted, many more got off with light sentences, and, contrary to popular legend, probably not more than 500 were executed.

Sharpe is adamant that witch-persecution in England was not, as some feminists imply, part of the cosmic male conspiracy against women — most prosecutions in fact began with women accusing women. It is true, though, that the vast majority of supposed witches were female, perhaps because the realm of the occult was one sphere in which women were able to command some degree of power. All too often witches were poor old ladies, stooped and bent not with evil but with poverty and age, cherishing their cats and dogs not as agents of the devil, but as friends in their loneliness. They were reviled and hated because they were different: the growths of old age on their bodies were supposed to be the tests by which their familiars sucked their blood; and often enough, no doubt, genuine fear of their powers led to genuine bewitchment.

But has the popular mind-set really changed? Time and again, as I read this scrupulously balanced work of scholarship, I was reminded of contemporary parallels. Anorexia and bulimia sound to me remarkably like what our forebears would have called "Possession" — inexplicable depression, vomiting and wasting away, popularly attributed to witchcraft but often, as even some 17th-century observers realized, brought on by a young woman's psychological need for love and attention. The old belief in the beneficent powers of "white witches", and for that matter in the malicious powers of black ones, was no different in kind from today's widespread trust in faith healers. For the old rumours of covens of witches in woodland *sabbats*, read the new whispers about internet forums of Satanists.



Hey diddle, diddle, the Cat and the Satanist: Witches cavorting with their familiars from a woodcut c. 1600

Photograph: Mary Evans Picture Library

Then again the attitudes of different parts of society have not greatly shifted. By the nature of things much of the religious establishment is as superstitious now as it was then. It may not be so intolerant of heresy, but it is still prepared to exorcise demons with mumbo-jumbo, and to accept the existence of an Evil Being: John Wesley himself used to argue that denying the reality of witchcraft meant denying the reality of the Devil. Then as now, for the most part the English judiciary did its best to play fair. Supposed witches were often given the benefit of the doubt, intellectual honesty overcame legalism and populist clamour: "there is no law against flying", bravely pronounced Sir John Powell, when poor Jane Wenham ("a fairly typical witch", says Dr Sharpe) was accused of habitually whizzing about the night skies. Even in the 16th century defamation suits were popular — too carelessly calling somebody a witch could prove expensive in the courts.

Petty authority, by and large, seems to me just as loveless today as it was in the days of the witch-hunts. Sleep deprivation, one of the methods of making witches confess, has not gone out of fashion among modern torturers, and many a police interrogator, I do not doubt, would like to be able to throw a suspect into a pond to see if she sank or floated, or to keep her naked on a stool in the middle of the interrogation room for two or three days at a time. There is nothing anachronistic about the £4.75 charged for "diet and wine" by the indefatigable witch-investigator Matthew Hopkins, when he was on the job in Aldeburgh in 1646.

Worst and most obvious of all, nothing much has changed in the attitudes of the rabble. Mob-influence seems to have been almost as powerful three centuries ago as it is in contemporary Britain. The persecution of witches all too often began in local gossip and malicious innuendo, and

prying, suspicious, envious or contemptuous neighbours were generally the first informants — the very people who would now get on to the hot line to denounce a social security infringer. They were abetted by zealot-priests or self-important local officials, just as they are now inflamed or supported by the loutish tabloid press. They howled, gaped and swore at alleged witches just as they now spit their hatred at alleged sex offenders. They demanded executions as they now call for ever heavier prison sentences. They were encouraged by just the same purveyors of the occult as now feed their appetites for fortune-telling and nonsensical astrology.

And the witches themselves? I would guess that some old ladies still stick pins in images of their in-di-da neighbours, and perhaps there are even a few — still sucking their toads at midnight. They are no danger to us. It is still the witch-hunters we have to guard against.

Snap, crackle and pop

Four hundred years of speculation surrounds the Fifth of November conspiracy. Amanda Foreman welcomes a masterly investigation

History, wrote WH Auden, "may say Alas but cannot help or pardon...". This pessimistic meditation resonates throughout Antonia Fraser's landmark book on the Gunpowder Plot. There is no comfort, she says, in the "heavy and doleful tragedy" of 1605, no lesson except to remember that the sole pardon we can give to crimes of the past is true understanding.

The Gunpowder Plot has been the subject of controversy for almost 400 years. Was the outcome a success or noble failure? Were the 13 conspirators martyrs or terrorists? Is it treason or the justified act of a persecuted minority? Fraser argues that the answer to all these questions, is: both.

However, she is no crypto-sympathiser of rebel insurgents who kill or maim innocent people. If Guy Fawkes had succeeded in igniting the 36 barrels of gunpowder beneath the Houses of Parliament, hundreds of people would have died and hundreds more been injured. The Fifth of November was the Opening of Parliament, the day when the entire political, religious and legal establishment of England and Wales would be gathered under one roof. The plotters knew that the Catholic peers in

The Gunpowder Plot: Terror and Faith in 1605 by Antonia Fraser
Weidenfeld, £20

the House would also die in the blast. Robert Catesby, the instigator and leader of the plot, justified this act of terror with an explanation which has since been echoed by every terrorist and revolutionary around the world. They had to do it because, "the nature of the disease required so sharp a remedy."

British Catholics were not only a weak minority but were becoming weaker. Since their heyday under Queen Mary they had seen their rights and freedoms reduced until many felt they were more persecuted than the Jews in Europe. It was punishable by death to be a Catholic priest, illegal to hold a Catholic mass, to educate one's children in a Catholic school, or to move more than five miles from one's residence. A recusant, one who refused to attend Anglican church or to swear the Oath of Supremacy, was barred from all public office and liable to con-



All the conspirators: Catesby, Fawkes and Co. form an identity parade in a contemporary engraving

Photograph: Mary Evans Picture Library

viction and heavy fines. By 1600, Catholicism had disappeared among the poorer sort and was largely confined to the gentry and aristocracy.

The plotters were almost all sons of Catholic gentry and in their mid-30s. The quietism of their parents' generation merely roused their disgust; the widespread practice of gifts and bribes to those in power seemed sordid to Catesby rather than practical. His hope that a Catholic monarchy might yet come to pass died when the Scottish Presbyterian James I ascended the throne in 1603. A few agreed with him but the majority were content to wait and see whether his pronouncements

on toleration would be followed by deeds. By 1604 they were disappointed. The King accused his Catholic subjects of betrayal since they seemed to grow more numerous under his benevolent rule rather than less. He announced his "detestation" of the papist religion and with these words sparked the first anti-government violence of the Stuart era. Already decided in what he had to do, Catesby had little difficulty in finding partners for his crime.

Guy Fawkes was not the most important conspirator but he was the first to be discovered, skulking in the cellar with matches and oil at the ready. It took three days of torture to break his will.

Yet it was not he who betrayed the group but Lord Mounteagle, a relation of one of the conspirators. Some historians have argued that James I's anti-Catholic chief minister, Lord Cecil, knew of the plan and used the plotters for his own purposes. Antonia Fraser examines these arguments, and makes a convincing case that Mounteagle and Cecil together composed the famous anonymous cryptogram which Cecil then showed to the King, supposedly to ask his advice. However, she denies that Cecil's putative involvement makes the conspirators victims; the idea to kill was theirs alone.

The second point to remember is that the explosion did not happen. Whether one sees the conspirators as deluded idealists or cruel fanatics before the event, by the time of the trial they were sad, broken men pleading for their families and friends to be spared. Sir Everard Digby, who had joined the plotters only two weeks before, begged that his wife and children should not be driven into the streets to starve. The prosecutor answered with a quotation from the Bible, "let his wife be a widow, his children vagabonds, let his posterity be destroyed, and in the next generation let his name be quite put out."

Retribution against Catholics was swift and severe. More offences were created, further disabilities enacted, and ominously, the Crown was given the right to sequester two-thirds of property belonging to recusant families. Instead of destroying Parliament the plotters had destroyed every last bit of good faith between Catholics and Protestants, and bonded the former to over 200 years of legal persecution.

Every few years a work of history appears that succeeds in connecting its subject to the deeper questions troubling modern society. This is one such book. Beautifully written, it is also scholarly, thoughtful, and above all timely.

In her conclusion, Fraser quotes from Nelson Mandela's defence at the Rivon Trial of 1964. "I did not plan [sabotage] in a spirit of recklessness or because I have any love of violence. I planned it as a result of a calm and sober assessment of the political situation that had arisen after many years of tyranny, exploitation and oppression of my people." As for Robert Catesby, Guy Fawkes, and the others, Fraser asks the reader to condemn them, yes, but also to pity them.

The spy who went after the gold

Donald Cameron Watt reads a shameful story of behind-the-lines warfare

Christopher Creighton, whose real name, the book-jacket informs us, is John Christopher Ainsworth Davis, has written a thumping yarn. His model is less Ian Fleming's James Bond than the late Alastair Maclean.

Mr Creighton claims from adolescence to have been befriended by Von Ribbentrop, Lord Mountbatten (a college friend of his father), Major Desmond Morton, Churchill's friend and head of the Industrial Intelligence Centre, and by Churchill himself, when he and his mother rented a cottage on the Chertwell estate.

Morton recruited our hero, age 16, via Dartmouth into his ultra-secret "M-section", in March 1940. He was sent almost immediately to destroy a German submarine base in Ireland where he killed

four men, three with his bare hands. In 1942, posing as a disaffected ex-Mosleyite pilot officer he betrayed the disastrous Dieppe operation to the Germans to establish his *bona fides* with them. Back in Britain, he was used by Morton to persuade Hitler that the Allied invasion of Europe would focus on the Pas de Calais rather than Normandy.

Morton betrayed his identity as a British agent to the SS so that under torture he would confirm the story, which he thought to be true. Rescued by his colleagues in the M-section, he returned to Britain, where he fell in love.

His *inamorata* was dropped into the Austrian Tyrol by SOE where Austrian resistance members gave her the name of the Swiss bank where Nazi war loot

OP JB: The Last Great Secret of the Second World War by Christopher Creighton, Simon & Schuster, £14.99

had been deposited. She was caught by the SS, tortured and executed. Hearing this, our hero tried to shoot Morton. Thereafter, Ian Fleming recruited him to the mission which is the main theme of the book: the recovery of the cash, gold, jewellery and works of art that the Nazis had stashed outside Germany. The mission involved him re-establishing contact with Ribbentrop, entering Germany via Switzerland, meeting both Ribbentrop

and Martin Bormann, and for a hefty bribe, agreeing to arrange their escape from Germany.

Eisenhower became aware of these plans and attached his own agent, a gung-ho female officer, whose ability to play the Soviet Commissar enabled the British to bluff their way past various Soviet forces they encountered. A double for Bormann was discovered in Canada and taken on the mission, to be sacrificed so that his body would be taken for Bormann's. Ribbentrop pulled out of the adventure, Bormann was rescued and taken to Britain where he later died.

A rattling good yarn? Certainly. Believable? Hardly. The author has done his best to match his story with what has been published, but not enough. The

recent row over the Anglo-Swiss negotiations on German funds in Swiss banks, provoked by American declassification, came too late for him. He is unaware too of the remarkable detective work by the American writer, Lynn H Nicholas, on the fate of the Nazi war loot.

It is also a shameful story. Churchill who for four years had forbidden any contact with Germans, including the anti-Hitler conspirators, is shown dealing with Ribbentrop and Bormann for the recovery of the German gold, Stalin, who blew his top on discovering Allen Dulles' attempt to negotiate the surrender of the German forces in Italy, was betrayed. Successive British governments cheated Hitler's Jewish victims of the wealth and property he had robbed

from them. Britain rescued and hid a man condemned to death at Nuremberg. The Canadians were deliberately led into their massacre at Dieppe.

And one last touch — our hero claims to have blown up the Dutch submarine which had observed the Japanese fleet en route for Pearl Harbour and signalled a warning, so that Roosevelt's abandonment of the American Pacific fleet to destruction should never become known.

Mr Ainsworth Jones has chosen to blacken the honour both of Churchill and of this country, and to sow renewed bitterness against us with the victims of the Holocaust, with Canada, with Ireland, with the Netherlands and with the United States. This, even in fiction, is not so much unbelievable as unforgivable.

6
books

Mutineers without bounty

Frank McLynn reviews a sober account of the bloodlust that characterised the Indian Mutiny

Of the three great atrocities in the history of the British Raj – the Black Hole of Calcutta (1757), Cawnpore (1857) and Chillianwallah (1919) – it can be said that the British obtained ample revenge for the first two but the Indians never visited their wrath on the British for the last one. In a remarkably even-handed book, Andrew Ward retells the story of Cawnpore: how after a siege of the entrenched camp, the Mahratta leader Nana Sahib tricked the exhausted defenders into surrender on a promise of safe conduct and then massacred them; and how when the British relieving force defeated his army and closed in on Cawnpore, Nana had 200 British women and children captives butchered in the most horrible way. In retaliation the British matched atrocity for atrocity.

This is a sober-sided rather than sensational book, deeply researched in private archives and county record offices. Yet the story of debased humanity it tells still has the power to shock 20th-century readers. Ward spares us none of the gruesome detail of mutilation, decapitation, torture, hangings, eviscerations and cholera. As is fairly well known, the British Army's way with the sepoy rebels was not notable for compassion. Bearded Highlanders forced beef down Hindu throats and pork into Moslem mouths;

Our Bones are Scattered: The Cawnpore Massacres and the Indian Mutiny of 1857 by Andrew Ward
John Murray, £25

the Mahrattas were smeared with cow's blood before being executed; Brahmins were forced to lick up the blood of their victims from the floor and were then hanged by untouchables; the most fortunate sepoys were blown from the mouths of cannons so that their scattered remains would form into gibbering spirits condemned to wander the spirit world forever; the less fortunate suffered a lingering death from mis-tied nooses and inadequate ropes.

Ward is fascinating on the subject of the demons from the Victorian unconscious and the British conviction that rape really was a fate worse than death. Caught between the power of their own libido and their absurd cult of female virginity and "pure" womanhood, the Victorian males in their paranoia could not imagine that their ladies could have been held captive by the sepoys without being raped. Although Hindus usually thought the *feringhee* female unclean (according to their religion, the British in general were lower than the lowest untouchable), and would have



Arms for rebellion: mutinous sepoys prepare for siege

Mary Evans Picture Library

regarded sexual contact as defilement, the British used the tiny handful of actual violations to create a myth of mass rape on their wives and daughters. Part of the insane blood lust that followed the sepoy defeat in the Mutiny was not so much revenge for the actual atrocities at Cawnpore as the displacement of an entire Western society's sexual repression.

In his day-by-day narrative of the 21-day siege of Cawnpore and its sanguinary aftermath, Ward has fashioned a definitive account. But his book is unbalanced, as there is not enough about the deep causes of the

Mutiny or the reasons for its failure. If the whole of India had mutinied, the British would indeed have been swept into the sea, as Nana Sahib threatened. But the rebellion was centred on Oudh, never caught fire nationwide and was bedevilled by tribal, religious and political differences. Moslem and Hindu rebels barely collaborated, and the Sikhs were vociferous in their pro-British loyalty and hatred of the Mahrattas. Once again the British triumphed through divide and rule.

Ward's book is a terrific read – no mean feat when one considers the depth of research – but at vital points

dealing with events away from his chosen theatre, especially at Lucknow, the narrative lacks clarity. There are times when, unless one has a good background knowledge of the successive sieges of Lucknow, Ward's history barely makes sense. To an extent, therefore, one has to conclude that the author has been dragged down by the weight of his own research on one particular siege and its aftermath. Ward clearly had it within his grasp to write the definitive history of the Indian Mutiny but has thrown away the chance through a monographic obsession with Cawnpore.

Goodbye Kenny, it's nice to see you back

Roger Clarke on the anarchic tendencies and lonely death of the altar-boy who never grew up

Poor old Kenny Everett, he had a rotten life. No one liked him and he didn't like himself. "The startling truth is," writes David Lister in his somewhat damning biography, "that in the three months before he died, not half a dozen people came to visit. Only slightly more telephoned." Can this be the same Kenny Everett who was friend of the stars, and a star in his own right, his Eighties television series regularly netting 15 million viewers?

He was pretty much broke as well. When he died of Aids (from the same vector that infected Freddie Mercury and Rudolph Nureyev, we learn) he had no assets other than his flat and BMW. His insurance company had refused to pay out for his treatments, and he was finding solace in deathbed confessions made to a Catholic priest. After all those years a part of him was still that Liverpool altar-boy who was sent, aged 12, to become a priest at a college that trained missionaries to convert the heathen African.

He lived the life of a sinner in the tabloid sense, though, as Paul Giam-baccini has noted, Everett seemed virtually tabloid proof. No exposé of sham marriages and *ménages-à-trois* with moustachioed Russian soldiers and their moustachioed Spanish boyfriends could dent his extraordinary popularity. There was something about him that was immensely appealing

In the Best Possible Taste: The Crazy Life of Kenny Everett by David Lister
Bloombsbury, £16.99

and childlike: it was only the need to protect him that kept his long-suffering wife Lee Middleton "married" to him for 14 years, at a considerable cost to her own happiness.

From the beginning, Maurice Cole (his real name) was a peculiar and isolated youth – but hardly an unhappy one, as he later liked to make out. He was also a bit of a nerd, preferring from his teenage years right up till his death to be in his studio dreaming up sound-effects with kitchen implements, rather than going out with friends. The only friend who really stuck by him was his bank-manager; they went for walking holidays together in the north country. Everett "loathed" his body, and wanted to "cure" himself of his homosexuality. He became addicted to sleeping pills and cocaine. His five or so sackings and botched contracts with radio and television companies were partly evidence of his anarchic tendencies. But they were also examples of his utter carelessness with himself and everyone connected to him. His lack of worldliness was both the source



Everett: a bit of a nerd

of his talent and the source of his downfall, lack of earnings, and eventually even his death.

It's worth remembering what he had been: that astonishing, sparkling talent. Everett's career reflects the history of modern radio broadcasting – from pirate DJ, to early Radio 1, to early Capital Radio, a station that built its successful formula round his ideas. He was once the trendiest of the Radio Caroline DJs, becoming the

virtual mascot of the Beatles, who wrote jingles for his shows. "Goodbye Kenny, it's nice to see you back. Goodbye Kenny, we hear you've got the sack" was one of them, sung by the Fab Four during a particularly hilarious interview on Radio 1. He introduced the "personality" into DJ-ing that was almost the death of Radio 1, thereby proving he was almost the only person who could get away with it.

It seems that he hated doing television: but since he had alienated Thames TV, and found the BBC too restrictive to work for, he had run out of options. By the end of his life he had reached another of his troughs; but who knows what would have happened? Lister notes that Kenny Everett had the idea for "Talking Books" long before anyone else, planning to get Michael Aspel into a studio to record novels for people to "listen to in their cars". Lister notes that this was another brilliant idea gone to waste.

It's hard to judge from this book whether Everett's life was wasted too; when there is in the end so little to show for it – no videos in the newspapers, like his very rich fellow comedians. But that was the nature of what he did: he was always the spirit of Puck to the BBC's Ariel, an irreverence that whirled through some very stuffy establishments and then vanished with a peal of camp laughter.

Sowing his seed in the garden

Alex Ivanovitch is assaulted by two hyperactive first novels

That force majeure of the media world. A.A. Gill has written his first novel.

Sap Rising is a renovated farce for our decade, the story of a love affair and a minor conflict over the use of a communal garden. Like most farces, it is also about sex, class and shit (and all that appertains to it – haemorrhoids, constipation, diarrhoea, mucus etc). Generally speaking, English farce presents the underbelly of middle-class life, but in no particularly threatening way, and makes use of a coy, centripetal language (innuendo, *double entendre*) that revolves around the sexual without ever actually touching upon it. Expositions and revelations are carefully arranged, and only after a busy preliminary foreplay of entrances and exits will the farce reveal its still heart (adulterous husband in closet, trousers round ankles or in drag). One thing we expect from the farce we know is the conjunction of humour and sex – what is required is sex disarmed, sex stripped of brutality and danger.

But Gill's book is not keen on indication, and very keen on brutality. *Sap Rising* presents us with a West London squareful of hypertrophied characters, who are all busy feuding and having unnatural sex. Buchan Gardens is home to Charles Goodwin, timid,

Sap Rising by A.A. Gill
Doubleday, £15.99
The Hat of Victor Noir by Adrian Mathews,
Fourth Estate, £8.99

unassertive, our sap-hero, misogynist Stephen and his nasty lover, Vernon, Angel, the gardener. Lily the wannabe Saigon street urchin, foul-mouthed colonialist Bryony and others.

It is not so much the public lives and conflicts of these characters that interest Gill, as what happens off-stage. *Sap Rising* is all exposition: its depiction of sexual excess is remorseless and explicit. Sandwiched between the buggery and troilism is a graphic bestial (homosexual) rape; poor Vernon Barnstaple gets on the wrong side of a neighbour's dog. This has almost all the bases covered – an earlier scene of bestial necrophilia in which a dead actress is given a final seeing to (and sending off) by the same dog covers almost everything else; unfortunately the actress and the Alsatian are fully grown and unrelated, but you can't have

everything. In times gone by, books justified their grossness in the name of duty – the exposition and condemnation of vice. This being the Nineties, *Sap Rising* offers itself as an affirmation of excess, and ends with an ecodill of Green solidarity.

Books may have no need to justify themselves but farces need to be funny. And this is a book that solicits our laughter often quite aggressively. At times *Sap Rising* even tries to provoke uneasy laughter, that troubled complicity that is often the comedian's revenge on his audience for his dependence on them. But this book's problem is simply that it isn't very funny.

Adrian Mathews's first novel, *The Hat of Victor Noir*, has its affinities with Gill's *Sap Rising*. Philip Kovacs, teacher and dilettante intellectual, begins the novel as a divorcee and ends reconciled with his wife and young child. In between, however, the poor man finds himself the subject of some unwanted attention from a mysterious and predatory woman who stalks him through the streets of Paris. Mathews, like Gill, makes much of an all-important male relationship: where Charles Goodwin has Angel, Philip Kovacs has Babalu. Babalu is a Brazilian expatriate and a character cut in the same

mould as Gill's gardener; both men have a kind of grubby authenticity about them. Our uneasy, rather passive heroes approach redemption through their dealings with these men, who are simple. In the know, and in touch with nature.

The Hat of Victor Noir, like most first novels, wears its aspirations on its sleeve. This is a book that would like to be intelligent, subtle, playful; it aspires to a little intellectual indelicacy. The world it conjures up gestures towards Kafka: it wants to be the site of odd coincidences and dreamlike improbabilities, and to evoke a gloomy, grey Paris that eludes its unresponsive hero.

Unfortunately, it sounds all too often like a bad thriller: "pause, explanation! (thump)", and the pages are sprinkled with glib couplings of the "grim smile", "wizened crone" sort. Bad also are lines like "Cognition and cognac were cognate terms" and the linguistic ringing of the changes on "white" that closes the novel jarringly. This is a haunted book, and the absent presence of which we are always aware is not Kovacs's stalker, nor the ghost of Culture, but what might have been had this promising first novel achieved its full potential.

All you need to know about the books you meant to read



LUCKY JIM (1954)
by Kingsley Amis

Plot: Jim Dixon lectures in history incompetently at a provincial university. He needs to secure tenure by placating Professor Welch, an arts and crafts fan. Dixon's loose entanglement with his grimly insistent colleague Margaret is tightened by her recent suicide attempt. The Welches invite Dixon for a weekend of recorder blowing and cod-medievalism. Dixon crosses Bertrand, Welch's son. Bertrand's companion, Christine, proves a compulsive attraction. Bertrand uses Christine to promote himself with her rich uncle Gore-Urquhart. Now mutually attracted, Dixon and Christine are enmeshed with pseudo-responsibilities for others. Dixon's public lecture on "Merrie England" forms the climax of the book. In front of an audience seething with dignitaries, he rubbishes Welch, the Principal and the tawdry ideal of "Merrie England". Gore-Urquhart offers Dixon a well paid job. Dixon discovers Margaret's attempted suicide was fraudulent. Christine realises Bertrand is a liar and opts for Jim. Dixon mutates into Lucky Jim.

Theme: The individual's search for "mental and emotional integrity". Amis won't accept that morality means pity and self-sacrifice. The world is godless and unfair.

Style: The prose aims for the truth rather than beauty. The deliberately clumsy hesitations and back-tracking suggest the effort required to be honest.

Chief Strengths: Dodges Victorian solemnity and harks back to the serious fables of Fielding and Smollett. Amis's prescient vision of England and its cultural pretension retains its sharpness. The best banger in literature: "His mouth had been used as a latrine by some small creature of the night and then as its mausoleum."

Chief Weakness: Amis needs a "dead" central character to propel the story. Christine is too nice, too beautiful, too innocent to be true.

What they thought of it then: Eventually a bestseller, chucking Amis into the role of Angry Young Man.

What we think of it now: Amis's death harvested a dearth of intelligent comment. Patronised as a purveyor of right-wing absurdities, Amis's high seriousness was ignored. He is certain to emerge as the leading post-war British novelist.

Responsible for: The creation of the campus novel, as opposed to the *Bridhead* version of university life with its punting and plovers' eggs.



Who's reading whom

Michael Ridpath, whose *Trading Reality* is published this week by Heinemann, is deep in computer history.

"It was not so much the smooth businessmen as the non-conformists with idiosyncratic ideas who delivered the goods when I was a venture capitalist. Bob Cringely's *Accidental Empires* (Penguin) proves the point again in his compelling history of the personal computer. Like many great inventions, the PC happened by mistake, in the garages of 19-year-old kids. IBM, despite their huge resources, were left standing. The phenomenon of personal computers belongs to the Eighties. The question now is whether virtual reality will have the same effect in the millennium."

Audiobooks
Swann's Way read by Simon Callow
John Rowe
Neville Jackson

It is a publishing truism that a hundred times as many copies of the first volume of Proust's great masterpiece *A la recherche du temps perdu* are sold for every one of the last. On tape, purists will go for the excellent full-length version read with measured resonance by John Rowe (Cover to Cover, 10hrs 15 mins, £24.99). For those with less patience, a franchised Simon Callow (HarperCollins, 6hrs, £12.99) delivers with much lingering longing. But it is the shortest version, read with panache and amused energy by Neville Jason (Naxos, 4hrs, £7.99) that brings to life the dappled sunlight and snobbish pretensions of Proust's childhood most vividly.

Christina Hardyment

Sharon Penman The Queen's Man

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country conservation

Tales of ecology and the unexpected

There is room for change in the countryside, as long as there's still room for us, says Richard D North

The countryside is a palimpsest. And that's official, or at least it's semi-official. The three quangos which inform government about the great outdoors – the Countryside Commission, English Heritage and English Nature – so describe the countryside in their latest co-operative venture: "Conservation in Local Plans".

We are in trouble here. Once we start talking about the countryside as a "document" which has to be "read", or still worse, as a "narrative" to be interpreted, before we know where we are, we will be deconstructing hedgerows instead of grubbing them up, and we shall be unpacking sheep fleeces instead of sending them off to market. The countryside we messed about in as children, when we dammed streams and hacked down branches for bivouacs, will become a text for swots, not a robust playground for the young.

The trouble is that the landscape really is full of messages. The natural world means a lot to us, not just in a visceral, wind-in-the-hair, sort of way. It means things to us because we think

so hard about it, and our thinking flows very naturally from our first having felt things about it. I can remember as a teenager the heart-swelling effect of cliff-tops and sunsets when place and time seemed to offer both the excuse and the opportunity to be alone with a girl. But one was in love with everything then, swept into a giddy unity with the smallest drop of spray and the largest ordering principle of the whole scene.

We go into the countryside for solace and solitude, to mountain-bike, to play war-games, to shoot. It is a place in which we pray and play and work and work out. We try to make sense of it, because we think God or the Earth Mother has left coded messages in it. We sense, too, that our ancestors have left messages in the terrain: a barn or stone wall, or the waves in the field left by a medieval farming system seem to be speaking to us even more tangibly and almost as clearly as the words on a manuscript of the same period.

The countryside has both to be an alternative to the real world, and the place where we

hope to find the solid, enduring things and cycles against which to match our ephemeral and inadequate ways.

And then, of course, nearly everyone wants to live in the countryside, or motor through it. In bizarre twists, "green"-minded people are now buying posh jeeps in order to assert that they have country exigencies. The new owners of gas-guzzling four-by-fours with bullbars are declaring that come Independence Day or terminal gridlock, they at least will be able to barge their way out of the urban collapse and start again in the country whose restorative powers will somehow remain intact.

In the meantime, we have each to decide how we think about the countryside because how we feel about it – whether we find pleasure or despair there – depends crucially on what we have decided we believe its present condition and likely fate to be.

When I see the network of horrible aerials which beams me my cellular phone messages, or hear nearly everywhere the distant thrum of a motorway, I try to remind myself of the dozens

of places I know, and which anyone might find, where real loveliness remains, and where – and this is the extraordinary bit – I am very likely to be alone if I want to be. There are, for instance, the 30 acres of meadow at Hendre Eynon, near St David's in Pembrokeshire, which were saved by a farmer a quarter of a century ago, which are thick with orchids and flag iris, and which no one ever visits. Most people are too busy heading for the area's exquisite beaches and coves, which absorb crowds and deliver solitude, as even crowded woodlands – in Hampstead or Herefordshire – also can.

I believe that the state of the countryside – its continued capacity to offer most people most of what they demand from it – is a perfect miracle and a huge testimony to the British genius for government, specially as represented in its planning system, itself a work of genius. Similarly, I am immensely proud of the official and unofficial bodies – the National Trust for instance – which debate, rule or own the public countryside.

"Conservation in Local Plans" is just the lat-

est example of how public bodies are trying to deliver a subtle change of language, a hint of new policy, without shocking us. The document speaks of the growing realisation of just how delicate one has to be in messing around with countryside because the character of each part of it is the result of so many different remains of so many historic activities. And then it says that we need to swing a little away from satisfying people's demands for new development and towards "demand management".

This last sounds obvious. And yet the loveliness of what we have is the result of the development of previous generations, not of "demand management". And we live still in a society in which the right of a person to live in the countryside, or drive through it, is as important as his or her right to read the book of their choice. So we can't suddenly become *divergent* about the countryside, any more than many of us want to become precious about it. Shotguns and saffron robes, Shoguns and Oasis gigs, all have to be fitted in, and somehow are.

This little piggy saved a forest

How piglets replaced weedkiller in Yorkshire. By Helen Lewis

Suffolk 1990, and a small group of 11-week-old piglets swap piggy for pine-scented forest for a few months. The idea behind the move? To see how they would adapt to woodland life: whether they would turn their snouts up in disgust or delight in the chance of grubbing around under the trees.

As it happened the pigs took it all in their stride, devouring brambles, bracken and fern with great gusto, rummaging amongst the forest floor and growing fat in the process.

One very pleased farmer subsequently sold these swine at a premium price as organic, free-range pork. This just left the Forestry Commission to decide whether the pigs had proved a worthwhile alternative to their usual – if environmentally unseemly – chemical and machine regime of weed clearance and soil preparation.

The pig experiment was deemed a success and in 1993 the first large-scale forest pig farming trial got underway in a 62-acre gale-damaged woodland in North Yorkshire.

"Severe storms in 1990 had decimated three-quarters of the trees and the forest floor had become swamped with weeds, so we had to do something," explained Alan Beardley, Chief Forester, North York Moors District. "Our usual procedure would be to kill the weeds with herbicides, cultivate the ground with machines and finally plant the area with young saplings, but we hoped the pigs would do all this for us," he said.

Firstly, though, the Forestry Commission had to find a pig farmer with enough pigs who willing to take up the challenge. Ian Moulds jumped at the chance and provided around 450 pigs to munch away at the forest undergrowth until March this year.

"The cost of renting arable land was rocketing so, when the Forestry Commission approached me with a cheaper alternative, I grabbed it. Also, the forest offered shelter from the weather, was free from disease and well drained – all essential requirements for pigs," he said.

This pioneering project seemed a perfect solution all round and was wholeheartedly approved of by the Foundation of Ecological Ground Cultivation. By grazing, grubbing and excreting, pigs cultivate the ground and supply it with nutrients. They also make it easier for the tree seeds to put down roots, and help prevent weeds reoccurring.

However, the earthy sound of grunting becoming commonplace in British forests is still a long way off. For all its success, the project had numerous problems. From the pig management point of view it was a nightmare. The number of animals in a given area of wood had to be carefully planned to prevent damaging the existing trees, and poor access made the job of seeing to the pigs' welfare very difficult.

"The trick was to give the pigs enough undergrowth to chew so they would leave the trees alone," Mr Moulds explained. "Apart from worrying about tree damage, looking after the sows at farrowing time, weaning the piglets and bringing the boar in proved extremely difficult – I couldn't



Pigging out: an eco-friendly weedkiller

get a tractor and trailer in to move the animals with all the tree stumps in the way.

"Basically, the whole idea was not as simple as it first seemed and although I would rent cleared forestry again, this would only be feasible for sows during pregnancy, with accessible grassland nearby for farrowing, mating and weaning when they need to be closely watched," he said.

For all Mr Moulds' efforts, the pigs did harm some trees. They up-rooted small birch, chewed bark and rubbed soil into some of the larger trees' roots. Whether these will survive this damage or succumb to fungal attack won't be known for another couple of years.

Despite these set-backs, Colin Olsson – head forester for the region – admitted the forest floor had been left in very

good condition for receiving seeds from both falling pine cones and those which passed through the pigs. Hopefully these will germinate and produce a tree crop without the Forestry Commission lifting a finger.

"The main benefit to us is getting a crop of saplings growing naturally. However, the germination of tree seeds is notoriously slow and unreliable – we may even end up with none at all. If this happens, the weeds will return and we will have to re-plant the wood ourselves which defeats the whole object," he explained.

Despite his misgivings, when Mr. Olsson checked the site at the end of July this year, he was surprised to find nearly a full crop of saplings, including Corsican pine, Japanese larch and birch, already growing. This was a far better result

than he ever imagined, but he is still cautious about calling the trial a complete success.

"A lot can go wrong even now. We only need another drought like last year, or an extreme winter, for all these tiny saplings to die. Although it looks very promising I won't give the green light for more pig clearing projects for another 12 months."

"However, if the trees continue to grow this will show that there is great potential for pigs clearing small woodland areas under continuous cover [where 25 per cent of the mature trees are left as protection for the young saplings until established], where the operation can be tightly planned and controlled. But, I don't see animals replacing machines and chemicals on large tracts of forestry just yet," he said.

To the south, the sky was dark with grouse, which were pouring in by the thousand

The start of another season has emphasised once again the extraordinarily enigmatic nature of the red grouse. Some moors are alive with strong coveys; others, in spite of confident predictions, have practically none, and owners from the Duke of Westminster downwards, have had to cancel projected shooting days left and right. Even after years of scientific research and on-the-hill observation, our understanding of this elusive game bird is still far from perfect.

It is all too well known that grouse populations explode and collapse with bewildering rapidity, and that a bumper year is often followed by a crash. In one area monitored by the Game Conservancy Trust, for instance, the population fell from 650 one August to 19 the next. Equally, it is common knowledge that grouse are strongly territorial in spring, and that individual pairs take

pains to stake out their nesting grounds; but then, in late autumn, the birds congregate into enormous packs many hundreds strong.

Why do they do this? And who can explain stories like the one told by the veteran sporting artist, Raoul Millais?

In his youth his great-uncle used to rent Fealar, the high-lying deer forest in Perthshire. There were practically no grouse on the ground, and, as Millais remembers, "you could walk all day for a brace and a half". But as he was returning to the lodge one evening in the autumn of 1919 his companion suddenly exclaimed, "My God – look at that!" To the south, the sky was dark with grouse, pouring in by the thousand to settle on the flats.

Normally, at that time of year, the use of shotguns was banned at Fealar, in case the noise should disturb the



DUFF HART-DAVIS

deer. But at dinner that night the young men in the party persuaded their host to let them hold a special shoot in the morning. Out went four of them, and got 110 brace. Next day the whole vast swarm of grouse had vanished to the north.

In the 1950s Millais heard of another such mass-migration, this time from the head keeper at Dunrobin, on the east coast of Sutherland. There, one

bitter day in January, when snow was lying and a westerly gale was blowing, so many thousand grouse streamed in to settle in the shelter that they turned the lee flanks of the hills black. Then, to his horror, the keeper saw the whole mass suddenly lift off: the gale caught them and whirled them out over the North Sea, surely to their deaths. Whether the birds were driven by lack of food, or were responding like lemmings to some migratory instinct, he could not tell.

One fact which nobody disputes is that grouse are good for the environment. Because they live mainly on heather shoots, they promote active management of moorland: for grouse to thrive, heather must be burnt regularly, and bracken suppressed, with the result that moors remain in better shape than they would if owners had no special incentive to spend money on

maintenance. The control of predators such as foxes and crows also benefits other ground-nesting species such as curlews, larks and plovers.

Another certain fact is that grouse are extremely valuable. This year the going rate for shooting driven birds is £110 per brace, so that a 150-brace day earns more than £15,000. The problem is that, unlike pheasants, partridges or duck, grouse cannot be artificially reared in large numbers, and moor-owners can only aid and abet nature in its annual production.

Gamekeepers do this in various ways. One is to suppress predators, another to keep the heather in good condition. A third is to dose the birds against parasitic threadworms, either by catching them at night and squirting medicine down their throats, or by dotting the moor with heaps of medicated grit, which the grouse eat so that

it grinds up the heather shoots in their gizzard. Yet another beneficial move is to reduce infestation by ticks, which are carried by sheep and deer, and breed in bracken. All these measures help. Yet there are other factors which nobody can control, principally the weather. If spring and early summer are cold and wet, breeding success is drastically reduced. One key fact revealed by radio tracking is that, in their first weeks of life, the chicks need a high-protein diet of insects, which their mother furnishes by leading them to boggy patches on the moor. Unless they find plenty of insects, they die.

If global warming means that Scotland and the north of England are going to have better summers, the outlook for grouse will improve. But if, as some people predict, another ice-age is already setting in, *Lagopus scoticus* faces a tough future.

The monk, the goat and the orchard

A Buddhist community on Holy Island combines an alternative therapy with alternative energy.
By Fiona Macaulay

A dead thrush lay on the doormat of the abbot's residence at the Samye Ling Tibetan Centre in Dumfriesshire. "Oh, that'll be there for Rinpoche to bless," remarked Nicholas Jennings, as I stepped gingerly over the threshold. Animals are greatly respected in Buddhist philosophy.

My mission at Samye Ling, in the vale of Eskdalemuir, was to meet Mr Jennings, who, on behalf of the centre, is managing a conservation project on Holy Island in the Firth of Clyde, just east of the Isle of Arran. The Samye Ling Centre bought the island in 1992 in order to create a retreat in a self-sustaining environment. Buddhist thoughts about the way we should care for the earth are very similar to those of conservationists. This convergence of beliefs was given further recognition and support last year with the formation of The Alliance of Religions and Conservation (ARC) which has been joined by nine of the world's major faiths.

For the ARC, Holy Island is a flagship project which is a fore-runner to an initiative to be known as The Sacred Land Project. This will be launched in April next year, its aim being to conserve, and if necessary reinstate, sites of spiritual significance.

Although Holy Island's spiritual history is Christian, the Buddhists respect and want to build on that. "It is an excellent place for undisturbed meditation," says the retreat master of Samye Ling, Lama Yeshe Losal. "The island has been sanctified by the intense prayer and contemplation carried out there."

Holy Island was the home of St Molaise, a 6th-century hermit who was said to have possessed miraculous powers; his cave is a favoured place for meditation on the island. And the ruins of a 13th-century monastery provide a similar sense of tranquillity.

One of the planned conservation projects is to re-plant the monastery orchard, which is believed to contain soil from the Holy Land. Some 27,000 trees of indigenous species have already been planted, mainly funded by a "Sponsor a native Scottish tree" appeal, advertised in environmental magazines.

After consulting local experts, rock white-bark and downy birch were planted along with oak, ash, hazel, hawthorn, rowan, holly, beech, willow, alder and elder. The island's wild Eriskay ponies, Soay sheep and goats, which are thought to date from Jacobite times, have been excluded from the planted areas so as to encourage rejuvenation of the natural habitat. Initially it was suggested that the numbers of these animals should be reduced, but for the Buddhists a cull was out of the question. (Their respect for animal life also meant that Gary Rhodes on his *Rhodes Round Britain* tour was not granted permission to come on to the island to kill and cook a goat.)

During the summer, small groups of volunteers have been coming to the island in 10-day shifts to lend a hand. An ongoing chore is clearing the beaches of refuse thrown up by the waters of the Clyde. The Holy Island Project

relies on this free workforce. As a non-profit making organisation, no one has a paid job - except for Mr Jennings who is in charge of fundraising.

His task is a daunting one, for the eco-architectural plans for a retreat centre at the south end of the island are expected to cost about £5m - and there is no money in the bank. The design for a self-sustaining development is the brainchild of Andrew Wright, who has his own architectural practice and is also a consultant to the Richard Rogers Partnership. The plans won the main prize of the *Boris Architects' Journal* Award at the Royal Academy Summer Exhibition in 1994.

"What I enjoy about architecture," says the 31-year-old architect, "is a design approach that meshes together social issues, landscape, the science of structures and environment; that creates a harmony between them."

The basic idea for Holy Island is to build two sets of retreat rooms, partly dug into the ground, which will descend the hillside like a row of steps or terraces. "It's a simple idea," says Mr Jennings. "You dig out the back wall and use that earth to make the floor, then put a top over the gap like a lean-to."

The roof will be covered with earth and the rooms will have a sloped, glazed front. The energy-efficient features of the design are various - the rooms will be south facing, which together with the angled glass fronts will maximise solar gain in an area which has limited sunshine. It is estimated that this will provide on average almost half the space heating.

Andrew Wright's designs include a scheme to make the island water self-sufficient. Rainwater will be collected along a gully and stored in tanks above the retreat rooms, to be used for washing and cleaning. Below the retreat rooms, water running off the buildings will filter into a pond at the top of a garden area for irrigation purposes. There is enough fresh water from natural springs for drinking and food preparation. Most waste water would be naturally filtered through a series of reed beds.

Research is being done into the possibilities of alternative energy sources of which the most feasible is wind power. "We need to set up a local weather station," says Mr Jennings. "But local knowledge of wind speeds makes it look quite viable. It may even be possible to supply some of the electricity we would make back into the grid."

Some vegetables and fruit are already being produced under organic principles in the walled garden of the old lighthouse keeper's cottages, but Andrew Wright's plans provide increased garden areas, complete with irrigation systems and a series of greenhouses. In the words of Lama Yeshe Losal "the aim on Holy Island is to create an atmosphere of spiritual and ecological good health as an example for all".

For enquiries regarding The Holy Island Project contact Nicholas Jennings, Samye Ling Tibetan Centre 013873 73223



Holy Island, Firth of Clyde. Buddhist monks are building a self-sufficient community



Photograph: Colin McPherson



No more gloom in Dorset for smooth snake and ladybird spider

Heathland schemes are rescuing rare species. By Daniel Butler

"You could say our heaths are top of the list for habitat conservation," says Andrew Nicholson, conservation officer for English Nature in Dorset. "Over the past two centuries, Dorset has lost 85 per cent of its heathland. This is particularly important in biodiversity terms, because of the climate."

Lowland heaths are some of Britain's most threatened habitats, being particularly vulnerable to development, agricultural improvements, forestry and quarrying. About half of the area covered by heathland at the turn of the century has now disappeared, and the picture in Dorset is particularly bleak.

Back in 1750, some 40,000 hectares of the county were covered in a mixture of heather and gorse. This was slowly and steadily eaten into by agriculture. (As recently as a century ago, Thomas Hardy could write about the windswept wilderness of Egdon Heath.) The loss of Dorset heathland increased dramatically in the 1930s, however, until by 1987 there were just 5,600 hectares left. As a result, many of Britain's rarest creatures, such as the smooth snake, Dartford warbler and ladybird spider were pushed to the brink of extinction. Yet in the late 1980s a concerted drive began to reverse the decline.

A variety of conservation bodies, including the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, English Nature, the Dorset Wildlife Trust, the Herpeto-

logical Conservation Trust and Forestry Enterprise, targeted the Dorset Heathland Area. This is centred on Bournemouth and Poole Harbour, but stretches some 15 miles up the Avon Valley.

Although each body set its own targets (the RSPB aimed at restoring 500 hectares within 10 years, for example), the bodies co-operated closely on management schemes. Typically, the first step was to root out encroaching scrub since this out-competes the delicate heather on which a heath's wildlife depends.

In Dorset, the scrub consists principally of birch and pine saplings, bracken and rhododendron. Their removal allows heather seed which has lain in the soil for up to 60 years to germinate. And once the ground is blanketed with heather, it is difficult for invaders to re-establish themselves.

Also, because a wide range of heather ages is important to encourage diversity, some of the older growth is cut back in the autumn after the seed has set. New shoots spring up in the harvested area - vital for species such as woodlarks - while the prunings are scattered over abandoned quarries or farmland where the seed germinates. In time these, too, return to their former state.

"Ironically, healthy heathland depends on a very low level of nutrients," says Nigel Symes, RSPB Dorset Heathland project manager. "The

heather and gorse can only out-compete other plants if the soil is very poor and so agricultural fertilisers are one of the worst problems we face." Because of the poor soil, fertilisers have been heavily used in the past, but fortunately, even farmland can be returned to heather with careful management. This is done by planting nutrient-hungry crops such as maize, which draw up fertiliser residues and leave the soil sufficiently depleted to give the heather and gorse a chance.

Meanwhile, Forestry Enterprise, one of the area's biggest landowners, has played an important role in co-operating with schemes where cattle are allowed to wander around forest heathland areas, helping to maximise biodiversity with light grazing.

For anyone used to grim environmental stories about habitats vanishing forever, the results have been impressive. In just seven years the RSPB team has virtually reached its target, with 550 hectares of degraded heath restored to its original state. As a result, the woodlark population is up 30 per cent, nightjars have increased by 25 per cent and the number of Dartford warblers has doubled.

"Instead of the general doom and gloom about Dorset's heath, we've shown that conservation is possible," says Mr Nicholson. "There's a long way to go, but at least we've started to climb the ladder again by showing you can use the heaths in a sustainable way."



Safe haven: heathland saved for wildlife

Photograph: Colin McPherson

gardening



CUTTINGS

The appropriately named Charles Flower sells seed and plugs (small, well-rooted plantlets) of wildflowers such as lady's bedstraw, fleabane and yellow loosestrife. Plugs are 25p each, seed varies from £2.5 for 10g. He has also converted his old farm workshop into a study centre where he organises half-day sessions on all aspects of countryside restoration.

'Hedgerows for Wildlife' is the subject of the next workshop. What are the best plants to use in restoring a gappy old hedge or planting a new one? Find out on Tuesday 10 September (2-5pm). The session includes a tour of Charles Flower's own hedges to inspect successes and failures. The cost is £25. A practical hedge-laying course will be held on Tuesday 3 November (9.30am-4pm) Cost £40. For details of seeds, plugs and courses, contact Charles Flower at Carvers Hill Farm, Shalbourne, Marlborough, Wiltshire SN8 3PS (01672 870782 for nursery; 01635 247666 for courses).

The Midlands group of the National Council for the Conservation of Plants and Gardens (NCCPG) is holding a Rare and Unusual Plant Fair tomorrow in the grounds of Leicester University's botanic garden. The botanic garden was made from the combined gardens of four Edwardian houses, acquired by the university just after the war. There are fine Japanese maples, a limestone garden, traditional herbaceous borders and collections of hardy fuchsias. The garden is at Stoughton Drive South, Oadby, Leicester (near Leicester racecourse). Admission £2.

WEEKEND WORK

Take cuttings of indoor plants such as coleus, tradescantia, zebra and busy lizzies. Take three- to four-inch long cuttings from the tips of vigorous shoots of busy lizzies and push them into pots filled with compost, lightened with vermiculite.

When they have rooted well and are growing away, pinch out the tops of the cuttings to encourage bushy growth. Take three-inch cuttings of coleus, choosing the tips of non-flowering shoots to pot up singly in John Innes No 1 compost.

Pick sweetcorn cobs when the silky tassels on the ends have begun to wither. I grew 'Fiesta' (Mr Fothergill £1.65) this year and it has provided the best crop ever. Mr F says it is ideal for barbecues. I haven't tried that.

Stake the flowers you hope to be enjoying in autumn: dahlias, Michaelmas daisies, chrysanthemums and helianthus. Continue to feed and water sweet peas to prolong the display. Do not feed annuals such as nasturtium and godetia which, given such encouragement, produce too much leaf and too little flower.

Plant prepared hyacinths now for flowering at Christmas. Research done by the Dutch Bulb growers' Association has shown that different varieties have very precise forcing times. The white variety 'Carmegie' needs 11 weeks in a plunge bed or dark cupboard, then 22 days in the light to bring it into flower. 'Delft Blue' has a quicker turnaround time: nine weeks in the dark, followed by 23 days in the light.

The ideal temperature for the preliminary forcing is about 48F. Anything cooler will retard the bulbs too much; anything warmer will result in lanky leaf growth.

Lawn seed can be sown now in areas that have been well dug, raked and cleared of stones. If you haven't had much rain you will need to water the ground before you sow. Cats scraping at the seed are likely to be as much of a menace as birds. Netting seems to be the answer.

Say I love you, and a peacock may emerge

These slow-growing trees are unparalleled for topiary – and respond well to draconian treatment. Anna Pavord offers a guide

One of the less successful features in our garden when we first came here was a scraggy yew tree, not massive, dripping needles over an outbuilding. Over the last six years or so, we have been converting the tree into a piece of topiary. I think next year might be the time to cry "Off with its head" and complete the process.

The tree is about 25ft high, and each year we have taken off a couple of its lower branches, working our way gradually up the trunk. It responded enthusiastically by sprouting new greenery all the way up its cleared trunk, and last year I gave it its first clip. It seems to want to be a cone, but at present it's a weird hybrid: a cone with a tree sprouting out of the top.

The question is – how do we want to finish off the cone? If it's to be a plain cone, then the tree top needs to be cut off quite low down the trunk, so that later the sprouts can be clipped into a neat point, without the bulk of the trunk getting in the way. But I fancy something a bit madder. A cone with a ball balanced on top? A cone with a broad-brimmed Ascot hat on it? If it is to be something like this, then the trunk perhaps needs to be cut higher to provide a separate flush of growth for the top knot, whatever it might be.

Yew has a reputation for being slow, but new green growth on the rejuvenated trunk has been surprisingly rapid. This year's shoots – just waiting for their next clip – are about 15in long. Growth on the south side is not as vigorous as that on the other aspects, which is the reverse of what you would expect.

Box is the only other tree that would respond as willingly as yew to this draconian treatment. It's why they both make such good hedges and why they are unparalleled for topiary work. Both give a sense of permanence to a garden, not just because they are evergreen, but because they are long-lived. Yews are difficult to date, but tree-expert, the late Alan Mitchell, reckoned that many churchyard yews, such as the one at Coldwaltham, near Pulborough in Sussex, were as much as 3,000 years old.

Because they are quiet, not erupting into mad blossom, or doing flashy things in autumn, you tend to take them for granted: a yew backdrop sets off more ostentatious features in a garden. They are tolerant of a wide range of soils and growing conditions. Like spotty laurel, they will put up with the challengingly dry growing conditions of city gardens.

Trees (and hedges), though, are more likely to respond well to hard pruning when they are in good health. If you have yew you want to cut back, either a tree or a hedge, feed and water it well for a year



Yews can be clipped through to November, but the drug baccatine is found in the leaves only during August and September. Photograph: GPL

before you start work. Severe cutting (stumping back, if's generally called) is best done in April. Don't be tempted to leave bits of branch and twig sticking out. The best regrowth will come directly from the main trunk. Do one side only.

If you are coping with an overgrown yew hedge, you may have to wait two years before tackling the next stage – the top of the hedge. In an old hedge this becomes a frizz of twiggy growth, all of which can be taken out. Don't cut into the main trunks of the trees though. Top growth usually bounces back much more quickly than side growth. If the hedge has responded well to stages one and two, you may be able to complete the process the following year, by cutting back the second side of the hedge. After that, give it a vampire's feast of dried blood in early spring, and mulch during autumn or winter with muck or compost. Yew, unlike Leyland cypress, only needs one clip a year and that is gen-

erally done in late summer or autumn. I do ours with hand shears, because a powered hedge clipper is a heavy thing to hold way above your head. And I loathe the noise they make.

I wish I felt equal to a peacock on our topiarised yew, but I don't. Topiarists are born, not made and I don't think I've got a peacock in me. I'd be able to look after one, if I was ever in the future lucky enough to inherit one in a garden, but sculpting one from scratch is a different matter. The best are those that sit, bulging massively in small cottage gardens, where they dwarf everything else around.

If you want one-off yew plants to grow on into topiary pieces, you can raise plants from seed, sown in October. The seed is buried in the middle of the red berry, elegantly known round here as snot-gobbles. The red bit isn't poisonous, the seed would be, if our stomachs could ever get round to digesting it. But it isn't designed

to be digested. It's made to shoot right through a bird's gut and out the other side, ejected with the added benefit of the dropping which will help it to germinate and grow.

Sow the seeds in a pan of John Innes compost and leave them outside. When the seedlings are a few inches high, line them out in a row and grow them on for two or three years before setting them in their final positions. If you want plants for a hedge, you should take cuttings from an established plant. Seed-raised plants will all be slightly different. Cuttings will all resemble their parent. Take 3-4in long cuttings of side shoots (with a heel) in September or October. Line out the cuttings in a slit trench which you have lightened with plenty of sand. When they have rooted and are starting to grow away, transplant the cuttings into fresh ground at wider spacings and grow them on until they are about 18 inches high.

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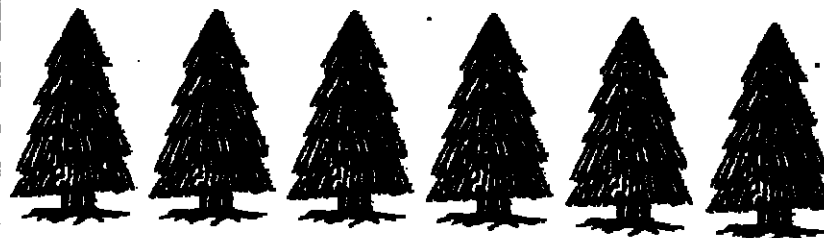
What to do with yew clippings

Yew clippings are now a valuable commodity, since scientists discovered that baccatine, extracted from the leaves, was a valuable anti-cancer drug. Although yews can be clipped any time from late July through to November, the highest concentrations of baccatine are found on leaves during August and September. Yew Clippings Ltd supplies the pharmaceutical companies that have pioneered the production of these new yew-based anti-cancer drugs. They will pick up yew clippings from anywhere in the country, supplying sacks and a same-day collection service. They pay 35p a kilo for 25-50kg, 50p a kilo from 101-100kg. If you prefer, they can pay clippings money direct to Marie Curie Cancer Care or to the Cancer Relief Macmillan Fund. Last year, they raised over £10,000 for these two charities. They can't pick up quantities less than 25kg, but suggest that neighbours get together to make up an appropriate load. One yard of hedge, roughly six feet high, will produce between two and three kilos of clippings. For more information telephone 01308 485693 or fax 01308 485614.

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The pilgrimage from salvage to salvation

Naomi Coleman visits Architectural Salvage

Ten years ago, Barry Speed made his living demolishing buildings, by reducing the unintended, unwanted schools, houses and hospitals of inner London to mounds of dusty brick and rusting iron. Little did he know then, that a decade later he would turn that wreckage into a successful business.

The entrance to his premises in Islington, London N1, is flanked by Neptunes, sitting atop Doric columns on either side of large wooden gates. Inside, the warehouse acts as a sanctuary for the unhinged and the uprooted: doors without walls; baths without taps; fireplaces without chimneys.

This is Architectural Salvage, a scrapyard for buildings, where old fixtures come to die, and to be reborn. Here they are sandblasted, stripped and given a new lease of life - as spare parts for period houses or as accessories for those looking to add a touch of authenticity.

Speed and his partner, Rob Philpin, began selling salvage in smaller premises down the road in Hackney six years ago. But soon their stock outgrew the warehouse and demand outgrew the stock. They moved up the road, upmarket, and into one of the more salubrious pockets of Islington.

They put their success down to the trend towards conservation, away from modernisation. In the late 1980s, it dawned on them that the buildings they were busily demolishing were filled to the brim with things they should be saving. They stopped getting paid for knocking down exteriors and started paying out to rescue the interiors. Before long Speed and Philpin were supplying a stream of property owners who had dispensed with Formica and veneer and were turning the market towards genuine interior features and fittings - roll-top baths, John Boding taps, porcelain sinks and cast-iron fireplaces.

"Why buy a door from say Wickes or Texas Homecare when you can buy a pine, panelled door with all the original fittings for the same price?" says Speed. It's not that they're ageist, it's just that they believe in quality. "We'll take anything - as long as it's more than 100-years-old."

Anything. And everything, by the looks of things scattered around the warehouse: timber, iron and glass; the occasional stray lavatory. For newcomers to architectural salvage it can be mind-boggling: Speed points out that what looks like a pile of old wood is in fact a collection of sought-after oak, pine, mahogany and teak. "The mahogany boards were taken from a school's science lab," he says. "Now people are using them for kitchen worktops." He advises that a stack of glass bricks can be used as a shower screen or are simply good for enhancing a bathroom window. As he fires out a string of ideas it's not surprising to be told that the DIY television programme *Homefront* has already filmed here.

In fact it is commonplace to have television cameramen and

theatrical producers wandering around. "Remember the Mercury One-2-One commercial?" asks Speed. "They used all our Royal Doulton sinks and toilets for that." As a sideline the salvage is hired out as stage and film props which are either delivered or used in situ.

Perhaps this is what makes East-Enders' Ricky and Nigel feel at home here: they both come bargain-hunting at Architectural Salvage - as does Seymour Stein (who first signed Madonna to Sire Records) and Princess Michael of Kent's lady-in-waiting.

Business is limitless: behind the scenes they do furniture stripping and sandblast fireplaces, wrought iron tables and chairs. They will even make up mirrors and doors decorated with architrave made from leftovers. They take on private commissions, too. The buyer of the old Russian embassy in Kensington Palace Gardens has recently asked them to restore the dome to its original splendour.

"We'll remove the dome and bring it back here to restore the broken sheets of etched glass," says Speed.

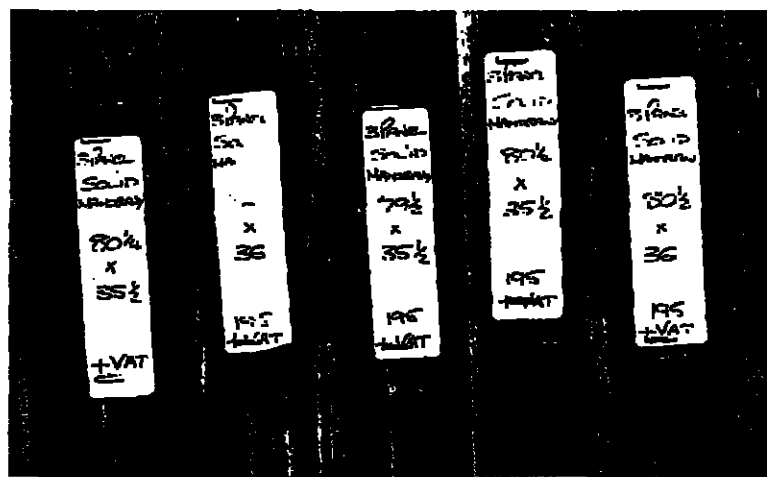
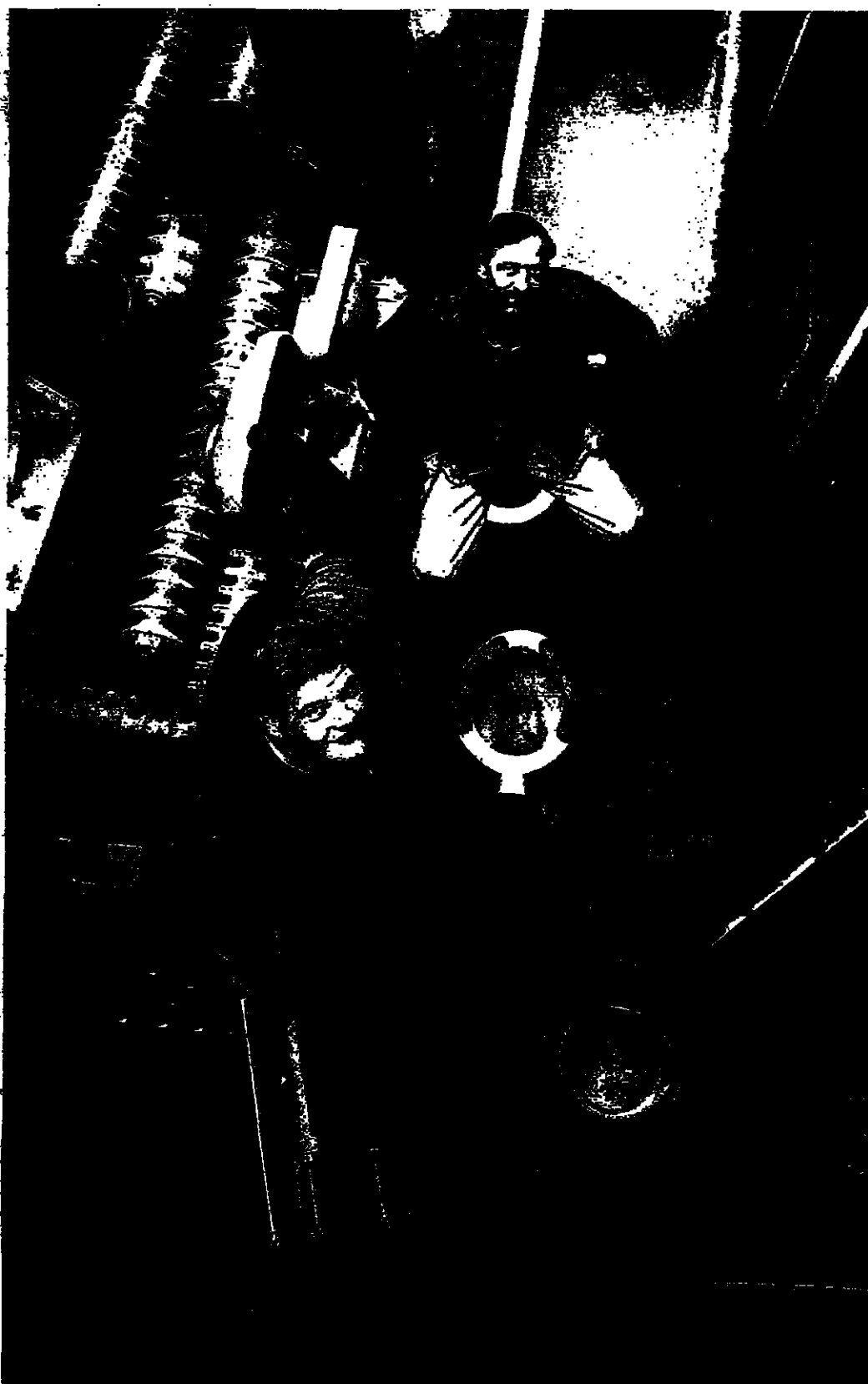
The majority of salvage seekers, though, tend to take their pick from the range of 1,200 panelled doors, which cost between £45 and £75 - or select one of the many porcelain sinks, for around the same price.

But those with a bit more to spend - and a vivid imagination - could splash out on a nurses' room, taken from a Victorian hospital ward, featuring a pitch pine desk and large surveillance windows containing old glass: "Perfect for an old-fashioned style conservatory," suggests Speed. But the pièce de résistance is a complete mahogany panelled room at a mere £7,500 which in its earlier life was the library of a Hampshire country estate.

And where does it all come from? Here lies the irony: a large proportion of the stock that will be used to refurbish, renovate and restore London homes comes from the hospitals closing around them. "Over the past three or four years, we've collected from more than 40 hospitals in London alone," pitches in Philpin.

"A lot of them are from mental asylums." A recent, large shipment of doors and sinks came from the mental wing of Hackney's Homecroft Hospital. "The doors, and fittings that come out of the asylums are so strong it's untrue," says Philpin. "These doors are unbreakable. They had to be, though, didn't they? Because they had to be nutter-proof."

Architectural Salvage: 30-32 Stamford Road, London N1 4JL, Tel: 0171-923 0783
Panelled Doors from £45-£75; Butler's sinks from £45-£75; Cast-iron fireplaces from £95-£350; Roll-top baths from £150-£300; Spiral staircases £2,500 (depending on amount of treads); Polished brass door handles, knobs and letter boxes from £4-30; Royal Doulton toilets from £75-£95 (cistern extra).



SALVAGE FACT FILE

Lassco's, St Michael's Church, Mark Street, Off Paul Street, London EC2A 4ER Tel: 0171-739 0448. Upmarket ecclesiastical salvage and reclaimed flooring.

House Hospital, Battersea: 68 Battersea High Street, London SW11 Tel: 0171-223 3179. Doors, radiators, fireplaces and bathrooms fittings and fixtures.

Holyrood Architectural Salvage, Holyrood Business Park, Duddington Road West, Edinburgh E16 0131-661 9305. Specialists in bathroom fittings but also have a good range of pews.

Dyfed Antique and Architectural Salvage, The Wesleyan Chapel, Perrots Road, Haverfordwest, Dyfed, Wales Tel: 01437 760 496. Three old chapel buildings crammed full of wondrous junk.

R & R Renovations, Canalside Yard, Audlem, Cheshire Tel: 01270 811 310. Reclaimed bricks, oak beams, slates and wooden frames and doors.

Andy Thornton Ltd, Victoria Mills, Stainland Road, Greetland, W. Yorks Tel: 01422 377 314. Specialises more in architectural fittings than reclaimed material.

Pew Corner, Arington Manor Farm, Old Portsmouth Road, Arington, Guildford Surrey Tel: 01483 33337. Ecclesiastical salvage specialising in 120 different types of oak and pine pew ends.

Architectural Heritage, Taddington Manor, Taddington, Cusdean, Nr Cheltenham, Gloucestershire GL54 5RY 01386 584414.

Not strictly salvage. Most of their material comes from auctions and private dealers. But for those with a penchant for the renaissance, they specialise in garden statuary including stone animals (they also do a repro range made from composition stone, lead and bronze), urns, well heads, fountains. Also panelled rooms, fire surrounds and stained glass.

Robert Mills Ltd, Narrows Road, Eastville, Bristol BS2 9XB Tel: 0117 9556542. Deal mainly in large, gothic structures from churches and buildings. Supply mainly pubs and restaurants. Panelled rooms, ornate, stained glass windows, pulpits, church screens. Get direct from churches and demolition contractors in UK and Europe. Prices start from £500 to £30,000 for a complete panelled room or elaborate set of church windows.

For further information on architectural and ecclesiastical salvage the *Salvo Directory* at £5.75, is a comprehensive compilation of reclamation yards and local salvage dealers covering Britain, France and Belgium. They also publish *Salvo Magazine* 10 times a year. Order by credit card on 01658 216494.

Main Picture: Barry Speed and Rob Philpin surrounded by their salvage in north London. Below left: Assorted light switches, locks and cabinet handles. Below right: "nutter-proof doors" stacked up and waiting for new homes. Photographs: Andrew Buiman

Don't give me any lip-gloss

Minimalism is the cosmetics industry's latest buzz word, but has anything really changed? By Ruth Picardie

Not so long ago, a girl with a hot date, a shiny nose and a glossy new credit card would spend Saturday afternoon in her local department store discussing micro-emulsified polysiloxane systems, multiple alpha-hydroxy acids and hydro-protective complex combinations with a sales girl in a lab coat. A few years before that, she would have been solving the problem in the Body Shop with ancient Amazonian plant extracts, holistic aromatherapy massage oils and save the whale eye-shadow.

Today, however, there's a whole new approach. The girl with her finger on the right pot of face cream will come away from the counter with a bottle of Nina Ricci's Triple Effect, a new cleanser, toner and moisturiser in one; a Lorac Vitamin E stick, "designed for both men and women, of all ages and all skin types"; and a can of Paco, a "no-frills, universal, multicultural" scent launched earlier this year. Call it less is more, call it pared down, call it no fuss: the new approach to make-up is minimalism.

As a lifestyle philosophy, minimalism is not new. Muji, the Japanese store which sells functional, simply packaged "No Brand Goods" opened in London in 1991 and in the

fashion world, the understated classicism of Prada and Calvin Klein began making waves at around the same time. Both were a reaction against the gold-embossed, label-obsessed "more is more" Eighties. "Opulence is out," confirms Charlotte-Anne Fiddler, health and beauty director at *Elle*.

In the skincare and cosmetics market, the minimalist revolution is also a backlash against pseudo-scientific babble. "Most people didn't understand it," says Newby Hands, health and beauty director at *Harper & Queen*, "including the counter staff. And the customer didn't care. They want to know what a product can deliver. Women are better educated now. They're used to dealing with the car mechanic and the plumber. Now it's a question of, I've got dry skin, what have you got?"

At the same time, less is more is the solution to the modern woman's frantically busy life, juggling work, partner, children and more. "There's too much out there," says Stephanie Sage, international PR manager for the Donna Karan Beauty Company, who produce just three skincare products. "It's product pollution! No one has time for a multi-stage approach. We need solutions which are fast, simple and effective, which

produce maximum results with minimum fuss." Accordingly, the company's Formula For Clean Skin is make-up remover and cleanser; the Formula For Facial Moisture, covers up blemishes, moisturises and offers protection from the sun. "Too many products spoil the skin," adds the range's consultant dermatologist, Pat Weider. Alongside all this philosophy is a new approach to packaging: less sterile than the high-tech products, more beautiful than Body Shop plastic (Charlotte-Anne Fiddler calls it "ugly eco"), with no buy-four-eye-shadows-when-you-only-want-one compacts. Shu Uemura, the hip Japanese company which pioneered the minimalist look when it launched in the UK in 1991, is sold in semi-transparent plastic squares that slot together, with no built-in mirror and brush adding to the bulk. "When an artist selects painting instruments," breathes a company press release, "the choice of materials will be of the highest quality possible. He will not be misled by the extra decoration of the packaging but is only interested in the quality and content."

From the manufacturers' point of view, packaging has another advantage. "Men's cosmetics haven't taken off," explains Newby Hands. "But the pared down unisex approach of CK

One has been huge." Hence the launch, earlier this year, of Paco - from a company whose previous approach to scent was the flamboyantly Eighties XS Pour Homme and Four Elle (advertised with muscley men, lizards and lots of grating in the rain). "Probably the last thing you need in your life is another launch," read the postcard which announced the new one-size aluminium can, sold from a mini-milk crate. "It's for anybody, at any time, for any reason," explains the company's UK managing director Robert McClatchie.

Before you throw out your so-five-minutes ago space age anti-cellulite cream and aloe vera lip balm, remember that marketing is the middle name of the beauty industry - so many lipsticks to sell, so few women. If you read the small print, you'll find that Nina Ricci's pared down Triple Effect is "enriched with a hydro-protective complex combination of hyaluronic acid and a cellulose polymer." So it's really a high-tech cream? Sort of. But the cellulose polymer - just in case there are any New Age customers out there - is "derived from natural raw materials, including wood and cotton". Shu Uemura's palette of lipsticks, meanwhile, come in just 108 colours. No wonder the company slogan is "Simple and rich".

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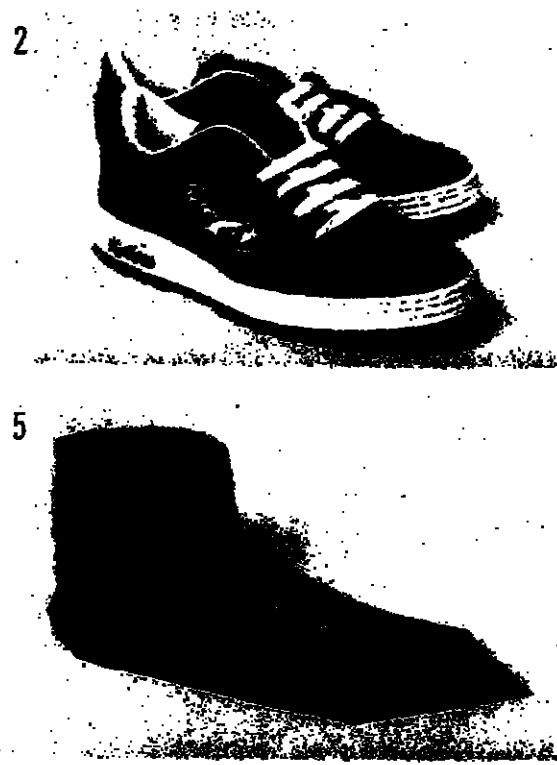
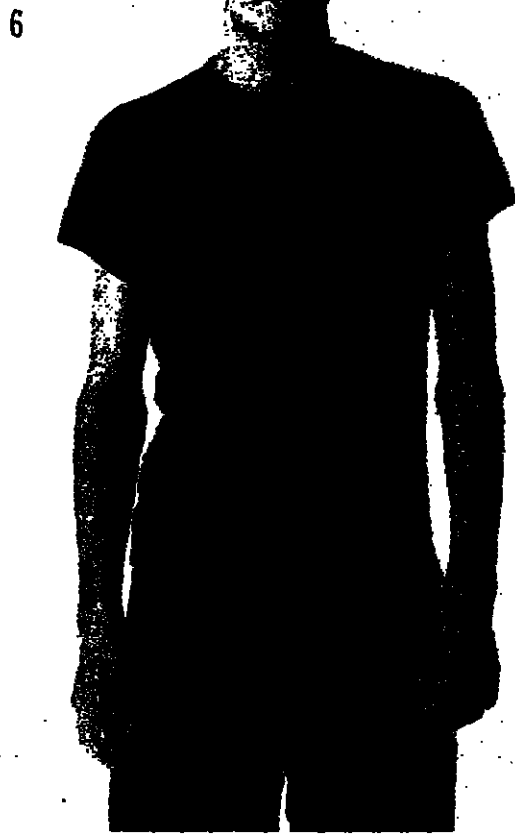
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12
shopping

Six of the best men in blue

Stylist: Charlie Harrington. Photographer: Tony Buckingham



1 French Connection shirt, \$40. Bright blue shirt with single breast pocket and double buttoned cuff. A well designed shirt for work or home. A great way to brighten up the dullest of wardrobes. Available from branches of French Connection. Call 0171 580 2507.

2 Blue suede Kickers, \$49.99. Colour coded on the soles for those who find it hard to distinguish left from right. The comfy trainer is a hard trend to quash, so take to picking the perfect pair to co-ordinate with your wardrobe. Available from branches of JD Sports nationwide. Call 0181 346 2600.

3 John Smedley top, \$67. This long sleeved, three button polo top in pure new wool is a design classic. Easy to wear as it is both smart and casual. Once on, you won't want to take it off, and it will become a key element in your autumn/winter wardrobe. Available from stockists nation wide. Call 0171 734 1519.

4 Dirk Bikkembergs homme cardigan, \$295. This bold zip-front cardigan in blue with green stripes is definitely not for the traditionalists. Not only are the colours a far cry from the usual greys and browns associated with men's cardigans, but it's also daringly cropped at the waist. Available from Liberty, London. W1. Call 0171-734 1234

5 Blue tie, \$29.50 and Paul Smith cufflinks, \$45. Single colour ties like this one from Liberty, are very popular at the moment. For maximum effect team with the same colour shirt, and then add Paul Smith peacock-effect cufflinks, \$45. Available from Paul Smith, Floral Street, London WC2 and Kafka, 41 Union Terrace, Aberdeen. Call 0171 379 7133.

6 Levi's cap sleeved T-shirt, \$21. Royal blue T-shirt with navy trim and 'original' slogan. The cap sleeves give it a modern 'clubby' look, although it is not suffocatingly tight. Available from Levi stores nationwide. Call 01604 790 436.

The thing about...
Kitchen gadgets

Can anyone lend me an ice-cream maker? It's not that I can't find 49 quid, it's simply that I know the novelty will wear off after a few weeks and my shiny new Glacier will be stuffed into the back of the cupboard with the sandwich toaster (£23.75), the citrus press (£17.75) and the pasta machine (£31). I have nothing against kitchen gadgets. On the contrary, my kitchen is full of them but I'm not buying any more. Culinary clutter may seem like a recent phenomenon but a mere glance in grandma's pantry reveals a wealth of rusty nutmeg graters and mincers with 27 moveable parts all designed to lighten the housewife's load. For your mother's generation the great time-saving device was the pressure cooker, a large, potentially explosive saucepan that most women were simply too frightened to use. On the rare occasions when anyone felt like knocking up a steam roly-poly in minutes, no one was ever able to find the lid. Remember the Chicken Brick? Terence Conran's fortune was made when Habitat began marketing this curious terracotta box as a means of pot-roasting poultry. Along with the fondue set and the avocado dishes this was one of the great dust-gatherers of the late Sixties kitchen. By the late Seventies the food processor was the must-have item but the day they started selling huge chicken-shaped Magimix cookers to keep the dust off you knew the storm had passed. But at least the Magimix (£139) was versatile. The truly useless kitchen gadget should really only have one, ideally rather *recherche* function. Much snarker. The possession of a fish kettle and an asparagus kettle suggests a huge kitchen, a fondness for extravagant entertaining and more money than sense. There is nothing intrinsically wrong with any of the gadgets mentioned so far; asparagus kettles cook the stalks without turning the spears to mush, home-made pasta is delicious, but many gadgets do not have even utility to recommend them. The Lakeland Plastics catalogue, spiritual home of kitchen clutter, is packed with preposterous ideas for complicating your life: grapefruit corer, butter melter, spoon rest, tea bag squeezer. Don't sneer; it could happen to you. One day, blood sugar falling, you will find yourself sending off for some superfluous whist. Your need for it, its very function will be forgotten before the package ever arrives. Years later a houseguest will be rummaging through your odds and sods drawer (an unholy jumble of swizzle sticks, dud corkscrews and birthday cake candles): "What the hell is this?" "Ah," you mumble. "That's my caper spoon." "Your what?" Yes. Readers of the latest Lakeland Plastics catalogue are encouraged to wave goodbye to soggy caper misery with this handy spoon (£2.95). Once in a while a gadget enters your life and changes the way you cook and eat. The microwave is one such device, the breadmaker may well become another. You laugh. It's expensive (£199) but it has none of the fiddle associated with other so-called labour savers. You don't have to faff about making dough or mixing custard; you put in the ingredients, shut the lid, press the button and four hours later your kitchen smells like Little House on the Prairie and there's a finished loaf of bread inside. I use mine every day. And no, you can't borrow it.

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When real life is a stony beach

Andrew Hasson took his family from home in Brighton to holiday in Cornwall

"The colours here are unreal; it looks like a foreign country," said my nine-year-old son Harry. "It's not like England at all." It was hard to disagree. Sitting on the beach at Holywell Bay in Cornwall, just after the sun had come out from behind clouds, the sky was electric blue and a warm breeze blew across the sand. This was not what our two boys were used to at all: at least where English beaches were concerned. The Atlantic tide was out when we arrived at the beach mid-morning. Walking over the dunes we reached a stretch nearly a mile long. The sky was overcast and, despite the fact that the air was warm and still, people had put up wind-breaks as if they were going out of fashion; it was easy to spot the old hands who come here day after day, year after year. Out in the bay, two large rocks (Gull's Rocks) dominated our view out to sea as we settled down below the dunes.

Call us mad, accuse us of being obsessed by beaches: we had come from one British seaside resort to another. But there seemed little comparison between the two. We live in Brighton and, in the summer holidays, spend a great deal of time by the water. We sit on those painfully uncomfortable pebbles and, if we've planned it right and the tide is out, the boys (Harry 9, Tom 7) dig in the sand. There isn't much of it, but children seem to be engaged simply being near the sea. So am I, watching the sun go down while the children splash about in the waves.

This was no busman's holiday, though. Compared with Brighton's amusements – the pier, fish and chips and ice-cream – there was nothing much at Holywell Bay. A modest-looking caravan sold a little food and drink: no fancy fare, just sandwiches, crisps, juice and such like. That was all the entertainment on offer. But Tom and Harry weren't interested. They were in seventh heaven and, stripped off to their shorts, they shot off across the vast expanse of sand to explore the empty bay. There was more sand here than any of us had seen back home.

We watched from a distance as the boys explored rocks and caves rock pools and sand dunes. "There's a mini-river over there, and mussels on the rocks," Tom told us. They could hardly get their packed lunches stuffed down them fast enough and were mentally straining at the leash to get off and see if they'd missed anything.

After lunch, a steady stream of families started descending on to the sands and, by mid-afternoon, the bay had become gently busy. But this is a huge beach and we were never crowded out. We could always see the children playing and it felt very safe. Relaxing here was a lot easier than at Brighton.

Throughout the day, the boys kept running back, breathlessly reporting the latest discovery, hardly able to digest it themselves: "The sand's perfect – you can dig really deep without coming to stones. It's just sand all the way!" said Tom. "There's no pebbles and you can run barefoot. The dunes are brilliant for jumping. There's a humongous one as big as a room there!" came another cry.

The afternoon warmed up so much, the boys needed cooling off. The sea here is beautiful but undeniably dangerous at certain times. We followed Harry and Tom down to the water's edge and watched as they splashed about in the surf, following strict orders not to go in below the waist. "The waves are really big and the water's so clear," they told us in amazement.

The presence of two lifeguards, sitting on a bright yellow jeep, was comforting and we made sure we kept within boundaries of their red and yellow flags. I think they warned everyone not to go in deeper than waist height, although the tannoy was so muffled that they could have been announcing the arrival of the 12.36 for all anyone on the beach knew. Our children remarked that they "heard something, but couldn't understand what was being said".

As Harry remarked, it was a little like being in a foreign country. The sun, when it arrived, warmed the skin instantly and we felt we were a long, long way from Brighton.



Everything you could want from the seaside: Holywell Bay in north Cornwall has dunes, a safe beach – and no razzmatazz

Photograph: Andrew Hasson



A small, pungent and curiously exotic continent

In 1974, Jonathan Glancey worked his way across the floor of a Bristol factory. It was like a trip round the world

Student summers were wonderful. Here, at last, away from the languors of ivory towers, was a chance to work. Kneel down, get your hands dirty, earn your keep, pay off bills and save for a holiday. And often the job was as much of an adventure as the subsequent travels.

Of all the workshops in all the world, I felt most at home at Bristol-Myer, South Ruislip. This was a scion of a US cosmetics corporation that had taken root off London's arterial Western Avenue in a low-lying Art Deco inspired factory. Bristol-Myer made Mum Rolette, Clairol hair-conditioner, Ingram shaving cream and a canned drink called Nutrament, a zillion-calorie pick-me-up for athletes that tasted, deliciously, of fruit-flavoured and only slightly diluted condensed milk.

A suburban factory making nothing I would want in adult life might seem an odd favourite. But, what I learnt in that pungent factory was a simple truth. You can travel to the most exotic places on earth, seek out the greatest adventures, but feel as much an outsider as the narrator in Camus' *L'Étranger*.

The crowd at Bristol-Myer, save for one gristy old foreman, were a family of sorts writ large and Radio One loud. Broken up into clearly defined and jealous empires – Production, Warehouse, Goods-in, Goods-out and Export – this industrial family met together in the bright mezzanine canteen or else sprawled across the manicured factory lawn during dinner break.

The student's privilege was to work across departments, now making wooden cases in which to pack delicate goods, now whizzing around the warehouse on a red electric forklift truck, cleaning production-line machinery, loading and unloading lorries, sweeping yards and chatting to everyone.

Crossing departments was, nevertheless, a bit like travelling from country to country, each with its own government, customs and laws. Chubby, easy-going, easy-go Brian, with the Elvis quiff ran Goods-In with Peter, an ex-serviceman who span tea-break tales of the whores and bordellos of the world. Richard, with the Hendrix-inspired "Afro" hair ruled Export. Richard was slight and highly-strung and dreamt of doing

something "better". He worked like a Trojan, but in between rowed furiously with Karol, an ex-Polish Squadron fighter pilot, once based at nearby Northolt, who had stewartly refused to improve his English since he arrived in here in 1939. Karol was in his late-sixties, could lift hundredweight barrels of hair-oil as if they were individual cans of Nutrament, drove an ancient two-tone Hillman Minx and called everyone who crossed him a "putana". Mick, the handsome middle-aged Irishman laughed the day away alongside them, winking and "Jesusing" wryly, as Karol and Richard "effed" and "putanaed" to the accompaniment of saws, drills, hammers and nails.

A second Mick, dominated the warehouse. A gossip without equal, he pirouetted across the lino floors in his nifty fork-lift truck, exchanging news and cutting asides, cackling with laughter and employing the Saxon word for "I trust" as only lucid Celts know how.

Mick, who I liked because he despised General Franco who still had a year before Hell claimed him, enjoyed verbal fisticuffs

with Reg, deputy-foreman from Production and last of the old-time, shirt-and-tie gentleman workers. Reg introduced me to "The Ragged Trousered Philanthropists", "Cassandra" and any number of ranting, digging, shaking and otherwise dissenting texts. He was critical of the Soviet Union and had much to say about my holiday designed to take me to Japan via the Trans-Siberian Railway.

The land of Goods-Out was overseen by two of the most perfect industrial knights I have ever met. Bert (who drove an immaculate Morris 1100 as if it were a classic Bentley) and John (who wobbled along on a Honda 50) sported spotless white coats and, if they were ever ruffled on a long, hot summer afternoon, never showed it. John talked obsessively of black silk stockings and suspenders as he took stock of hair-spray and shaving cream, leaning back in his battered black-plastic swivel chair, whilst Bert, quiet and dignified, kept underarm deodorants rolling effortlessly across the armpits of Europe.

Bristol-Myer women were confined to the

purdah of Production, or else ran the canteen. There was the gorgeous Ingrid who wore short skirts and black stockings, drove John of Despatch delicious, but wanted me to date her. There was the wonderful lady with silver hair and manners that made the Queen Mum look a bit gor-blimey, who ran the canteen and told everyone how lovely they looked. There was Linda with the staggeringly dirty jokes and even dirtier laugh and a gaggle of the youngest white girls who spent tea and dinner breaks relating the night before's disco-action. "And she goes, and I go, and, tee hee, this bloke this and my mum says ..." I could never get enough of it.

By the end of eight weeks, I felt fit (lifting, showing, tugging and pulling on a Popeye-strong diet of Nutrament) and comfortably off (my £18.50 a week basic was doubled most weeks with overtime and Saturday mornings). Most of all I felt I belonged.

Since 1974, I have travelled extensively and have had many adventures, but Bristol-Myer remains in my mind as a small, pungent and curiously exotic continent all of its own.

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something to declare

Bargain of the week

Fourteen years ago, the magazine *Business Traveller* was urging readers to take advantage of a bargain-price, bucket-shop ticket to Rio on British Caledonian. The price for the arduous three-stop journey was £655. But for the next two months Journey Latin America (0181-747 3108) is offering a non-stop flight on British Airways (which swallowed up BCal) for just £599. The same price applies to the more distant destinations of Buenos Aires and Santiago de Chile. The cost of the ticket even includes air passenger duty which hadn't been thought of in 1982.

Visitors' Book

The Aerodrome, Hwange National Park, Zimbabwe

Air Zimbabwe needs some competition. Delays without explanations cause frustration and waste tourists' precious time - *Illegible, Australia.*

Bumpy ride, nice people, lovely place - *Woodward family, Sussex.*

I fell in love with the animals. Unfortunately they were all married already - *Tony Schwartz, USA.*

Fantastic experience. People and places were great, and the flight is on time - *Monney family, Switzerland.*

Delays and confusion. Staff very pleasant. That's Africa - *G Howell, Harare.*

Trouble spots

Advice from our source at the Foreign Office.

Malaysia: "An epidemic of mosquito-borne dengue haemorrhagic fever is affecting certain areas of the country. The disease spreads rapidly, so backpackers should be careful when staying in low cost accommodation in densely populated areas. Carry insect repellent at all times."

Pakistan: "Increasing terrorist activity has led to over 70 deaths since April. Terrorist targets are said to include public transport, markets, shops and hospitals, so be alert when visiting these areas."

Zambia: "Tension has risen over recent weeks due to political unrest, so travellers should be very careful at least until the end of the elections in October."

South Africa: "Tuberculosis is on the increase, with up to ten people reportedly affected by the disease every hour. Knowledge of the disease and correct immunisation are essential."

Mexico: "Crime against tourists continues to rise. Carry essential money and credit cards only, use radio or 'Sitio' taxi cabs, travel in groups and use the roads in daylight only."

Sudan: "The south of the country should be avoided due to a cholera epidemic. 700 have so far died and a further 1,800 cases of the disease have been reported."

For more information call the Foreign Office on 0171-238 5403. FO travel advice is displayed on Ceefax, page 564 onwards and can be accessed on the Internet on <http://www.fco.gov.uk/>

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Snowy peaks and bartered brides

At Imilchil in the Atlas Mountains, they do a brisk trade in camels and wives. By Jack Barker

High in the Atlas, at the annual Imilchil market, Berber vendors sell anything and everything: goats, fossils, food, old clothes. Most popular among the locals are new and second-hand wives. The festival has its origins in the strange behaviour of two lakes, Tislit and Isni. Once a year, swelled by the summer melt of snow, the two lakes join for just a few days. In the barren mountains the symbolism seems obvious, and quickly acquired a *Romeo and Juliet* myth of two children of warring tribes and the tale of their doomed love.

For as long as anyone can remember there's been an annual gathering of mountain nomads here, where couples are allowed to meet and choose their own partners. In a country where marriages are generally planned by parents this is most unusual, and a party atmosphere blooms in the sands for three short days before the tribes scatter again.

For tourists, getting there is half the fun. At first the road looks fine: a strip of tarmac flits straight as an arrow across parched desert. But gradually the low shade on the horizon that marks the foothills of the High Atlas gets closer. As the road steepens from Morocco's Atlantic plane to climb the High Atlas, it fades to a rocky track. A hitchhiker gave me a ray of hope – at least someone believed I'd make it – but he turned out to be a flatland factory worker on holiday: another tourist. Weighed down with an extra body I inched the rented Fiat Uno over rocks and careered through sand-drifts, steadily climbing.

It was dark when we arrived at the twin lakes. Imilchil village looked a quiet, sleepy place. A huddle of high, windowless buildings was surrounded by rice-fields and there was no sign of any market. One of the two hotels had a Berber tent on the roof and another by the back door. I was not impressed. I hadn't braved death on the mountains for a two-tent festival. The hotelier pointed out that the market was a short walk from town. Ten miles was what he meant.

The next morning I arrived there with a truckload of latecomers, faces wrapped with long, indigo scarves against the dust. Sprawling across the gentle slopes was a forest of tents, stalls, and people. The traffic crawled past a tanker selling petrol by the jug and by a butcher's table

teeming with flies. Groups of giggling girls in blue ethnic costume, trailed past stalls selling silver jewellery and glanced shyly at men. Tents – usually of hide but sometimes plastic sheeting – housed prosperous-looking merchants sitting cross-legged among piles of carpets. Second-hand flip-flops and charity-shop-like jackets sprawled in fire-sale-type heaps across the sandy paths. A small trestle table covered in pliers was a mobile dentist's surgery.

On a make-shift stage, an amplification system was set up. A couple of suits from the ministry of culture embarked on long speeches but soon gave way to musicians who stood in a row and performed standing-on-a-cat's-tail music. My finely-tuned tourist antenna twitched. I knew what was coming next: choreographed folkloric dancing. Quickly I walked over to the motoring section.

Except there were no cars, just animals. Donkeys, camels and horses had a hillock each. The air was filled with the shouts of salesmen extolling their creatures and offering test drives. On the donkey hill, the buyers and sellers were pretty casual. Older animals could be ridden normally, but the hottest business was in unbroken animals, and a steady stream of purchasers bounced off a donkey's rear haunches. The atmosphere at the camel hillock was more considered, reflecting the higher status of these animals, with cups of tea as part of the bargaining process. Things could still go wrong. A wilful camel scraped off his rider by lying down and rolling in the shade and then headed off for the horizon: all dignity was forgotten as the owner charged off in pursuit, turban loosening in panic.

Back at the main stage the speeches had stopped and the main business of the market – fast romance – was taking place under parents' watchful eyes. Hands were held and smiles exchanged as young couples strolled around the stalls. Potential mothers-in-law watched closely, ready to take charge of negotiating a bride-price before things went too far. In three baroque tents, new engagements (and divorces) were recorded by a notary. Young – and sometimes old – men, dressed in flowing white robes with ornamental silver daggers, milled around in groups. Streams of young brides, all wearing white, flowed past the men and



into the marquees, while groups of parents haggled over the small print of the marriage contract and looked after the bride's trousseau, usually a carpet for the tent she hoped to live in. Most marriages arranged at the wedding market take place later in village ceremonies. However, some, fired by the vibrant atmosphere, happen in the glare of publicity and celebration at the market itself. In a theatrical ritual more in tune with the Middle Ages than the 20th century, families gather round to act their parts in rustic performances involving tattered suitcases, symbolic gifts, prancing horses and dazed sheep. Against a chaotic background of zithering traditional tunes, crowds dance all night in a party frenzy. The hard core carries on until dawn lightens the sky.

How to get there

Royal Air Maroc 90171-439 4361 charges £295 return (including tax) for a non-stop London-Casablanca flight. If you stop en route the fare comes down. Through a discount agent, such as Major Travel (0171-485 7017), you can go via Paris on Air France for £214 or via Gibraltar on GB Airways for £215.

When to go

The marriage market at Imilchil lasts three days. This year it will be taking place from 13 to 15 September.

Who to ask

Moroccan Tourist Office 205 Regent Street, London W1R 7DE (0171-437 0073)

Marriage for sale: Berber brides at the Imilchil market in the Atlas mountains

Photographs: Jack Barker

Devastated by the bunker mentality

Sue Wheat is horrified at the damage being done by golf tourism

Some time ago I went to a conference in south east Asia on behalf of the pressure group Tourism Concern. It was there that I started to find out just how much golf courses and golf tourism were held to be major causes of ecological destruction and human rights abuse for many communities. The Global Anti-Golf Movement was formed shortly after this, such was the intensity of feeling.

Of course, golf courses can act as nature reserves. Some are designed with minimum landscaping, some recycle water, and some use few pesticides. But it is also true that 40,000 or so golf courses worldwide have now turfed over an area the size of Holland. At first sight, golf courses appear to be green and therefore environmentally useful. But golf course design is often brutal – mountains are cupped, marine environments polluted from run-off, forests felled – all for the sake of a little white ball. And of course, to keep the greens green you often need pesticides. The fact that US Golf Course Superintendents have a higher incidence of cancer and US Ladies Golf Professionals can get free mammograms, speaks for itself. Water is a scarce resource yet golf courses are watered liberally while communities in the Mediterranean, Africa, Asia and even here in the UK have water restrictions. Golf courses are even built in deserts, and as an Egyptian engineer recently commented to me: "to do that is as stupid as taking the desert to Switzerland".

Golf protests are now happening in almost every country in the world. Even politicians and scientists are joining the anti-golf fray. Senator Juan Flavio in the Philippines, argues that the amount of water used on one golf course could serve 6,000 Manila residents – a figure that rises to 60,000 in rural areas. And the human rights abuses associated with golf are also increasing. In the Philippines,

Burma and even Canada and Hawaii, locals have in some cases been forcibly removed from their homes, (in Burma, sometimes at gun-point), to free up land for golf resorts. It is a classic David and Goliath case.

Worth about \$40 billion to the US and Europe alone, golf is no longer the homely game we all know and love. It is a multi-billion dollar industry that through the world's largest industry – tourism – has been exported all over the world.

After that first conference, I came home and researched the issue in the UK. Here, too, communities were fighting developments after the boom in golf course applications in 1989. With 2379 courses in the UK – 61 per cent of Europe's courses – and 476 new courses built in the last five years, do we really need any more? People in Sussex, Surrey, Wales, London and Jersey were all coming up with the same answer – no. The golf boom has now slowed, according to the Golf Research Group, although around 50 courses are still built in the UK every year. But still environmental questions need to be raised. When we are being asked to use water sparingly because of shortages, is it right that golf courses can use as much as they like? According to Friends of the Earth, the biggest threat to wildlife in the UK is now lack of water, yet only a handful of golf courses are using waste water for irrigation. Essex Council's Golf Report states that an 18-hole golf course could end up using 1m litres of water a day. Multiply that by 60 days for a normal summer, and by 2,379 – the number of UK courses – and you have 142,740 million litres that is not lost from our rapidly decreasing water reserves. Or put it another way – 2,548 litres of water per person in the country to bathe in, grow food with, or drink. Which seems more sensible to you?



Some 4,000 golf courses worldwide have now turfed over an area the size of Holland

Photograph: Roy Cameron

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Sara Macrae took her son Calum and daughter Athene to the Hawk Conservancy near Andover

The venue

The Hawk Conservancy near Andover in Hampshire, is a place of dramatic action and atmosphere. Flying demonstrations take place every afternoon, when birds of prey are let loose to swoop through the skies – and return. Visitors tend to be particularly spell-bound by the condors, 11 feet across and more than 20lbs in weight, which skim above their heads and fight their way up towards the thermal currents that will carry them across the valley beyond.

The display in the Valley of the Eagles is not a predictable, tame demonstration, such as might be seen at any stately home or game fair. Once released from the high downland ridge, the birds roam further than the eye can see, according to the weather and their whim. Mowglie the bateleur eagle, elegant in flight but notoriously unpredictable, was recently set loose to show his skills one Monday afternoon and only glided back, fit but slightly overweight, during the following Friday's demonstration. Happily for poodle owners in Andover and Basingstoke, his diet consists exclusively of carrion. Aviculturists at the Hawk Conservancy contain more than 200 birds of prey, both indigenous to Britain and exotic. Some are injured or disabled birds that would not survive out in the wild, some are members of rare species requiring captive conservation. Others, such as kites, which once scavenged in the streets of Shakespeare's London, are being bred in the hope of re-establishing wild colonies. The main aim of this charity, is to educate the public in the ways and beauty of the raptor. More than half the kites released so far in England have been slaughtered within months by farmers and gamekeepers, despite the fact that they are incapable of killing prey.

Children get a chance to handle small and harmless "imprints", convinced through long captivity that they are really human, whilst adults are allowed the thrill of drawing to the glove Harris hawks that know with utter certainty that they are wild hunters. Allowing time to tour the aviaries one afternoon is scarcely enough time to appreciate the Hawk Conservancy. As Ashley Smith, the young, enthusiastic owner of the enterprise, happily admits, "I never have a clue what's going to happen."

The visitors

Sara Macrae, an artist and designer from Amesbury in Wiltshire, took her son Calum 16, and daughter Athene 12, to the Hawk Conservancy, near Andover in Hampshire.

Calum: "It was a really good day out. Seeing all the eagles and vultures up in the air was amazing, the way they could just glide about on their enormous wings, and I liked all the whistles and calling of the keepers trying to get them back. The kites were good as well, diving down like fighter planes to steal the food – and I enjoyed it when the Harris hawk soared in and landed on my glove. It was quite scary when I felt his wings brush past my face, but I still wanted another go. My favourite bird was the fish eagle, because it eats storks and flamingos and it was really cool. I'd definitely come again."

Athene: "I loved it. I liked seeing the birds in their aviaries and then watching them fly over the fields. It's good they rescue birds and look after them if they're injured. Lots of the birds come back even when they're free and we saw some buzzards they let go last year up there

with the eagles. I think my favourite was the secretary bird because it's got such pretty colours, but the condors were exciting when they flapped over us from behind the trees because they were so big. I used to want to be a marine biologist, but now I'd really like to work with birds and handle them. The trouble is, all the handlers there were men, so I don't know if I'd be able to."

Sara: "A five-star day out, because there was absolutely nothing shoddy about it. You didn't feel for a minute that you'd rather be somewhere else, and all the demonstrations went so well down that it was like some thrilling theatre. There was a moment when all those magnificent birds were soaring up above our heads and swooping down towards us that was so uplifting I became almost ecstatic. You feel you're in the presence of something very special, and you don't often get that on a day outing with children!"

At the Hawk Conservancy, the display in the Valley of the Eagles is not a predictable demonstration



Photograph: Adrian Dennis

The deal

Location: The Hawk Conservancy (01264 772252) is signposted off the A303 four miles west of Andover, and is open daily between 1 March and the first Sunday in November from 10.30am. Last admission is 5pm in summer and 4pm in autumn. Flying demonstrations in the Valley of the Eagles are at 2pm each day and other displays are held at noon, 3pm and 4pm. A shaded area of the car park is specially reserved for visitors with dogs.

Cafe: There is an attractive cafeteria selling snacks and home-made pastries at reasonable prices. There is also an out-door picnic area beneath the trees.

Crowds: About 40,000 visitors a year. Not overcrowded even on bank holidays, and very peaceful on autumn afternoons.

Education plays a vital role in the work of the Conservancy. There is a study centre, with displays and inter-active computer programmes, and there are books on sale in the shop. One- and two-day courses on falconry and the practicalities of owning birds of prey are held throughout the winter season. Education packs are available to help with school visits.

Access for the disabled and children in buggies is relatively good, without any steps to negotiate, though some paths can be heavy going in wet weather.

Cost: £5 for adults, £2.50 for children aged 3-15. "Good value," said Sara. "And the fact that it's not over-priced means that we'll definitely come again."

Hamish Scott

More playschool than art school: Derek Jarman's low-maintenance garden

Dungeness holds a surprising fascination for young children, as Louise Levene found out

The stony front garden of a dead aethere may not seem an obvious choice for a day out with toddlers, but Derek Jarman's cottage at Dungeness holds a surprising fascination for the very young. Jarman's now famous plot flourishes in the shadow of Dungeness nuclear power station but despite this sinister presence on the horizon the area is designated a Site of Special Scientific Interest and is home to a bird sanctuary.

Unlike the pantiled bungalows of Romney, whose gardens are an orgy of gay bedding, Jarman's garden and those of his neighbours are only permitted to grow indigenous plants such as sea kale and cotton lavender. The big difference between their efforts and nature's own arrangement is the obsessive display of stones and objects *trouvés* that transform his slice of beach into a sculptural magpie's nest.

Every day, falling beach permitting, Jarman would prowling the beach with a large leather satchel gathering twisted shards of driftwood and sinister curls of wire to adorn his stony beds. Every toddler who has ever amassed a collection of interesting stones relates to this immediately – arranging all the blue and grey pebbles in a circle to form a pond is really more playschool than art school.

Visitors approach the cottage rather gingerly looking for a kiosk or a turnstile to legitimise their trespass. Like all the gardens on this weird stretch of road, Prospect Cottage has no boundaries and wandering into someone's garden uninvited and unsupervised is an odd experience for the seasoned garden visitor. Tread carefully, the cottage is inhabited and although St Derek's pilgrims are not discouraged, simple good manners should prevent anyone picnicking in the grounds.

Besides, the children's wonderment will only last for about 15 minutes and this is your cue to take in a few other local attractions. Once a child has reached the Age of Negotiation (like puberty, this varies enormously) the prospect of a trip up the old lighthouse or a ride on the Romney, Hythe and

Dymchurch railway or a safe paddle at Camber Sands should guarantee reasonable behaviour while the grown-ups do the thing they want to do.

You may, of course, want lunch. "Lunch in the country" always sounds attractive but only a fool would try to lunch in Lydd. The town does not feature in the *Good Food Guide* and there is a very good reason for this. I once made the mistake of stopping for what is laughingly known as a Ploughman's Lunch in those benighted parts. The cheese was processed, the garnishes all came out of a jar and the bread was still frozen solid in the middle. The journeyman of Olde England must have been very easy to please if they were sustained by this muck. The proudly advertised pub garden always seems an attractive option when you have small children until you discover that it is, in fact, two filthy, wasp-infested picnic tables sited on a patch of waste ground covered in dogshit. Picnic on Camber Sands, squabble in the car, anything but a frozen ploughman.

When the tide has finally crept up the shallow beach of Camber Sands you could nip up to Bodiam Castle. This is an immaculate 14th-century ruin: the exterior is flawless yet there is nothing but grass in the middle. Children can climb the turrets and wander along the battlements and take aim through the arrow slits – ideal for supervised play, and not a glass case in sight.

Can'ty negotiators may be able to buy themselves an hour at Christopher Lloyd's garden at Great Ditter on route to this moated marvel. Docile children will be fascinated by the fish and water-bombers in the pond and enjoy guessing what Lloyd's bulbous toptary animals are supposed to be. More active types will probably make a nuisance of themselves: running around the paths and spoiling it for the old cardigans who are there for the canals and the demans. Face it, not all children are suitable for garden visiting. If you are the proud owner of a hyperactive, Power Ranger-dynamic, sack-to-rowdier pastime, all else being equal, apply ice cream.



Jarman's magpie garden has a huge appeal to children

Louise Levene

Six of the best things to do around Dungeness

Derek Jarman's Garden. Aim for Lydd then follow signs to Dungeness then take the beach road for two miles. Prospect Cottage is not signposted but you still can't miss it.

Dungeness (Nuclear Power Station Visitor Centre: daily except Sat 10am-4pm. Free tours at 10am, 11.30am, 1pm and 2.45pm.

Dungeness Old Lighthouse: open to visitors between Easter and October. Romney, Hythe and Dymchurch Railway (01797 362353). An hour-long ride along 14 miles of the world's only 15in gauge line. £8.10 return trip for adults. Children half price.

Great Ditter, Northam, East Sussex (01797-253107). Open 2-5pm daily April to Mid-October (not school days, except bank holidays).

Bodiam Castle, Bodiam, Rotherbridge, Sussex (01580 830436). 10am-6pm. Adults £2.70, children over five £1.30

A weekly round-up of outings for children

'ARE WE NEARLY THERE?' Messing around in boats

Britain is a maritime nation but Britons are often dubious about putting to sea or indeed to river, lake or canal. They feel happier when someone else's hand is on the helm. Fortunately, there are many boat trips on which landlubbers can be press-ganged without having to wonder exactly how far away the nearest air-sea-rescue helicopter is based.

Kingswear Castle paddle steamer, Historic Dockyard, Chatham (01634 827648) This elegant craft has been given new life by the Paddle Steamer Preservation Society and is now said to be Britain's only working coal-fired example. The good ship Kingswear puffs up and down the Thames, causing "Lower Bridge to open when necessary. She also does a 2 1/2 hour Medway cruise on most afternoons, and there are also one-hour jaunts and a six-hour cruise into the Thames estuary. Prices from £3.95 (adult) and £2.95 (child) to £15.95 and £7.95.

Kennet Horse Boat Company, 32 West Mills, Newbury, Berks (01635 44154) Once again, horse-powered barges are slowing making their way along on the Kennet & Avon. If you're looking for racy excitement, don't start here – this is the stuff of pure, old-fashioned nostalgia. Trips start from Kintbury, which is halfway between Newbury and Hungerford, and last for an hour or more. The Company also runs somewhat faster, motorised barges, which start from Newbury Wharf. Prices: £3.90 (adult), £2.80 (child).

Goodole and Edwardian launches from G H Rose, Swan's Nest Boathouse, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwickshire (01789 267073) A trip on the River Avon in one of these gondolas costs £30 for a half-hour trip and there is capacity for five passengers, who are serenaded by a wind-up gramophone. Advance booking is a must. The company's venerable launches such as Britannia, built

in 1906, run regularly every day from Easter to the end of October. They start at the waterfront of Bancroft Gardens next to the Royal Shakespeare Theatre. Prices: £2 (adult), £1 (child).

Coniston Launch, Castle Buildings, nr Sawrey, Ambleside, Cumbria (015394 36216) Gales permitting, the small but good ship Ruskin criss-crosses the top of Coniston Water and provides the best way to visit Brantwood House, the attractive home of the Victorian artist and writer John Ruskin. Catch her at the jetty of Coniston village, leaving at 10.30 am and hourly every day until 3 November. Also, at 2 pm on Wednesdays during September, "Conservation Cruises" chug down through Arthur Ransome country. Prices: from £1.20 to £6 (children half-price, dogs 40p).

Queen Beaulieu II, National Waterways Museum, Llanthony Warehouse, Gloucester Docks (01452 318054). Sixty years old and a former Dunkirk "little ship", the QBII leaves Merchants Quay for trips ranging from 45 minutes to six hours. Some cruises include the Gloucester & Sharpness Canal, which may be a new one on you but when it opened 170 years ago was the world's widest and deepest: 14 bridges pop up to let the ship past. Other trips go towards Tewkesbury on the aquatic motorway of the River Severn. Prices: from £2.50 (adult), £1.50 (child).

HMS Trincomalee, Jackson Dock, Hartlepool (01429 223193) This one is for real landlubbers. The oldest British warship afloat (1817) isn't going anywhere. At the visitors' centre don the safety helmet to protect your cranium from the low ceilings, then walk the gangplank and follow the conducted tour over the three decks. Children can let off a (simulated) broadside on the cannons. Prices: £2.50 (adult), £1.50 (child).

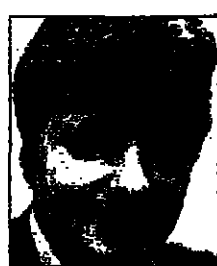
Jonathan Sale

Tobacco industry
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It has been a rough few weeks for the tobacco industry, now the subject of one of its periodic bouts of jitters about the impact of litigation in the United States. Shares in the leading tobacco groups have taken a pasting since a Florida court awarded a 66-year-old lung cancer sufferer \$750,000 in compensation early in August. The judgment was made against Brown & Williamson, a subsidiary of BAT Industries, one of Britain's largest tobacco companies. Its shares have fallen sharply over the past year and are now trading about 25 per cent below their high for the last 12 months. It is a similar story for the big two companies in the United States, RJR Nabisco and Philip Morris.

It is not the first time the tobacco companies have lost a case of this sort – an earlier judgment in 1986 was overturned on appeal – but it is still a potentially significant development for an industry which has for years successfully held the line against legal claims that it is liable for ill-health caused by smoking. It certainly could not come at a more awkward time for Hanson Trust, which plans to float its tobacco company, Imperial Tobacco, this autumn as part of a four-year campaign designed to add value for its shareholders.

The tobacco companies have always based their defence against claims of this sort on two main arguments. One is their vehement denial that tobacco is addictive. Only two years ago, seven leading industry



JONATHAN DAVIS
INVESTMENTS

figures solemnly appeared before a Congressional committee to swear on oath that they did not believe tobacco to be an addictive substance. The industry's argument, essentially, is that it cannot be addictive since so many people successfully give it up.

The second argument the industry deploys is that it cannot be held liable for any ill-effects caused by smoking since smokers are fully aware of the potential hazards. Health warnings have been printed on cigarette packets since the middle of the 1960s and

most smokers, so the companies argue, can be assumed to know the risks they are running.

However, the Florida case is the first time that a jury has been allowed to hear evidence, which suggests the industry may have been less than honest about the addictive nature of its product. The evidence is based on a number of leaked company documents which appear to show that industry experts had privately admitted tobacco was addictive as long ago as the early 1960s.

If the Florida judgment is upheld on appeal, it could open the floodgates and land the industry with legal liabilities running to literally billions of dollars. As one stockbroker breezily admitted last week, it would make the asbestos liabilities incurred by Turner & Newell seem "like a drop in the ocean". Given that under American law, lawyers who succeed in winning legal liability cases of this sort can keep 25 per cent of any damages awarded, it is no surprise that some of the larger law firms in the US are standing by to take on the industry.

Where does all this leave investors? Exposed, is the short answer. Tobacco may not be everybody's idea of an agreeable business, but nobody can deny the attraction of its underlying economic characteristics. In the words of Warren Buffett, America's most famous investor, the economics are just "great". "You make a product for a penny, you sell it for a dollar, and you sell it to addicts. And it has tremendous brand

loyalty". But the drawback is the stigma of investing in an industry whose product is known to kill people.

The industry has long been characterised by high profit margins, strong cash flow and powerful brands, the stuff of which, in any other business, investment legends are made. All the tobacco companies have huge dividend-paying capacity, and are staple holdings in most institutional portfolios. It was partly for this reason that RJR Nabisco became the subject of the highest and most controversial takeover battle of the 1980s.

BAT's market value, even at today's depressed prices, is over £1.3bn and it offers a dividend yield of 7 per cent. Imperial Tobacco, according to its prospectus, is aiming for a similar yield when it is floated this autumn. Unlike the Big Three, which have all diversified, Imperial will be a "pure" tobacco company. Uniquely, also, however, it has no business in the US and expects to be immune from any fall-out from the litigation shadow hanging over the rest of the industry.

All the tobacco companies suffer because of the huge question marks over future litigation. If you focus solely on the tobacco element in companies like Philip Morris, you can buy their profits for a lower price than almost any other mainstream consumer business. Assuming you have no ethical objections, the investment decision turns on your judgment about the likely course of events on the other side of the Atlantic.

Not surprisingly, the industry is fighting back strongly. It plans to appeal on the Florida case, and has taken comfort from a subsequent judgment in Indiana which went the other way. President Clinton meanwhile, for blatant political reasons, has supported moves to have the tobacco industry regulated by the Federal Drugs Administration. Behind the scenes in Washington, however, there is talk of a deal by which the tobacco companies are offered immunity from future litigation in return for making a series of one-off payments to health authorities across the US.

If that happens, it will boost tobacco shares. But for the moment, the uncertainty will continue to cripple the industry's ratings. Tobacco shares are either a bargain or a potential minefield. My hunch is that they are still the former, but a better bet would be to find a way of investing in the only certain winners – the lawyers.

Best borrowing rates

Telephone	% Rate and period	Max. adv %	Fee	Incentive	Redemption penalty
Fixed rates					
Scarborough BS	0800 590547	0.20 for 1 year	85	0.75%	—
West Bromwich BS	0121 525 7070	6.55 to 1/11/99	85	£295	£300 cash rebate
Britannia BS	0800 526350	7.74 for 5 years	95	£295	Unemployment ins. —
Variable rates					
Northern Rock BS	0800 591500	0.99 to 1/10/97	90	—	Refund value fee
Principality BS	01222 344188	3.60% to 1/10/98	90	—	To 30/9/01: discount reclaimed
Abbey National	0800 555100	5.74 to 31/8/01	95	—	Refund value fee
First time buyers fixed rates					
Bristol & West BS	0800 608088	0.95 to 30/6/97	90	£275	—
Market Harborough BS	01858 463244	4.49 to 1/7/98	90	£250	Unemployment ins.
Northern Rock BS	0800 591500	7.49 to 1/8/01	95	£295	1st 6 yrs: 5% of sum repaid
First time buyers variable rates					
Principality BS	01222 344188	1.00 to 1/10/97	90	—	To 30/9/01: discount reclaimed
Northern Rock BS	0800 591500	4.24% to 1/8/99	95	£295	1st 7 yrs: 5% of sum repaid
Halifax BS	0800 101110	5.43 to 30/9/01	90	—	£300 & free value
					To 30/9/03: 1-4% of advance

Telephone	APR	Fixed monthly payments (£3,000 over 3 years)
Unsecured		
Direct Line	0141 248 9966	13.90E
Alliance & Leicester	0116 262 8262	14.80
Midland Bank	0800 180180	14.90
Secured (second charge)		
Clydesdale Bank	0800 240024	7.50
Royal B of Scotland	0131 523 7023	8.70
Barclays Bank	0800 000529	9.3/9.6

Telephone	Account	% pm	APR	Unauthorised % pm	APR
Woolwich BS	0800 400900	Current	0.76	9.5	2.18
Alliance & Leicester	0500 953595	Current	0.76	9.5	2.20
Abbey National	0500 200500	Current	0.94	11.9	2.18

Telephone	Card Type	Min. Income	Rate % pm	APR %	Annual Fee	Int. free period
Standard						
Robert Fleming/S&P	0800 829024	MasterCard/Visa	—	0.8958	11.20	nil
Midland Bank	01702 353344	MasterCard/Visa	—	0.945N	11.50N	56 days
Robert Fleming/S&P	0800 829024	MasterCard/Visa	—	1.00	14.00	£12
Gold cards						
Co-operative Bank	0345 212212	Visa	£20,000	0.4792	10.32	£120
Royal B of Scotland	01702 362890	Visa	£20,000	1.05N	14.50N	£55
People's Bank Com	0500 551055	MasterCard/Visa	£20,000	1.13	14.40	nil

Telephone	Payment by direct debit % pm	Payment by other methods % pm	APR
John Lewis	in store	—	1.39
Marks and Spencer	01244 681681	1.87	24.80
Sears	in store	1.94	25.90

APR: Annualised percentage rate. B-C Buildings and Contents insurance LTV: Loan to value. ASD: Accident, sickness and unemployment. E: Available to comprehensive motor insurance policyholders aged over 22 years. N: Introductory rate for a limited period.

All rates subject to change without notice. Source: MONEYFACTS 01692 500577 29 August 1996

Best savings rates

Telephone number	Account	Notice or term	Deposit	Rate %	Interest interval
Portman BS	01202 292444	Instant Access	Instant	£100	4.50
Sun Banking Corp	01438 744505	Liquidity	Instant	£25,000	5.00
Skipton BS	01756 700511	High Street	Instant	£30,000	5.15
Direct Line	0181 667 1121	Instant Savings	Instant	£50,000	5.75

Teachers' BS	0800 378669	Bullion	Postal	£500	4.80
Alliance & Leicester BS	0645 645660	Instant Direct	Postal	£5,000	5.40
Bristol & West BS	0800 901109	Instant Access Postal	Postal	£10,000	5.85
Bristol & West BS	0800 901109	Instant Access Postal	Postal	£25,000	6.05

Chelsea BS	0800 132351	Post-tel 20 Day	20 day P	£5,000	6.05
Cheltenham & Gloucester	0800 717505	Direct 30	30 day P	£100	5.50
First National BS	0800 558844	90 Day Notice	90 day P	£10,000	6.20
Yorkshire BS	0800 378836	Mutual Interest	1 Yr Bond	£1,000	6.25

Keirwort Benson	01202 502404	HICA	Instant	£2,500	5.00
Halifax BS	01422 335333	Asset Reserve	Instant	£10,000	4.00
Chelsea BS	0800 171515	Classic Postal	Instant	£10,000	4.35
Chelsea BS	0800 171515	Classic Postal	Instant	£25,000	4.65

Bristol & West BS	0800 202121	Year Plus Bond	1/12/97	£5,000	6.25F
Lloyds Bank	0800 147789	High Income	31/8/98	£1,000	6.75F
Stroud & Swindon BS	0345 252423	Fixed Rate Bond	1/7/99	£1,000	7.35F
Skipton BS	01756 700511	Fixed Rate Bond	31/10/01	£5,000	7.55F

Sun Banking Corp	01438 744505	Fixed Rate TESSA	5 years	£8,575	7.50F
NetWest Bank	0800 200400	Fixed Rate TESSA	5 years	£5,000	7.45F
Birmingham Midshires	0645 720721	Fixed Rate TESSA	5 years	£1,000	7.00
Principality BS	01222 344188	Fixed Rate TESSA	5 years	£500	6.80

Sun Banking Corp	01438 744505	Fixed Rate TESSA	5 years	£9,000	7.50F
NetWest Bank	0800 200400	Fixed Rate TESSA	5 years	£5,000	7.45F
Birmingham Midshires	0645 720721	Fixed Rate TESSA	5 years	£1,000	7.00
Cheltenham & Gloucester	0800 717505	Fixed Rate TESSA	5 years	£9,000	7.00

Financial Assurance	0181 380 3388	1 year	£5,000	4.60FN	Year
Pinnacle Insurance	0181 207 9007	2 years	£3,000	5.50FN	Year
Pinnacle Insurance	0181 207 9007	3 years	£3,000	5.80FN	Year
ITT London & Edinburgh	01903 820820	4 years	£3,000	6.20FN	Year
Pinnacle Insurance	0181 207 9007	5 years	£3,000	6.50FN	Year

Newcastle Bank Gibraltar	00 350 76168	Novo Access	Instant	£25,000	6.30
Newcastle Bank Gibraltar	00 350 76168	Novo Money	90 Day	£25,000	6.50
Britannia International	01624 628512	2 Year Bond	31/7/98	£5,000	7.00F
Northern Rock, Guern	01481 714600	Millemium Bond	1/1/00	£10,000	7.50F

Investment Accounts	1 month	£20	4.75	Year
		£500	5.25	Year
		£25,000	5.50	Year
Income Bonds	3 months	£2,000	6.00	Month
		£25,000	6.25	Month
Capital Bond	Series J	5 years	£100	6.65F
First Option Bonds	12 months	£1,000	6.00F	Year
		£20,000	6.25F	Year
Pensioners' Guaranteed Income Bond	Series 3	5 year	£500	7.00F
NS Certificates (tax-free)	43rd issue	5 year	£100	5.35F
Children's Bond	9th Index linked	5 year	£100	2.50-3.00
	Issue H	5 year	£25	6.75F

P: post only F: fixed rate A: All withdrawals subject to 30 day loss of interest

All rates are shown gross and are subject to change without notice. Source: MONEYFACTS 01692 500577 30th August 1996

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money

Tap into the Internet's financial resources

There's a wealth of information on-line. David Porter plugs in

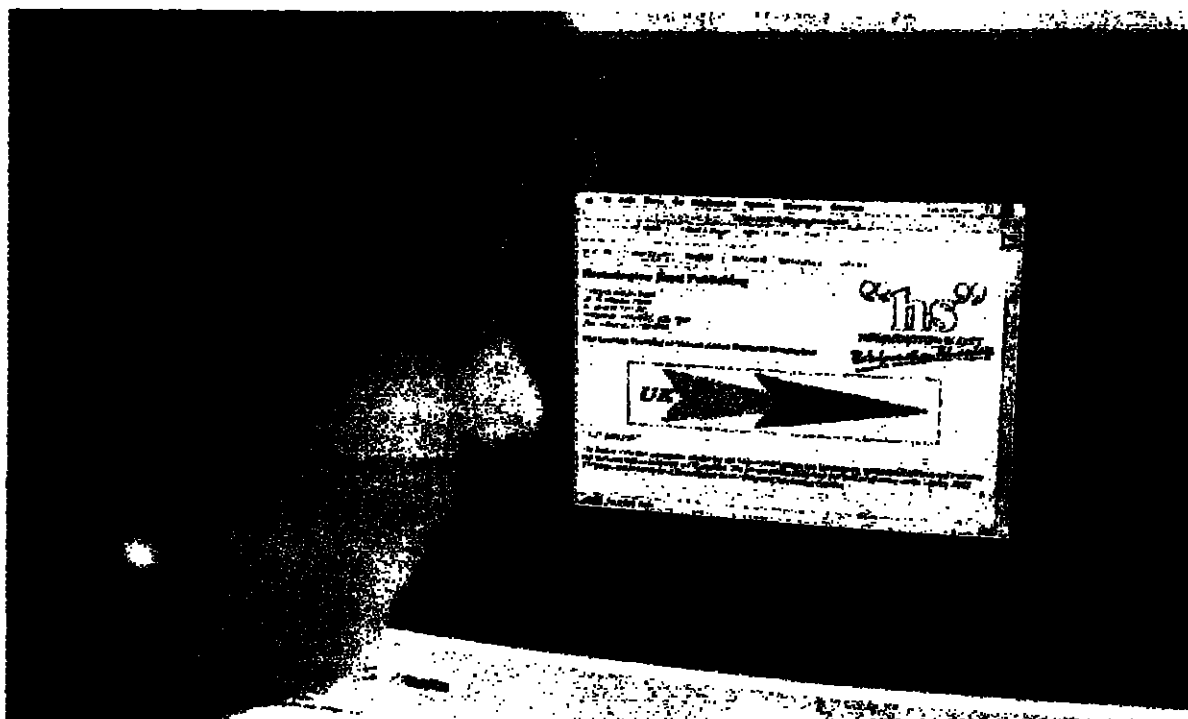
Do you want to be fully up to date on financial matters and can't wait for the next copy of the *Independent* to land on your doormat? You can find out instantly by dialling up the Internet. Unlike the *Independent* though, don't expect it to be user friendly. You can "surf" aimlessly for hours. You have to know what you're looking for.

Interested in personal finance? One place to start is the Moneyworld site (www.moneyworld.co.uk) sponsored by Bradford & Bingley, Sun Alliance, Churchill Insurance, Mortgage Trust and Lincoln National. It has a summary of the main personal financial news of the day. On top, it lists the best borrower and saver rates, performance charts of investment trusts and has a letters page – a good place to find out the burning issue of the moment.

It also provides an excellent route to other interesting sites to view. "Hypertext" links provide the key here. These are words highlighted on screen that, with a touch of the mouse button, take you seamlessly to another site.

There is no shortage of information on the Internet. AAA Investment Guide (www.wisebuy.co.uk), offers answers to personal financial questions. It has the equivalent of 200 pages of text but there is a small charge to view certain pages. More advice is available from Moneyweb (www.demon.co.uk/moneyweb/), which has a whole host of FAQs (Internet-speak for frequently asked questions) on pensions, mortgages, investments, advisers, equities and tax.

Another useful place to view is Interactive Investor (www.ii.co.uk/investor/). This gives details of unit trusts,



On the network: There are Internet sites with share price movements, best borrowing rates, news summaries and even letters

prices of the top 400 stocks updated eight times a day as well as headlines from ESI's financial news service. Other services cost upwards of £5 per month and include share price performance charts, daily personal portfolio valuation and a share tip of the week from tipster Nigel Bolitho. A usage charge is levied on some services. It also has "gateway" access to stockbroker ShareLink, through which investors can place a buy or sell order. The broker would execute the order within five minutes.

Not on the Internet yet? The basic equipment you need to get "wired" is, firstly, a computer – any reasonably modern computer will do – either an IBM compatible (PC) running Windows 3 or better, or an Apple Macintosh. For best results it should have at least a 486 processing silicon chip and four megabytes of random access memory (RAM).

Secondly, you will need a modem – basically this is a box that converts the digital output of your computer into data that can be conveyed over telephone lines. That will set you back around £200. Go for one with speeds offering 28,800 bits a second or faster (this is sometimes known as baud rate). A cheaper, and hence slower modem, is a bad buy as you will be plugged into the Internet for longer and pay higher telephone bills as a result. Finally, you need a telephone socket. Then just plug in your modem.

That's the easy bit. The next stage is to sign up with an Internet access provider. There are over 100 in the UK and their names and telephone numbers can be found in the various Internet or computer publications on sale. The best known are Pipes, Demon and Delphi. Linking up will cost £10 to £15 a month. For cheapness choose one with a so-called "Point of Presence" (POP) in your local telephone area.

The POP is the telephone number your computer connects to when you link up with the Internet. If it is local then you will only pay a local telephone charge, thus keeping bills to a minimum. Internet providers normally send you some of the Internet software you need – and a lot of useful software can then be downloaded.

If you aren't "wired" yet, there are an increasing number of Internet bars and cafes where, for the price of an expensive cup of coffee, you can "surf" for around half an hour. Don't expect to get far in that time. But at least you will see how easy it is to use and they also have helpers on hand.

Don't expect too much from the Internet, however. It can be slow and one thing it is short on is interpretation. For that you will need to keep reading the *Indy*.

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investment trusts, offshore investments and PEPs. It also includes performance tables.

FTTV's site (www.ftvision.co.uk/), gives European City news highlights, and has a page of the fastest moving, large company shares – known as "hot stocks". It also links company news stories to current share prices.

Do you want a stockbroker's profits estimate for a company in your portfolio? Go to the Hemmington Scott site (www.hemmingtonscott.co.uk/hemmingtonscott/). Its UK Equities Direct is the only on-screen service to provide free access to facts and figures of all 2,300 stock market companies. It also has share price charts and trading outlook statements – just the data you need to decide the fate of your shares portfolio.

But don't expect to do stockbroking dealing over the Internet, although electronic mail (e-mail) can be used to contact your broker. Despite what is said by companies offering services over the Internet, they have still to overcome doubts on the issue of Internet security.

Stockbrokers Fidelity Brokerage (www.fidelity.co.uk/) want to provide an on-screen dealing service eventually. That could be up and running by the autumn, although deals would be done through investors' computer modems linked directly to a telephone number at Fidelity.

"Our priority will be to ensure security for investors," admits Judith McMichael, European Marketing Director. One of the most useful pages on the Fidelity site is the monthly listing of its most actively traded shares.

One way to navigate around the Internet is to find a good "search engine". This helps by putting up a number of site

addresses after you input a few key words. For a good finance-based search engine, head for the InterNack Financial Database (www.inetco.uk/).

A number of information services give you the feel of the Internet without enjoying the principal benefit of being free. They charge on the basis of how much time you are booked up and may have Internet access as well. One example is CompuServe (0800 289378). It provides a directory of its services to potential subscribers plus the software you need to get started. It levies charges monthly direct to your credit card.

A lot of the information for UK investors and savers is available free from other sites. Infotrade offers a Rolls-Royce service for the private investor. It also has a site on the Internet (www.infotrade.co.uk/), although its information service is separate and accessed through dialling a 0990 trunk call number. Infotrade is to introduce a lo-call (0345) number, allowing access at the cost of a local call. One of its services is the AFX news wire service which provides the full stock market text of company announcements.

Infotrade comes at a fraction of the cost of real-time news service Market Eye, although this latter service, costing a subscription fee of from £450 to £1,200 a year, uses a standard TV aerial socket so it does not incur additional telephone-line charges. Even so, for the occasional user of financial information Infotrade provides a good entry for upwards of £10 a month, including two hours of free access to the Internet.

Infotrade's direct competitor is Electronic Share Information (www.esi.co.uk/). In return for registering on-line, Internet users can access information for free, including

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*Source: Micropal.

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FEAR OF FINANCE

Clifford German

Cautious investors could be popping down to the Post Office to buy a personal pension from National Savings if New Labour gets into power and the Civil and Public Services Association, which represents National Savings staff, gets its way. Labour MP Frank Field submitted a private member's bill to promote the idea this summer but it was talked out. With a Labour government he hopes for a better hearing.

Few would dispute the claim that, with lifetime employment in apparently terminal decline and the state pension shrinking, personal pension plans are the best way to provide for old age (although it cannot be said too often that a company-sponsored scheme which the employer contributes to is always going to be better than a personal scheme which the employee pays for alone).

But personal pension plans are invested largely in company shares, and although this has been the best investment over the long-term and over almost all periods over five years, shares could conceivably collapse as they did in 1974 and 1987. Most of the population which had some kind of private sector pension to look forward to then had company pensions, or "with-profits" pension policies which the providers smoothed from year to year.

Things would be different now, if the market collapsed just as a generation came up for retirement. Under rules introduced last year, it is possible to invest a pension fund on retirement and live off the income before buying the final pension when the fund has recovered. But whichever way you slice it, personal pensions invested in shares could vary greatly

according to luck and the timing of an individual's retirement.

A National Savings Pension Plan would, however, be invested in National Savings products, guaranteed by the government. Bryn Davies, a director of Union Pension Services, thinks they should be invested in fixed-rate long-dated stocks which would give a guaranteed return at retirement and even beyond.

The longest existing stock is Treasury 8 per cent maturing in 2021, which last week was offering 8.12 per cent a year for 25 years. If the NSPP offered immediate tax relief on every pound invested and the interest was tax-free, and reinvested tax-free each year, it could provide a tidy return. Another possibility would be to invest in index-linked government stocks which are guaranteed to

inflate in line with the cost of living and also pay an inflation-linked rate of interest, currently around RPI plus 3.6 per cent.

With a limited range of investment instruments an NSPP should cost much less to administer than personal pensions. As such, they should appeal to low-paid and contract workers who cannot guarantee to make the regular monthly payments of £30 or more which most personal pension plans demand.

If inflation remains low, the pensions could be so popular that National Savings was overwhelmed with money, tempting the government to cut the rate of return or spend more. But if inflation revives, fixed returns could fall below the rate of inflation, creating a massive erosion in the value of the pensions for those who could least afford it.



LOOSE CHANGE

FirstMortgage, a direct mortgage provider, is offering three-year fixed rate mortgages at 6.50 per cent until January 2000 on up to 75 per cent of the property valuation, 7 per cent on higher loans. The arrangement fee is £295, the valuation fee on an average mortgage is £155, and the redemption penalty is 6 per cent until January 2002. Two-year fixed loans cost 4.25 per cent and variable rates 5.95 per cent.

Northern Rock has reintroduced its 6 per cent cashback offer on mortgages and remortgages with effect from next week. The maximum rebate is £9,000. The offer is conditional on taking the lender's house and contents insurance, however, and anyone who makes their own arrangements can only get a 5 per cent cashback. Interest is

charged at Northern Rock's current standard variable rate of 6.99 per cent, which is near the top end of the market range. The cashback must be repaid on amounts redeemed in the first six years.

John Charcol is offering a two-year fixed rate mortgage at 5.99 per cent, available on up to 90 per cent of valuation on purchases and remortgages. A valuation fee of £150 is refunded on completion, legal fees including VAT are £300 on purchases and £150 on remortgages. There are no penalties for early redemption.

Nationwide is offering 7 per cent gross interest fixed for three years on the new Fixed Rate Bond 9 accounts. Minimum investment is £1,000.

Chelsea Building Society is launching a five-year guaranteed growth bond,

which pays 6 per cent gross interest for the first year, rising in half per cent steps to 7.5 per cent in the fourth year and then 9 per cent in the fifth and final year. Interest is paid annually in arrears and cash can be withdrawn after one year but is subject to 120 days loss of interest. Minimum investment is £2,500.

Market Harborough Building Society is offering a three-year escalator bond paying 6 per cent gross in the first six months rising in quarter per cent steps to 6.75 per cent in the fourth half-year period, then 7.5 per cent and 8.25 per cent in the final two periods. Interest is paid half-yearly and money can be withdrawn subject to 90 days loss of interest. Minimum investment is £2,500.

Baronworth Investment Services with Generali are launching a guaranteed

annual income bond offering 7.5 per cent gross indefinitely on a minimum investment of £10,000. There is no fixed life for the bond and no age limits on the investor. Call 100 and ask for Freephone Bondline for details.

Albany Life has launched an insurance policy which pays out in the event of a critical illness, diagnosis of a terminal illness or death, whichever comes first. Policyholders can opt for a fixed sum or an escalation clause which increases the benefit by 7.5 per cent a year. A non-smoking couple aged 29 would pay £26.45 a month for £50,000 worth of cover payable on the first claim. Children get cover at no extra cost.

Alliance & Leicester will be offering a range of buildings and contents insurance policies exclu-

sively with Eagle Star from next year, replacing its current arrangements offering policies with Royal & Sun Alliance and Eagle Star.

Bank of Scotland Direct is offering unsecured personal loans of up to £3,000 over three years at a fixed rate of 13.9 per cent targeted at holidaymakers who have overspent. A deferred option allows a three month holiday before the first payments are due. Loans are available for periods from one to five years.

Norwich Union is offering readers a free 64-page glossary of investment terms explaining the jargon. Ring 0345 606677.

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pick of the week



DANCE

Scottish Ballet Royal, London 96
place for this talented group. A trio of spirited per-
formances is completed with Robert North's *Troy*
Game, which sees the men in the company
involved in an athletic and energetic dance.
Theatre Royal, Glasgow, tonight; Edinburgh Pas-
sion Theatre, 3-5 Sept

Jeffrey Bates of Chicago (above) The company
dances *Billboards* to the music of the artist for-
merly known as Prince. The four sections are sepa-
rated by different billboards and choreographers.
Royal Festival Hall, London SE1, to 8 Sept

Liza Bider Performance Company Andriana
Gradenzo choreographs the Mosaics 96
Festival, tonight, Jacksons Lane, 2693 Archway
Road, London N6

FILM

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Dr. Anthony C.

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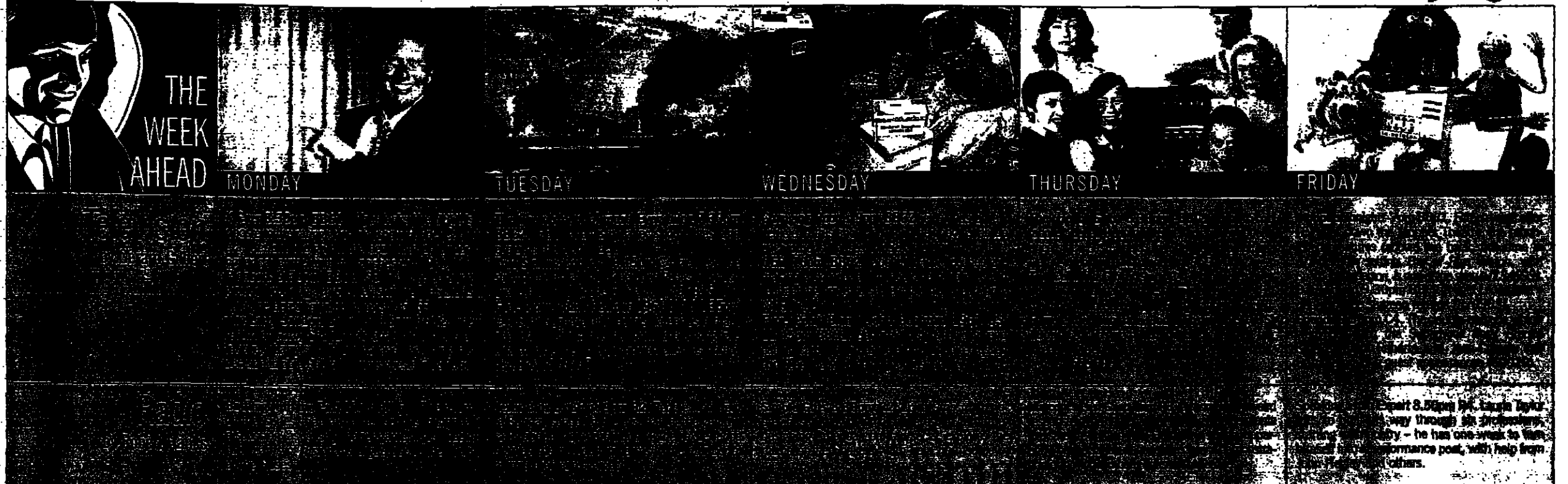
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Sunday television and radio

BBC1

7.45 Moomin (R) (9382081). 8.10 Playdays (R) (S) (9500642). 8.30 Breakfast with Frost (50401). 9.30 Heart to Heart (S) (8049265). 9.45 First Light (S) (722159). 10.15 See Hear (R) (S) (747468). 10.45 Alias Smith and Jones (R) (7801739). 12.00 Countryfile (S) (94888). 12.30 News, ThinkTank (44197). * 1.30 EastEnders Omnibus (R) (S) (5284994). * Pleasance guest stars as a murderous vineyard owner (S) (1744401). * 4.25 Sister Wendy's Story of Painting. The nun does Ozama and Matisse (S) (413372). * 4.55 Junior Masterchef 96. Nigel Lawson and Tony Hart are the odd couple judging the north-west heat (S) (985130). * 5.25 Lifetime. On behalf of the Centre for Alternative Technology (S) (3879739). * 5.35 News, Weather (925081). * 5.55 Regional News (12913). * 6.00 Songs of Praise. To mark Menap's 50th anniversary, Diane Louise Johnson joins Lord Rix at Cardiff Castle (S) (641954). * 6.35 The Great Antiques Hunt. Jilly Golden returns with a new series of this fully illustrated Antiques Roadshow, and the question on everybody's lips is whether Golden's wardrobe will live up to last season's in fair and originality. A sneak preview unveils a yolk-coloured two-piece (S) (977081). * 7.20 Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves (Kevin Reynolds 1991 US). Energetic re-staging of the Merrie England legend, with Kevin Costner suitably swashbuckling in the title role, but upstaged by Alan Rickman's OTT Sheriff of Nottingham. With Morgan Freeman, Christian Slater, and Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio as Maid Marian (S) (70550228). * 9.35 News, Weather (724903). * 9.55 The Mrs Merton Show. Confrontation Caroline Hook looks her BBC2 show repeated on the series channel. Jo Brand, Lorraine Kelly and boxer Chris Eubank are the guests submitting themselves for a gentle ribbing (R) (S) (666913). * 10.25 International Match of the Day. Highlights of England v Moldova. See The Big Match, above (S) (513555). * 11.25 Bushin' Loose (Oz Scott 1981 US). Enjoyable comedy finds ex-con Richard Pryor driving a coach-load of underprivileged children and their teacher (Cecily Tyson) to a new life across the United States (906807). * 1.00 Weather (2863395). To 1.05am. REGIONS. Wales: 1.15pm Cricket. 12.10 Film: Bushin' Loose. 1.45 News, Weather, Sport. 12.00pm Landward.

BBC2

6.15 Open University: Pure Maths (2647604). 5.40 Topps and Gyroscops (7245343). 7.05 Business: Mundo sam Frontlines (7581333). 7.30 Patterns in Green (9392468). 7.55 Women in Television (2544604). 8.20 Understanding Modern Societies (9588420). 8.45 Surviving the Exam (2902062). * 9.10 The Littlest Pet Shop (S) (8915975). 9.30 Puffy Booked (S) (398420). 12.00 Sunday Grandstand: 12.05 Athletics: review of the recent IAAF World Junior Championships in Sydney (2194468). 12.45 Water-Skiing. The men's finals in the slalom and jump events in Reading (3976371). 2.00 Cricket: Live coverage of Surrey v Warwickshire in the Sunday League. (99474). 3.30 Equestrianism. The British Horse Trials Championship from Gatcombe Park. (4792523). 4.40 Cricket (97892159). 6.25 News Round-Up (563791). * 6.45 Rough Guide to the World. Magenta De Vine and Simon O'Brien visit Israel. In Jerusalem they meet a group of actors from both sides of the divide, before attending a Jewish wedding on a kibbutz (S) (248021). * 7.25 Safe with Us. Three-part series documenting the radical changes made in the NHS during the 1980s under Mrs Thatcher's administrations. See Preview, p26 (132081). * 8.15 Cuckoo. Highlights from Trent Bridge of the third and final one-day international against Pakistan (S) (961371). * 9.15 Steptoe and Son. Harold meets a woman who is mad on ballroom-dancing. He doesn't know his quickstep from his tango, but discovers that his father was a sharp hooter in his day (532623). * 9.45 The Wild Bunch (Sam Peckinpah 1969 US). New York critic Pauline Kael has it right up there with Kurosawa's The Seven Samurai, in its scale and poetic force. Peckinpah himself was more prosaic: "I was trying to tell a story about bad men in changing times. The Wild Bunch is simply what happens when killers go to Mexico". The year is 1913, and outlaws William Holden, Ernest Borgnine and Robert Ryan get caught up in the Mexican revolution - and some famous slow-motion violence (2067607). * 12.05 A Tale of Two Cities (Eric Rohmer 1989 F). Top-rate, thoroughly typical Rohmer story finds a young woman caught up in the emotional games of her father and his young lover (Followed by Weather) (S) (756598). * 2.00 The Learning Zone: Remembering Essentials (52821). 4.00 Languages: Greek Language and People/French/Know How (52005). 5.00 The Tourist (84260). * To 6.00am.

ITV/London

6.00 GMTV: The Sunday Review. 5.30 News, Sport and Weather. 7.00 The Sunday Programme (16555). * 8.00 Disney Club. Electronic child-minder welcomes Upper Hand actress Kellie Bright, Emmerdale's Lisa Riley and singers Sean Maguire and Peter Andre (S) (41455826). * 10.15 Link (S) (4230994). * 10.30 Morning Worship. From Thame in Oxfordshire (S) (35449). * 11.30 Heavenly Voices (5732826). 11.50 Many Questions (4748159). 12.30 The Entertainers (49826). 1.00 News and Weather (17587710). * 1.10 The Agenda (S) (4726343). 2.00 Theatreland Summer Specials (9325). * 2.30 Hanover Street (Peter Hyams 1979 US). Romance blossoms between American bomber pilot in London, Harrison Ford, and married Red Cross nurse, Lesley-Anne Down (10979). * 4.30 Upstairs, Downstairs (R) (86826). * 5.30 London Tonight (937781). * 5.45 News and Weather (230807). * 6.00 The Cosby Mysteries. Feature-length episode introducing this new crime drama about a former New York detective (Bill Cosby), who, having retired with a large lottery win, decides he can't do without the thrill of sleuthing (44178). * 7.30 Heartbeat. The inquisitive cop show returns for a new series, with the newly widowed Nick Barry still licking his wounds (S) (89284). * 8.30 You've Been Framed! (S) (9245). * 9.00 London's Burning. New series (S) (3284). * 10.10 News and Weather (612352). * 10.15 Serving in Silence: the Marguerite Cessemeyer Story (Jeff Bleckner 1995 US). A female US army officer with three grown-up children lets slip that she is a lesbian. Starring Glenn Close and Judy Davis (S) (948623). * 12.00 The Man in the Wilderness (Richard C. Sarafian 1971 US). Richard Harris plays a trapper in the Canadian Northwest of the 1820s, mauled by a grizzly bear and left for dead by the expedition with which he had been travelling. John Huston co-stars (720173). * 1.50 Suspect (Roy and John Boulting 1961 UK). Low-budget spy melodrama, scripted by Nigel Balchin, about a group of top-secret research scientists who discover that they have a traitor in their midst. Starring Peter Cushing, Virginia Madsen, Ian Bannen, Raymond Huntley and Spike Milligan (763869). * 3.25 Not Fade Away. Andy Crane (R) (S) (4890482). * 4.30 Night Shift (R) (S) (37286276). * 4.35 Flux (R) (S) (5393604). * 5.30 News (29145). To 6.00am.

Channel 4

6.35 The Great Mantra (4095820). 7.00 Madeline (S) (7577130). 7.25 The Real Life Adventures of Professor Thompson (7587517). * 7.55 Street Sharks (S) (9395555). * 8.25 Two Stupid Dogs (S) (9589159). * 8.50 Cadillacs and Dinosaurs (S) (1369468). * 9.20 Saved by the Bell (R) (4801933). * 9.45 Sister Sister (S) (748197). * 10.15 Happy Days (R) (3503975). * 10.40 Mission Impossible (S) (3227517). * 11.40 The Waltons (R) (7698791). * 12.40 Romance on the High Seas (Michael Curtiz 1948 US). The first of two Michael Curtiz movies marked the adult movie debut of Doris Day - an easy-going shipboard musical (95385449). * 2.35 I'll See You in My Dreams (Michael Curtiz 1951 US). Biopic of lyricist Gus Kahn (Danny Thomas), co-starring Doris Day as the woman who becomes his wife (96818642). * 4.35 All That Glitters (R) (6205178). * 5.10 Last Safe. Repeat Travels with My Camera film in which Dennis Hills, who was famously sentenced to death by Idi Amin in 1975, returns to Uganda (R) (7580130). * 6.05 Babylon 5 (S) (567333). * 7.00 Break the Science Barrier with Richard Dawkins. To celebrate his inauguration as Oxford University's first Professor for the Public Understanding of Science, Richard Dawkins launches an outspoken critique of the role that science plays in Britain today (S) (5642). * 8.00 Celluloid Icons 1/4: Jodie. See Preview, p26 (S) (7081). * 8.30 Celluloid Icons 2/4: Black Divas. See Preview, p26 (S) (7888). * 9.00 Talentspotting 1/3: Christmas. First in a new series of one-hour films aiming to nurture new film-making talent in the UK. Christmas, by Jez Butterworth (whose first play, Mojo, was a critical triumph at the Royal Court) and his brother Tom, tells of friendship and betrayal in the underworld of King's Cross. See Preview, p26 (1262). * 10.00 The Man Without a Face (Mel Gibson 1993 US). Mel's directorial debut - a coming-of-age movie in which he plays a horribly disfigured small-town teacher who agrees to coach a troubled 12-year-old (Nick Stahl) (S) (67514541). * 12.10 Gaelic Games. Highlights of today's All-Ireland Hurling Final between Wexford and Limerick (916463). * 1.10 World Cinema: Itihaq (Yash Chopra 1969 Ind). A man wrongly accused of murder finds sanctuary with a woman who might herself be a murderer (504482). To 3.10am.

ITV/Regions

As London except 2.00pm into Africa (33807) 3.00 Film: A Town Torn Apart (9591710). 4.35 Jugglers (951571). 5.00 News. 5.15-5.30pm News. 5.30-5.45pm News. 5.45-6.00pm News. 6.00-6.15pm News. 6.15-6.30pm News. 6.30-6.45pm News. 6.45-7.00pm News. 7.00-7.15pm News. 7.15-7.30pm News. 7.30-7.45pm News. 7.45-8.00pm News. 8.00-8.15pm News. 8.15-8.30pm News. 8.30-8.45pm News. 8.45-9.00pm News. 9.00-9.15pm News. 9.15-9.30pm News. 9.30-9.45pm News. 9.45-10.00pm News. 10.00-10.15pm News. 10.15-10.30pm News. 10.30-10.45pm News. 10.45-11.00pm News. 11.00-11.15pm News. 11.15-11.30pm News. 11.30-11.45pm News. 11.45-12.00pm News. 12.00-12.15pm News. 12.15-12.30pm News. 12.30-12.45pm News. 12.45-1.00pm News. 1.00-1.15pm News. 1.15-1.30pm News. 1.30-1.45pm News. 1.45-2.00pm News. 2.00-2.15pm News. 2.15-2.30pm News. 2.30-2.45pm News. 2.45-3.00pm News. 3.00-3.15pm News. 3.15-3.30pm News. 3.30-3.45pm News. 3.45-4.00pm News. 4.00-4.15pm News. 4.15-4.30pm News. 4.30-4.45pm News. 4.45-5.00pm News. 5.00-5.15pm 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**DAVID
AARONOVITCH**



A high-contrast, black and white photograph of a dark, textured surface, possibly a rock or concrete. The image is characterized by deep shadows and bright highlights, creating a grainy, almost abstract appearance. A small, bright, circular light source is visible near the top center, casting a soft glow. The overall composition is dark and moody, with a focus on texture and light.

The Titanic was loaded to the gunwales with capitalists, real Astors and Guggenheims who could afford \$4,350 a suite, in the money of 1912. Yet if the band didn't play "Nearer, my God, to thee", it did play an Episcopalian hymn called "Autumn" until the water was over the musicians' boots. The gentlemen did let the ladies and the children get into the boats first. And as the sailors pulled away from the sinking ship, they recited the Lord's Prayer.

In those days, capitalism, religion and tradition could co-exist. In the world of George Tulloch, all is fair in war and business and God is dead.

others). All of these are educational documentaries, aimed at revealing important truths about society today. Some would rather avert their eyes and pretend it isn't happening. But not me!

Indeed I would recommend to producer David Donoghue—who is associated with many of these projects—that there are several other areas of national life that could profit from the same kind of treatment. Should any of these suggestions land anywhere then a small cheque would be adequate recompense.

Finally (and best of all) there would be *Voyeurs*. A hidden lens would be used to explore the secret reactions to tapes like *Excretations* and *Hookers* of those who purchase them. Their various comments, fumbblings and guffaws - all performed in ignorance of the camera's presence - would form the educational backdrop to an important debate on how far we should allow vicarious eavesdropping to become a major form of national entertainment. So how about it David? Can I have my money now?

A high-contrast, black and white photograph showing a dense crowd of people. Many individuals are holding American flags, which are prominent throughout the scene. The image is characterized by extreme contrast, with deep blacks and bright whites, giving it a graphic, almost stencil-like quality. The perspective is from above, looking down into the crowd.

Mr. Clinton's rise, moreover, was saying all the right things at the right time. The most important, probably, was that Harold Ickes, Clinton's chief of staff and liberal rival of Mr. Morris for two decades, is going to throw away a winning hand. Old-fashioned Democrats may miss their jettisoned ideology. But they like victory even more. Mr. Clinton's political life has been a procession of triumphs, disasters and miraculous recoveries. Yes, Mr. Morris was instrumental in bringing about the most recent — the renaking of a President after the catastrophic mid-term elections of November 1994, but even without his chief courtier, Mr. Clinton still looks a winner this November. The show will soon be back on script.

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travel britain

When real life is a stony beach

Andrew Hasson took his family from home in Brighton to holiday in Cornwall

"The colours here are unreal; it looks like a foreign country," said my nine-year-old son Harry. "It's not like England at all." It was hard to disagree. Sitting on the beach at Holywell Bay in Cornwall, just after the sun had come out from behind clouds, the sky was electric blue and a warm breeze blew across the sand. This wasn't what our two boys were used to at all; at least where English beaches were concerned.

The Atlantic tide was out when we arrived at the beach mid-morning. Walking over the dunes we reached a stretch nearly a mile long. The sky was overcast and, despite the fact that the air was warm and still, people had put up wind-breaks as if they were going out of fashion; it was easy to spot the old hands who come here day after day, year after year. Out in the bay, two large rocks (Gull's Rocks) dominated our view out to sea as we settled down below the dunes.

Call us mad, accuse us of being obsessed by beaches: we had come from one British seaside resort to another. But there seemed little comparison between the two. We live in Brighton and, in the summer holidays, spend a great deal of time by the water. We sit on those painfully uncomfortable pebbles and, if we've planned it right and the tide is out, the boys (Harry 9, Tom 7) dig in the sand. There isn't much of it, but children seem to be energised simply being near the sea. So am I, watching the sun go down while the children splash about in the waves.

This was no busman's holiday, though. Compared with Brighton's amusements – the pier, fish and chips and ice-cream – there was nothing much at Holywell Bay. A modest looking caravan sold a little food and drink: no fancy fare, just sandwiches, crisps, juice and such like. That was all the entertainment on offer. But Tom and Harry weren't interested. They were in seventh heaven and, stripped off to their shorts, they shot off across the vast expanse of sand to explore the empty bay. There was more sand here than any of us had seen back home.

We watched from a distance as the boys explored rocks and caves rock pools and sand dunes. "There's a mini-river over there, and mussels on the rocks," Tom told us. They could hardly get their packed lunches stuffed down them fast enough and were mentally straining at the leash to get off and see if they'd missed anything.

After lunch, a steady stream of families started descending on to the sands and, by mid-afternoon, the bay had become gently busy. But this is a huge beach and we were never crowded out. We could always see the children playing and it felt very safe. Relaxing here was a lot easier than at Brighton.

Throughout the day, the boys kept running back, breathlessly reporting the latest discovery, hardly able to digest it themselves: "The sand's perfect – you can dig really deep without coming to stones. It's just sand all the way!" said Tom. "There's no pebbles and you can run barefoot. The dunes are brilliant for jumping. There's a humungous one as big as a room there" came another cry.

The afternoon warmed up so much, the boys needed cooling off. The sea here is beautiful but undeniably dangerous at certain times. We followed Harry and Tom down to the water's edge and watched as they splashed about in the surf, following strict orders not to go in below the waist. "The waves are really big and the water's so clear" they told us in amazement.

The presence of two lifeguards, sitting on a bright yellow jeep, was comforting and we made sure we kept within boundaries of their red and yellow flags. I think they warned everyone not to go in deeper than waist height, although the tannoy was so muffled that they could have been announcing the arrival of the 12.36 for all anyone on the beach knew. Our children remarked that they "heard something, but couldn't understand what was being said".

As Harry remarked, it was a little like being in a foreign country. The sun, when it arrived, warmed the skin instantly and we felt we were a long, long way from Brighton.



Everything you could want from the seaside: Holywell Bay in north Cornwall has dunes, a safe beach – and no razzmatazz

Photograph: Andrew Hasson

THAT SUMMER

A small, pungent and curiously exotic continent

In 1974, Jonathan Glancey worked his way across the floor of a Bristol factory. It was like a trip round the world

Student summers were wonderful. Here, at last, away from the languors of ivory towers, was a chance to work. Knuckle down, get your hands dirty, earn your keep, pay off bills and save for a holiday. And often the job was as much of an adventure as the subsequent travels.

Of all the workshops in all the world, I felt most at home at Bristol-Myer, South Ruislip. This was a scion of a US cosmetics corporation that had taken root off London's arterial Western Avenue in a low-lying Art Deco inspired factory. Bristol-Myer made Mum Rolette, Clairol hair-conditioner, Ingram shaving cream and a canned drink called Nutrament, a zillion-calorie pick-me-up for athletes that tasted, deliciously, of fruit-flavoured and only slightly diluted condensed milk.

A suburban factory making nothing I would want in adult life might seem an odd favourite. But, what I learnt in that pungent factory was a simple truth. You can travel to the most exotic places on earth, seek out the greatest adventures, but feel as much an outsider as the narrator in Camus' *L'Étranger*.

The crowd at Bristol-Myer, save for one grizzly old foreman, were a family of sorts writ large and Radio One loud. Broken up into clearly defined and jealous empires – Production, Warehouse, Goods-in, Goods-out and Export – this industrial family met together in the bright mezzanine canteen or else sprawled across the manicured factory lawn during dinner break.

The student's privilege was to work across departments, now making wooden cases in which to pack delicate goods, now whizzing around the warehouse on a red electric forklift truck, cleaning production-line machinery, loading and unloading lorries, sweeping yards and chatting to everyone.

Crossing departments was, nevertheless, a bit like travelling from country to country, each with its own government, customs and laws. Chubby, easy-going Brian, with the Elvis quiff ran Goods-In with Peter, an ex-serviceman who span tea-break tales of the whores and bordellos of the world. Richard, with the Hendrix-inspired "Afro" hair ruled Export. Richard was slight and highly-strung and dreamt of doing

something "better". He worked like a Trojan, but in between rowed furiously with Karol, an ex-Polish Squadron fighter pilot, once based at nearby Northolt, who had stalwartly refused to improve his English since he arrived in here in 1939. Karol was in his late-sixties, could lift hundredweight barrels of hair-oil as if they were individual cans of Nutrament, drove an ancient two-tone Hillman Minx and called everyone who crossed him a "putana". Mick, the handsome middle-aged Irishman laughed the day away alongside them, winking and "Jesusing" wryly, as Karol and Richard "effed" and "putanaed" to the accompaniment of saws, drills, hammers and nails.

A second Mick, dominated the warehouse. A gossip without equal, he pirouetted across the lino floors in his nifty fork-lift truck, exchanging news and cutting asides, cackling with laughter and employing the Saxon word for "I thrust" as only lucid Celts know how.

Mick, who I liked because he despised General Franco who still had a year before Hell claimed him, enjoyed verbal fisticuffs

with Reg, deputy-foreman from Production and last of the old-time, shirt-and-tie gentlemen workers. Reg introduced me to "The Ragged Trousered Philanthropists", "Cassandra" and any number of ranting, digging, shaking and otherwise dissenting texts. He was critical of the Soviet Union and had much to say about my holiday designed to take me to Japan via the Trans-Siberian Railway.

The land of Goods-Out was overseen by two of the most perfect industrial knights I have ever met. Bert (who drove an immaculate Morris 1100 as if it were a classic Bentley) and John (who wobbled along on a Honda 50) sported spotless white coats and, if they were ever ruffled on a long, hot summer afternoon, never showed it. John talked obsessively of black silk stockings and suspenders as he took stock of hair-spray and shaving cream, leaning back in his battered black-plastic swivel chair, whilst Bert, quiet and dignified, kept underarm deodorants rolling effortlessly across the armpits of Europe.

Bristol-Myer women were confined to the

purdah of Production, or else ran the canteen. There was the gorgeous Ingrid who wore short skirts and black stockings, drove John of Despatch delirious, but wanted me to date her. There was the wonderful lady with silver hair and manners that made the Queen Mum look a bit gor-blimey, who ran the canteen and told everyone how lovely they looked. There was Linda with the staggeringly dirty jokes and even dirtier laugh and a gaggle of the youngest white girls who spent tea and dinner breaks relating the night before's disco-action. "And she goes, and I go, and, tee hee, this bloke this and my mum says ..." I could never get enough of it.

By the end of eight weeks, I felt fit (lifting, shoving, tugging and pulling on a Pop-eye-strong diet of Nutrament) and comfortably off (my £18.50 a week basic was doubled most weeks with overtime and Saturday mornings). Most of all I felt I belonged.

Since 1974, I have travelled extensively and have had many adventures, but Bristol-Myer remains in my mind as a small, pungent and curiously exotic continent all of its own.

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something to declare

Bargain of the week

Fourteen years ago, the magazine *Business Traveller* was urging readers to "take advantage of a bargain-price, bucket-shop ticket to Rio on British Caledonian. The price for the arduous three-stop journey was £655. But for the next two months Journey Latin America (0181-747 3108) is offering a non-stop flight on British Airways (which swallowed up BCal) for just £599. The same price applies to the more distant destinations of Buenos Aires and Santiago de Chile. The cost of the ticket even includes air passenger duty which hadn't been thought of in 1982.

Visitors' Book

The Aerodrome, Hwange National Park, Zimbabwe

Air Zimbabwe needs some competition. Delays without explanations cause frustration and waste tourists' precious time – *Illegible, Australia.*

Bumpy ride, nice people, lovely place – *Woodward family, Sussex.*

I fell in love with the animals. Unfortunately they were all married already – *Tony Schwartz, USA.*

Fantastic experience. People and places were great, and the flight is on time – *Morney family, Switzerland.*

Delays and confusion. Staff very pleasant. That's Africa – *G Howell, Harare.*

Trouble spots

Advice from our source at the Foreign Office:

Malaysia: "An epidemic of mosquito-borne dengue haemorrhagic fever is affecting certain areas of the country. The disease spreads rapidly, so backpackers should be careful when staying in low cost accommodation in densely populated areas. Carry insect repellent at all times."

Pakistan: "Increasing terrorist activity has led to over 70 deaths since April. Terrorist targets are said to include public transport, markets, shops and hospitals, so be alert when visiting these areas."

Zambia: "Tension has risen over recent weeks due to political unrest, so travellers should be very careful at least until the end of the elections in October."

South Africa: "Tuberculosis is on the increase, with up to ten people reportedly affected by the disease every hour. Knowledge of the disease and correct immunisation are essential."

Mexico: "Crime against tourists continues to rise. Carry essential money and credit cards only, use radio or 'Sitio' taxi cabs, travel in groups and use the roads in daylight only."

Sudan: "The south of the country should be avoided due to a cholera epidemic. 700 have so far died and a further 1,800 cases of the disease have been reported."

For more information call the Foreign Office on 0171-238 5403. FO travel advice is displayed on CeeFax, page 564 onwards and can be accessed on the Internet on <http://www.fco.gov.uk/>

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Foreign Exchange Rates

STERLING		DOLLAR		Spot
Currency	Spot	1 month	3 months	
Canada	1.2500	1.2500	1.2500	1.2500
France	1.4800	1.4800	1.4800	1.4800
Germany	1.3600	1.3600	1.3600	1.3600
Italy	1.3600	1.3600	1.3600	1.3600
Japan	1.0000	1.0000	1.0000	1.0000
Netherlands	1.0000	1.0000	1.0000	1.0000
Sweden	1.0000	1.0000	1.0000	1.0000
Switzerland	1.0000	1.0000	1.0000	1.0000
U.K.	1.0000	1.0000	1.0000	1.0000
Spain	1.0000	1.0000	1.0000	1.0000
Portugal	1.0000	1.0000	1.0000	1.0000
Greece	1.0000	1.0000	1.0000	1.0000
Turkey	1.0000	1.0000	1.0000	1.0000
India	1.0000	1.0000	1.0000	1.0000
China	1.0000	1.0000	1.0000	1.0000
Hong Kong	1.0000	1.0000	1.0000	1.0000
Philippines	1.0000	1.0000	1.0000	1.0000
Thailand	1.0000	1.0000	1.0000	1.0000
Singapore	1.0000	1.0000	1.0000	1.0000
Malaysia	1.0000	1.0000	1.0000	1.0000
Indonesia	1.0000	1.0000	1.0000	1.0000
South Korea	1.0000	1.0000	1.0000	1.0000
Formosa	1.0000	1.0000	1.0000	1.0000
Japan	1.0000	1.0000	1.0000	1.0000
U.S.	1.0000	1.0000	1.0000	1.0000

OTHER SPOT RATES

[illegible]

Tourist Rates

1 Day	2 Days	3 Days	4 Days	5 Days
1. 1st Day	2. 2nd Day	3. 3rd Day	4. 4th Day	5. 5th Day
6. 6th Day	7. 7th Day	8. 8th Day	9. 9th Day	10. 10th Day
11. 11th Day	12. 12th Day	13. 13th Day	14. 14th Day	15. 15th Day
16. 16th Day	17. 17th Day	18. 18th Day	19. 19th Day	20. 20th Day
21. 21st Day	22. 22nd Day	23. 23rd Day	24. 24th Day	25. 25th Day
26. 26th Day	27. 27th Day	28. 28th Day	29. 29th Day	30. 30th Day
31. 31st Day	32. 32nd Day	33. 33rd Day	34. 34th Day	35. 35th Day
36. 36th Day	37. 37th Day	38. 38th Day	39. 39th Day	40. 40th Day
41. 41st Day	42. 42nd Day	43. 43rd Day	44. 44th Day	45. 45th Day
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56. 56th Day	57. 57th Day	58. 58th Day	59. 59th Day	60. 60th Day
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66. 66th Day	67. 67th Day	68. 68th Day	69. 69th Day	70. 70th Day
71. 71st Day	72. 72nd Day	73. 73rd Day	74. 74th Day	75. 75th Day
76. 76th Day	77. 77th Day	78. 78th Day	79. 79th Day	80. 80th Day
81. 81st Day	82. 82nd Day	83. 83rd Day	84. 84th Day	85. 85th Day
86. 86th Day	87. 87th Day	88. 88th Day	89. 89th Day	90. 90th Day
91. 91st Day	92. 92nd Day	93. 93rd Day	94. 94th Day	95. 95th Day
96. 96th Day	97. 97th Day	98. 98th Day	99. 99th Day	100. 100th Day

Interest Rates

LA	17%	Germany	24%	US	16%	France	16%
France	17%	Canada	16%	Belgium	14%	Belgium	14%
Italy	16%	Spain	14%	Sweden	14%	Sweden	14%
Denmark	14%	Sweden	14%	Denmark	14%	Denmark	14%
Netherlands	14%	Netherlands	14%	Netherlands	14%	Netherlands	14%

Bond Yields

Country	5 yr. trend %	10 yr. trend %	Country	5 yr. trend %
Canada	1.0	1.0	Germany	0.0
France	0.0	0.0	Italy	0.0
Japan	0.0	0.0	Spain	0.0
U.S.	0.0	0.0	U.K.	0.0
West Germany	0.0	0.0	France	0.0
Sweden	0.0	0.0	Italy	0.0
Switzerland	0.0	0.0	Spain	0.0
			U.K.	0.0
			France	0.0
			Italy	0.0
			Spain	0.0
			U.K.	0.0
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			U.K.	0.0
			France	0.0
			Italy	0.0
			Spain	0.0
			U.K.	0.0
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			Italy	0.0
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			Spain	0.0
			U.K.	0.0
			France	0.0
			Italy	0.0
			Spain	0.0

Money Market Rates

	0 Night	7 Day	1 Month	3 Months	6 Months
Personnel	4	4	5	5	5
Training	1	1	1	1	1
Operating Costs	1	1	1	1	1
Equipment	1	1	1	1	1
Material	1	1	1	1	1
Travel	1	1	1	1	1
Other	1	1	1	1	1
Total	10	10	12	12	12

Liffe Financial Futures

[illegible]**Life FT-SE Index Option**

Settlement price: 3884.00	closing offer price	
Series	3800	3900
Seq	106.12	68.23
Q	128.31	91.45
Q	106.44	113.61
NC	106.44	127.73
		109.97

Commodities

[illegible]

Order Softs (Agricultural)

[illegible]

100 Largest Insurance Funds

1900	1901	1902	1903	1904	1905	1906	1907	1908	1909	1910	1911	1912	1913	1914	1915	1916	1917	1918	1919	1920	1921	1922	1923	1924	1925	1926	1927	1928	1929	1930	1931	1932	1933	1934	1935	1936	1937	1938	1939	1940	1941	1942	1943	1944	1945	1946	1947	1948	1949	1950	1951	1952	1953	1954	1955	1956	1957	1958	1959	1960	1961	1962	1963	1964	1965	1966	1967	1968	1969	1970	1971	1972	1973	1974	1975	1976	1977	1978	1979	1980	1981	1982	1983	1984	1985	1986	1987	1988	1989	1990	1991	1992	1993	1994	1995	1996	1997	1998	1999	2000	2001	2002	2003	2004	2005	2006	2007	2008	2009	2010	2011	2012	2013	2014	2015	2016	2017	2018	2019	2020	2021	2022	2023	2024	2025	2026	2027	2028	2029	2030	2031	2032	2033	2034	2035	2036	2037	2038	2039	2040	2041	2042	2043	2044	2045	2046	2047	2048	2049	2050	2051	2052	2053	2054	2055	2056	2057	2058	2059	2060	2061	2062	2063	2064	2065	2066	2067	2068	2069	2070	2071	2072	2073	2074	2075	2076	2077	2078	2079	2080	2081	2082	2083	2084	2085	2086	2087	2088	2089	2090	2091	2092	2093	2094	2095	2096	2097	2098	2099	2100	2101	2102	2103	2104	2105	2106	2107	2108	2109	2110	2111	2112	2113	2114	2115	2116	2117	2118	2119	2120	2121	2122	2123	2124	2125	2126	2127	2128	2129	2130	2131	2132	2133	2134	2135	2136	2137	2138	2139	2140	2141	2142	2143	2144	2145	2146	2147	2148	2149	2150	2151	2152	2153	2154	2155	2156	2157	2158	2159	2160	2161	2162	2163	2164	2165	2166	2167	2168	2169	2170	2171	2172	2173	2174	2175	2176	2177	2178	2179	2180	2181	2182	2183	2184	2185	2186	2187	2188	2189	2190	2191	2192	2193	2194	2195	2196	2197	2198	2199	2200	2201	2202	2203	2204	2205	2206	2207	2208	2209	2210	2211	2212	2213	2214	2215	2216	2217	2218	2219	2220	2221	2222	2223	2224	2225	2226	2227	2228	2229	2230	2231	2232	2233	2234	2235	2236	2237	2238	2239	2240	2241	2242	2243	2244	2245	2246	2247	2248	2249	2250	2251	2252	2253	2254	2255	2256	2257	2258	2259	2260	2261	2262	2263	2264	2265	2266	2267	2268	2269	2270	2271	2272	2273	2274	2275	2276	2277	2278	2279	2280	2281	2282	2283	2284	2285	2286	2287	2288	2289	2290	2291	2292	2293	2294	2295	2296	2297	2298	2299	2300	2301	2302	2303	2304	2305	2306	2307	2308	2309	2310	2311	2312	2313	2314	2315	2316	2317	2318	2319	2320	2321	2322	2323	2324	2325	2326	2327	2328	2329	2330	2331	2332	2333	2334	2335	2336	2337	2338	2339	2340	2341	2342	2343	2344	2345	2346	2347	2348	2349	2350	2351	2352	2353	2354	2355	2356	2357	2358	2359	2360	2361	2362	2363	2364	2365	2366	2367	2368	2369	2370	2371	2372	2373	2374	2375	2376	2377	2378	2379	2380	2381	2382	2383	2384	2385	2386	2387	2388	2389	2390	2391	2392	2393	2394	2395	2396	2397	2398	2399	2400	2401	2402	2403	2404	2405	2406	2407	2408	2409	2410	2411	2412	2413	2414	2415	2416	2417	2418	2419	2420	2421	2422	2423	2424	2425	2426	2427	2428	2429	2430	2431	2432	2433	2434	2435	2436	2437	2438	2439	2440	2441	2442	2443	2444	2445	2446	2447	2448	2449	2450	2451	2452	2453	2454	2455	2456	2457	2458	2459	2460	2461	2462	2463	2464	2465	2466	2467	2468	2469	2470	2471	2472	2473	2474	2475	2476	2477	2478	2479	2480	2481	2482	2483	2484	2485	2486	2487	2488	2489	2490	2491	2492	2493	2494	2495	2496	2497	2498	2499	2500	2501	2502	2503	2504	2505	2506	2507	2508	2509	2510	2511	2512	2513	2514	2515	2516	2517	2518	2519	2520	2521	2522	2523	2524	2525	2526	2527	2528	2529	2530	2531	2532	2533	2534	2535	2536	2537	2538	2539	2540	2541	2542	2543	2544	2545	2546	2547	2548	2549	2550	2551	2552	2553	2554	2555	2556	2557	2558	2559	2560	2561	2562	2563	2564	2565	2566	2567	2568	2569	2570	2571	2572	2573	2574	2575	2576	2577	2578	2579	2580	2581	2582	2583	2584	2585	2586	2587	2588	2589	2590	2591	2592	2593	2594	2595	2596	2597	2598	2599	2600	2601	2602	2603	2604	2605	2606	2607	2608	2609	2610	2611	2612	2613	2614	2615	2616	2617	2618	2619	2620	2621	2622	2623	2624	2625	2626	2627	2628	2629	2630	2631	2632	2633	2634	2635	2636	2637	2638	2639	2640	2641	2642	2643	2644	2645	2646	2647	2648	2649	2650	2651	2652	2653	2654	2655	2656	2657	2658	2659	2660	2661	2662	2663	2664	2665	2666	2667	2668	2669	2670	2671	2672	2673	2674	2675	2676	2677	2678	2679	2680	2681	2682	2683	2684	2685	2686	2687	2688	2689	2690	2691	2692	2693	2694	2695	2696	2697	2698	2699	2700	2701	2702	2703	2704	2705	2706	2707	2708	2709	2710	2711	2712	2713	2714	2715	2716	2717	2718	2719	2720	2721	2722	2723	2724	2725	2726	2727	2728	2729	2730	2731	2732	2733	2734	2735	2736	2737	2738	2739	2740	2741	2742	2743	2744	2745	2746	2747	2748	2749	2750	2751	2752	2753	2754	2755	2756	2757	2758	2759	2760	2761	2762	2763	2764	2765	2766	2767	2768	2769	2770	2771	2772	2773	2774	2775	2776	2777	2778	2779	2780	2781	2782	2783	2784	2785	2786	2787	2788	2789	2790	2791	2792	2793	2794	2795	2796	2797	2798	2799	2800	2801	2802	2803	2804	2805	2806	2807	2808	2809	2810	2811	2812	2813	2814	2815	2816	2817	2818	2819	2820	2821	2822	2823	2824	2825	2826	2827	2828	2829	2830	2831	2832	2833	2834	2835	2836	2837	2838	2839	2840	2841	2842	2843	2844	2845	2846	2847	2848	2849	2850	2851	2852	2853	2854	2855	2856	2857	2858	2859	2860	2861	2862	2863	2864	2865	2866	2867	2868	2869	2870	2871	2872	2873	2874	2875	2876	2877	2878	2879	2880	2881	2882	2883	2884	2885	2886	2887	2888	2889	2890	2891	2892	2893	2894	2895	2896	2897	2898	2899	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SECTOR AVERAGES

	1987	1988
Financial & Property Shares	251	768
International Corporate	268	184
North America	240	171
Europe	242	171
Asia	247	171
Far East (including Japan)	251	171
Commodity & Energy	251	171
Investment Equity Income	251	171
Fixed Income	251	171
U.S. Stocks	251	171
Foreign Stocks	251	171
Real Estate	251	171
Convertible & Other	251	171
Managed Bonds	251	171

	1997	2000	2004	1997
FAR EAST (EXCLUDING JAPAN)	500	28.4	19	
OF WHICH ARE	2000	7.9	14	

ASAC Hong Kong Growth	1,800	1980	16.7	300
ASAC Mexico Growth	1,800	1980	19.1	300
ASAC New Zealand Growth	2,300	1980	15.4	300
ASAC Pacific Growth	4,400	1980	16.6	400
ASAC South America Growth	4,400	1980	16.6	400
ASAC Europe Growth	3,000	1980	16.6	300
ASAC Asia Growth	3,000	1980	16.6	300
ASAC Africa Growth	3,000	1980	16.6	300
ASAC Australia Growth	3,000	1980	16.6	300
ASAC Canada Growth	3,000	1980	16.6	300
ASAC Japan Growth	3,000	1980	16.6	300
ASAC Korea Growth	3,000	1980	16.6	300
ASAC Taiwan Growth	3,000	1980	16.6	300
ASAC Thailand Growth	3,000	1980	16.6	300
ASAC Vietnam Growth	3,000	1980	16.6	300
ASAC Philippines Growth	3,000	1980	16.6	300
ASAC Indonesia Growth	3,000	1980	16.6	300
ASAC Malaysia Growth	3,000	1980	16.6	300
ASAC Singapore Growth	3,000	1980	16.6	300
ASAC Brunei Growth	3,000	1980	16.6	300
ASAC Cambodia Growth	3,000	1980	16.6	300
ASAC Laos Growth	3,000	1980	16.6	300
ASAC Myanmar Growth	3,000	1980	16.6	300
ASAC Nepal Growth	3,000	1980	16.6	300
ASAC Pakistan Growth	3,000	1980	16.6	300
ASAC Sri Lanka Growth	3,000	1980	16.6	300
ASAC Bangladesh Growth	3,000	1980	16.6	300
ASAC India Growth	3,000	1980	16.6	300
ASAC China Growth	3,000	1980	16.6	300
ASAC South Korea Growth	3,000	1980	16.6	300
ASAC North Korea Growth	3,000	1980	16.6	300
ASAC Vietnam Growth	3,000	1980	16.6	300
ASAC Laos Growth	3,000	1980	16.6	300
ASAC Cambodia Growth	3,000	1980	16.6	300
ASAC Myanmar Growth	3,000	1980	16.6	300
ASAC Nepal Growth	3,000	1980	16.6	300
ASAC Pakistan Growth	3,000	1980	16.6	300
ASAC Sri Lanka Growth	3,000	1980	16.6	300
ASAC Bangladesh Growth	3,000	1980	16.6	300
ASAC India Growth	3,000	1980	16.6	300
ASAC China Growth	3,000	1980	16.6	300
ASAC South Korea Growth	3,000	1980	16.6	300
ASAC North Korea Growth	3,000	1980	16.6	300
ASAC Vietnam Growth	3,000	1980	16.6	300
ASAC Laos Growth	3,000	1980	16.6	300
ASAC Cambodia Growth	3,000	1980	16.6	300
ASAC Myanmar Growth	3,000	1980	16.6	300
ASAC Nepal Growth	3,000	1980	16.6	300
ASAC Pakistan Growth	3,000	1980	16.6	300
ASAC Sri Lanka Growth	3,000	1980	16.6	300
ASAC Bangladesh Growth	3,000	1980	16.6	300
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[illegible]

Allenby puts his faith in patience

Photograph: Peter Jay

DAY HANDICAP (CLASS E) £3,000

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0059513	J Lynch (7) 13
	F Smith (2) 10
393	J Norrie 12
	G Dunfield 11
	M Tebbutt 6 B
5811	T Fortune 2
	C Thomas (2) 7
488	R Hughes 6 B
	D Briggs 0
	G Barnwell 1
	J Fegan 8 V
	J Quinn 4


Trav -
curry Bay, 12-1 Stable, Forcuz, 12-1 others

Facing the unpleasant truth about difficult lies

KEN JONES

What he would have made of Collingtree is another matter. The best-struck putts bobble

was philosophical. "Same for everyone," Allenby said, "you've just got to get on with it." He also said something about whingeing.



“and you
assumed
bills
were all take and
no give”

160751



Cards

QUOTES OF THE WEEK

It's a lead that I am grateful to have and I am still looking forward to going to Monza. Damon Hill, 113 points ahead of Williams team-mate Jacques Villeneuve in the race for Formula One's world drivers' championship.

WOLVERHAMPTON

	1m of 156bits	
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2	305100 WAPENBERG (08) (S) Callahan 5 10 C	R Hughes 6
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4	015000 WELLS ANNOUNCED (0) (S) K MacKulloch 5 9 12	S Callahan 22 B
5	333063 IN THE MONEY (30) (S) K MacKulloch 7 9 9	5 Callahan 21
6	3311-05 PLATINUM PLUS (30) (S) C Dwyer 4 9 6	C Dwyer 5

9	300502	ZOTOPER (S&J)	Cywell R Macnamara 5 8 11.		-C	Hartono 2
10	0-04206	DYKESON (S&J)	Calahan 4 8 11.			Tengdin (3) 2
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12	15-0000	BOLD HART (S&J)	Pearce 11 8 6.			D Rogers 10
12	00	GOVERNANCE (S&J)	K McKeath's 3 7 12.			G Bennett 2
13	505000	MIR MORTARBY (H)	S R Browning 5 7 12.			J F Egan 6
- 13 dockered -						
BETTING: 7-4 Parmoor, 4-1 Sweet Spots, 8-1 Obamas, Boy, 12-1 Shesha, Forzair, 16-1 others.						

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Tobacco industry
has long been
characterised by
high profit margins
and powerful
brands, the stuff of
which, elsewhere,
investment legends
are made

It has been a rough few weeks for the tobacco industry, now the subject of one of its periodic bouts of jitters about the impact of litigation in the United States. Shares in the leading tobacco groups have taken a pasting since a Florida court awarded a 66-year-old lung cancer sufferer \$750,000 in compensation early in August. The judgment was made against Brown & Williamson, a subsidiary of BAT Industries, one of Britain's largest tobacco companies. Its shares have fallen sharply over the past year and are now trading about 25 per cent below their high for the last 12 months. It is a similar story for the big two companies in the United States, RJR Nabisco and Philip Morris.

It is not the first time the tobacco companies have lost a case of this sort – an earlier judgment in 1986 was overturned on appeal – but it is still a potentially significant development for an industry which has for years successfully held the line against legal claims that it is liable for ill-health caused by smoking. It certainly could not come at a more awkward time for Hanson Trust, which plans to float its tobacco company, Imperial Tobacco, this autumn as part of a four-way merger designed to add value for its shareholders.

The tobacco companies have always based their defence against claims of this sort on two main arguments. One is their vehement denial that tobacco is addictive. Only two years ago, seven leading industry



JONATHAN DAVIS
INVESTMENTS

figures solemnly appeared before a Congressional committee to swear on oath that they did not believe tobacco to be an addictive substance. The industry's argument, essentially, is that it cannot be addictive since so many people successfully give it up.

The second argument the industry deploys is that it cannot be held liable for any ill-effects caused by smoking since smokers are fully aware of the potential hazards. Health warnings have been printed on cigarette packets since the middle of the 1960s and

most smokers, so the companies argue, can be assumed to know the risks they are running.

However, the Florida case is the first time that a jury has been allowed to hear evidence, which suggests the industry may have been less than honest about the addictive nature of its product. The evidence is based on a number of leaked company documents which appear to show that industry experts had privately admitted tobacco was addictive as long ago as the early 1960s.

If the Florida judgment is upheld on appeal, it could open the floodgates and land the industry with legal liabilities running to literally billions of dollars. As one stockbroker breezily admitted last week, it would make the asbestos liabilities incurred by Turner & Newell seem "like a drop in the ocean". Given that under American law, lawyers who succeed in winning legal liability cases of this sort can keep 25 per cent of any damages awarded, it is no surprise that some of the larger law firms in the US are standing by to take on the industry.

Where does all this leave investors? Exposed, is the short answer. Tobacco may not be everybody's idea of an agreeable business, but nobody can deny the attraction of its underlying economic characteristics. In the words of Warren Buffett, America's most famous investor, the economics are just "great". "You make a product for a penny, you sell it for a dollar, and you sell it to addicts. And it has tremendous brand

loyalty". But the drawback is the stigma of investing in an industry whose product is known to kill people.

The industry has long been characterised by high profit margins, strong cash flow and powerful brands, the stuff of which, in any other business, investment legends are made. All the tobacco companies have huge dividend-paying capacity, and are staple holdings in most institutional portfolios. It was partly for this reason that RJR Nabisco became the subject of the biggest and most controversial takeover battle of the 1980s.

BAT's market value, even at today's depressed prices, is over £13bn and it offers a dividend yield of 7 per cent. Imperial Tobacco, according to its prospectus, is aiming for a similar yield when it is floated this autumn. Unlike the Big Three, which have all diversified, Imperial will be a "pure" tobacco company. Uniquely, also, however, it has no business in the US and expects to be immune from any fall-out from the litigation shadow hanging over the rest of the industry.

All the tobacco companies suffer because of the huge question marks over future litigation. If you focus solely on the tobacco element in companies like Philip Morris, you can buy their profits for a lower price than almost any other mainstream consumer business. Assuming you have no ethical objections, the investment decision turns on your judgment about the likely course of events on the other side of the Atlantic.

Not surprisingly, the industry is fighting back strongly. It plans to appeal on the Florida case, and has taken comfort from a subsequent judgment in Indiana which went the other way. President Clinton meanwhile, for blatant political reasons, has supported moves to have the tobacco industry regulated by the Federal Drug Administration. Behind the scenes in Washington, however, there is talk of a deal by which the tobacco companies are offered immunity from future litigation in return for making a series of one-off payments to health authorities across the US.

If that happens, it will boost tobacco shares. But for the moment, the uncertainty will continue to cripple the industry's ratings. Tobacco shares are either a bargain or a potential minefield. My hunch is that they are still the former, but a better bet would be to find a way of investing in the only certain winners – the lawyers.

Best borrowing rates

Telephone	% Rate and period	Max adv %	Fee	Incentive	Redemption penalty		
MORTGAGES							
Fixed rates							
Scarborough BS	0800 590547	0.20 for 1 year	85	0.75% —	1st 5 yrs: 7.04% of sum repaid		
West Bromwich BS	0121 525 7070	6.55 to 1/1/99	85	£295 £300 cash rebate	1st 6 yrs: 6% of advance		
Britannia BS	0800 526350	7.74 for 5 years	95	£295 Unemployment ins—	1st 6 yrs: 180 days interest		
Variable rates							
Northern Rock BS	0800 591500	0.99 to 1/10/97	90	Refund valn fee	1st 6 yrs: 5% of sum repaid		
Principality BS	01222 344188	3.60% to 1/10/98	90	—	To 30/9/01: discount reclaimed		
Abbey National	0800 555100	5.74 to 31/8/01	95	— Refund valn fee	To 31/8/02: Ind determined		
First time buyers fixed rates							
Bristol & West BS	0800 608088	0.95 to 30/6/97	90	£275 —	To 30/6/01: 8/6 mths interest		
Market Harboro' BS	01858 463244	4.49 to 1/7/98	90	£250 Unemployment ins	To 1/7/00: 3 mths interest		
Northern Rock BS	0800 591500	7.49 to 1/8/01	95	£295	1st 6yrs: 5% of sum repaid		
First time buyers variable rates							
Principality BS	01222 344188	1.00 to 1/10/97	90	— —	To 30/9/01: discount reclaimd		
Northern Rock BS	0800 591500	4.24% to 1/8/99	95	£295— Refund valn fee	1st 7 yrs: 5% of sum repaid		
Halifax BS	0800 101110	5.43 to 30/9/01	90	— £300 & free valn	To 30/9/03: 1-4% of advance		
PERSONAL LOANS							
Telephone	APR	Fixed monthly payments (£3,000 over 3 years)					
Unsecured							
Direct Line	0141 248 9966	13.90E	With insurance		Without insurance		
			£112.86		£101.33		
Alliance & Leicester	0116 262 6262	14.80	£114.93		£102.36		
Midland Bank	0800 180180	14.90	£115.82		£102.49		
Secured (second charge)							
Clydesdale Bank	0800 240024	7.50	Neg	£3K - £15K			
Royal B of Scotland	0131 523 7023	8.70	70%	£2.5K-£100K			
Barclays Bank	0800 000929	9.3/9.6	80%	£10K-75K			
OVERDRAFTS							
Telephone	Account	Authorised	Unauthorised		APR		
		% pm	APR	% pm			
Woolwich BS	0800 400900	Current	0.76 9.5	2.18	29.5		
Alliance & Leicester	0500 959595	Alliance	0.76 9.5	2.20	29.8		
Abbey National	0500 200500	Current	0.94 11.9	2.18	29.5		
CREDIT CARDS							
Telephone	Card Type	Min Income	Rate % pm	APR %	Annual Fee	Int. free period	
Standard							
Robert Fleming/S&P	0800 829024	MasterCard/Visa	—	0.8958	11.20	nil	0 days
Midland Bank	01702 353344	MasterCard/Visa	—	0.945N	11.90N	nil	56 days
Robert Fleming/S&P	0800 829024	MasterCard/Visa	—	1.00	14.00	£12	56 days
Gold cards							
Co-operative Bank	0345 212212	Visa	£20,000	0.4792	10.32	£120	46 days
Royal B of Scotland	01702 362890	Visa	£20,000	1.05N	14.50N	£35	46 days
People's Bank Conn	0500 551055	MasterCard/Visa	£20,000	1.13	14.40	nil	56 days
STORE CARDS							
Telephone	Payment by direct debit			Payment by other methods			
	% pm	APR		% pm	APR		
John Lewis	in store	—		1.39	18.00		
Marks and Spencer	01244 681681	1.87	24.80	1.97	26.30		
Sears	in store	1.94	25.90	2.20	29.80		

APR: Annualised percentage rate. B+C Buildings and Contents insurance LTV Loan to value NSU Accident, sickness and unemployment
E: Available to comprehensive motor insurance policyholders aged over 22 years.
N: Introductory rate for a limited period.
All rates subject to change without notice. Source: MONEYFACTS 01692 500677 29 August 1996

Best savings rates

	Telephone number	Account	Notice or term	Deposit	Rate %	Interest interval
INSTANT ACCESS						
Portman BS	01202 292444	Instant Access	Instant	£100	4.50	Year
Sun Banking Corp	01438 744505	Liquidity	Instant	£25,000	5.00	Year
Skipton BS	01756 700511	High Street	Instant	£30,000	5.15	Year
Direct Line	0181 667 1121	Instant Savings	Instant	£50,000	5.75	Year
INSTANT ACCESS PLUS ACCOUNTS						
Teachers' BS	0800 378669	Bufflin	Postal	£500	4.80	Year
Alliance & Leicester BS	0645 645660	Instant Direct	Postal	£5,000	5.40	Year
Bristol & West BS	0800 901109	Instant Access Postal	Postal	£10,000	5.85	Year
Bristol & West BS	0800 901109	Instant Access Postal	Postal	£25,000	6.05	Year
NOTICE ACCOUNTS & BONDS						
Chelsea BS	0800 132351	Post-tel 20 Day	20 day P	£5,000	6.05	Year
Cheltenham & Gloucester	0800 717505	Direct 30	30 day P	£100	5.50	Year
First National BS	0800 558844	90 Day Notice	90 day P	£10,000	6.20	Year
Yorkshire BS	0800 378836	Mutual Interest	1 Yr Bond	£1,000	6.25	Year
CHEQUE ACCOUNTS						
Kleinwort Benson	01202 502404	HICA	Instant	£2,500	5.00	Month
Halifax BS	01422 335333	Asset Reserve	Instant	£10,000	4.00	Quarter
Chelsea BS	0800 717515	Classic Postal	Instant	£10,000	4.35	Year
Chelsea BS	0800 717515	Classic Postal	Instant	£25,000	4.65	Year
FIXED RATE BONDS						
Bristol & West BS	0800 202121	Year Plus Bond	1/12/97	£5,000	6.25F	Maturity
Lloyds Bank	0800 147789	High Income	31/8/98	£1,000	6.75F	Year
Stroud & Swindon BS	0345 252423	Fixed Rate Bond	1/7/99	£1,000	7.35F	Year
Skipton BS	01756 700511	Fixed Rate Bond	31/10/01	£5,000	7.55F	Year
FIRST TESSAS						
Sun Banking Corp	01438 744505	Fixed Rate TESSA	5 years	£8,575	7.50F	Year
NorthWest Bank	0800 200400	Fixed Rate TESSA	5 years	£5,000	7.45F	Year
Birmingham Midshires	0645 720721		5 years	£1,000	7.00	Year
Principality BS	01222 344188		5 years		6.80	Year
FOLLOW-ON TESSAS						
Sun Banking Corp	01438 744505	Fixed Rate TESSA	5 years	£9,000	7.50F	Year
NorthWest Bank	0800 200400	Fixed Rate TESSA	5 years	£5,000	7.45F	Year
Birmingham Midshires	0645 720721		5 years	£1,000	7.00	Year
Cheltenham & Gloucester	0800 717505		5 years	£9,000	7.00	Year
GUARANTEED INCOME BONDS (net)						
Financial Assurance	0181 380 3388		1 year	£5,000	4.60FN	Year
Pinnacle Insurance	0181 207 9007		2 years	£3,000	5.50FN	Year
Pinnacle Insurance	0181 207 9007		3 years	£3,000	5.80FN	Year
ITL London & Edinburgh	01903 820820		4 years	£3,000	6.20FN	Year
Pinnacle Insurance	0181 207 9007		5 years	£3,000	6.50FN	Year
OFFSHORE ACCOUNTS (gross)						
Newcastle Bank Gibraltar	00 350 76168	Nova Access	Instant	£25,000	6.30	Year
Newcastle Bank Gibraltar	00 350 76168	Nova Ninety	90 Day	£25,000	6.50	Year
Britannia International	01624 628512	2 Year Bond	31/7/98	£5,000	7.00F	Year
Northern Rock, Guern	01481 714600	Millennium Bond	1/1/00	£10,000	7.50F	Year
NATIONAL SAVINGS ACCOUNTS (gross)						
Investment Accounts			1 month	£20	4.75	Year
				£500	5.25	Year
				£25,000	5.50	Year
Income Bonds			3 months	£2,000	6.00	Month
				£25,000	6.25	Month
Capital Bond		Series J	5 years	£100	6.65F	Maturity
First Option Bonds			12 months	£1,000	6.00F	Year
				£20,000	6.25F	Year
Pensioner's Gated Income Bond		Series 3	5 year	£500	7.00F	Month
NS Certificates (tax-free)		43rd issue	5 year	£100	5.35F	Maturity
		9th Index linked	5 year	£100	2.50-rpi	Maturity
Children's Bond		Issue H	5 year	£25	6.75F	Maturity

P: post only F: fixed rate
N: net rate A: All withdrawals subject to 30 day loss of interest
All rates are shown gross and are subject to change without notice. Source: MONEYFACTS 01692 500677 30th August 1996

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هنا من الأصل

sport

Lloyd fishes for another England success

DEREK PRINGLE

Cricket correspondent

Sport and Leisure are activities often twinned in the glossy world of marketing. In reality, however, one rarely replaces the other unless success has first been secured. Which is why, after Thursday's victory stroll against Pakistan, the England players were given yesterday off to indulge themselves in activities yesterday's players look for granted, such as golf and fishing.

Unusual yes; surprising no. At

the beginning of his tenure as England's coach, David Lloyd outlined his desire to ensure that practice did not become a joyless chore, hinting that, when the time was right, he would occasionally scrap nets in favour of allowing tired bodies to idle away. The method is bound to have its detractors and, if England lose their second Test to Pakistan at Edgbaston today, the "practice puritans" will no doubt chorus their disapproval.

Lloyd has nearly always waited for the right moment to introduce some of his more

radical notions. Recently he got players to write down the things they thought they were good at, and yesterday's letter from Chris Lewis in the *Times*, was met with wholehearted approval, not least because it appeared to be written in the first and not the third person.

His latest clarion call is for England to express themselves more on the field, particularly when things are going well. "We won with something to spare on Thursday," he said yesterday, before joining his captain and Robert Croft on a trout

lake near Evesham. "The style was there. Now I want some swagger as well. Look at Pakistan. They are a fanatical side in the right sense of the word. They perform with real passion. I'd like a piece of that for England — a slice of that pizza."

"Let's have a bit of razzmatazz and if someone comes up with a brilliant piece of fielding let him know. When Alan Mullally came into the dressing-room at the start of the summer, he sat in the corner and said nothing. Now he's settled, he's completely barmy. A real character."

However, with a captain who whose minimum of fuss epitomises the dour qualities of our island race, any sudden transformation into a team infected with the screaming abbas, will seem a little disingenuous.

Not to a player like Surrey's vice-captain, Adam Hoolioake, whose Australian outlook and bloodline almost guarantee a fervent on-field display of emotion. "You have to play the game hard," reckons Hoolioake, who could make his debut this morning in place of Robbie Imran. "I'm quite brash — like an Aussie, as

people in this country might say. Maybe I can be over-aggressive at times. But you can't play with fear in your heart."

Hoolioake, a man of resolutely Australian stock, is a great admirer of a certain Aussie all-rounder. "My ambition is to be England's long term No 6 like Steve Waugh. It's a position England have not filled for I don't know how long."

Whether or not Hoolioake gets a chance to state his case will depend on the pitch. Edgbaston's fissures possess almost volcanic fire. The groundsman, in a bid

to prevent the pitch cracking, has soaked it in order to keep the moisture content high. After recent rain, too, the pitch is likely to start damp, which is likely to favour the side bowling first.

England and Pakistan's second Test on Thursday afternoon, Edgbaston, today is a 1000-yard race. It is a battle of attrition. England's batting line-up, led by the captain, is a mix of experience and youth. Pakistan's batting line-up, led by the captain, is a mix of experience and youth. The match is expected to be a close one.

Butcher presses claim for tour place

DAVID LLEWELLYN

reports from The Oval
Warwickshire 195
Surrey 429-7

These days it seems that Surrey's ageing captain, Chris Lewis, cannot do anything wrong. The mantle of respon-

sibility sits easily on the shoulders of the talented all-rounder as he has earned the plaudits of his young charges over the last two days for his leadership and feats with the ball.

Yesterday it was his turn with the bat and his unbeaten half-century showed that the term all-rounder was tailored for Lewis in his present mood.

Yesterday he thumped Warwickshire into near submission as he hammered his highest score (three sixes and nine fours) to date for the county who were prepared to stand by him in his recent troubles with the England management and who had shown faith in the man's ability by signing him in the first place.

Surrey must be in with a good shout for victory having established a comfortable lead of 234 runs to sustain their Championship challenge.

It has become customary for Mark Butcher to pass 50 these days. He was a little slow in reaching his 13th half-century of the summer and perhaps he should have gone to make a fourth hundred. However, when Ashley Giles pushed one through a little more quickly a leg got in the way and Butcher was on his way.

By then though he must have shown enough of his undoubted class and talent to convince the England hierarchy that he is worth a place on one of the tours, preferably the full one. Darren Bicknell echoed the tempo of the day with a thoughtful innings to reach his first half-century on home soil this season, in a summer when the usually prolific Bicknell has struggled for runs, still the 50 will be a relief.

Nearly all of the Surrey batsmen seemed to be hypnotised by the pace of the day and the pitch although there was a brisk half-century from the wicket-keeper Graham Kersey. But matters only really accelerated from the languorous and lethargic when Lewis entered the arena and, in tandem with Ben Hoolioake put on 111 in 24 overs. The England Under-19 all-rounder Hoolioake fell a tantalising four runs short of his maiden first-class half-century, but what a prospect.

Leicestershire stepped up their Championship challenge with a win over Somerset at Grace Road. West Indian all-rounder Phil Simmons took 4 for 38 yesterday as Somerset were bowled out for 174 and suffered an innings and 39 runs defeat.

He then had David Byas caught at slip and, best of all, laured Martin Moxon down the pitch, beat him through the air and bowled him through the gate.

Hussain reins in Yorkshire's attack

MIKE CAREY

reports from Headingley
Yorkshire 290 and 119-5
Essex 372

Nasser Hussain, appearing here by kind permission of the England selectors, put Essex firmly back into contention yesterday with an innings of 158, which was his first Championship century of the season. It also happened to be one that was crammed with the discipline, concentration and sheer guts demanded by a deteriorating pitch; in short, the type of batting that wins championships.

It also came by courtesy of far too much unacceptably poor bowling by Yorkshire. You cannot bowl like they did, short and wide, and hope to win anything. To do so on a surface where batsmen were increasingly apprehensive of variations in bounce was an embarrassment and all too symbolic of the current ills of English cricket.

The honourable exception was Gavin Hamilton. 21, uncapped, making only his fifth Championship appearance and — yes gods — a Scotsman. He hustled the batsmen by bowling straight, hitting the pitch and later he showed he knows how to dispose of troublesome tail-enders.

With more luck he might even have had Hussain early on. The batsman ducked a short

pitch ball which failed to bounce as expected, but left his bat protruding. The ball hit it and could have gone anywhere but it sped safely to the fine leg boundary. He also dealt quite a few blows on the glove. Who would have thought that Essex would make a little matter of 194 before lunch? That was down to Hussain's robust ability to put away anything loose despite the handicap of an injured finger, and Yorkshire's all round awfulness. At 98 Hussain was comfortably dropped in the deep by Richard Stemp. Wearing his dark glasses, even on an overcast day, Stemp looked like a member of the chorus of *Gyps and Dols* and bowled like it — if that is not a slight on nicely nicely Johnson.

He was operating at the more helpful end where the ball turned appreciably, but you would not have known it. He was cut to the boundary umpteenth times. Inevitably when he took a wicket it was with a wide long hop.

The importance of all that was seen later when Yorkshire went in 82 behind. Suddenly it was a different game. Peter Such, floating the ball up on a full length, turned an off break in his first over to have Michael Vaughan lbw.

He then had David Byas caught at slip and, best of all, laured Martin Moxon down the pitch, beat him through the air and bowled him through the gate.



Tim Henman shows the style that brought him victory over Doug Flach in New York yesterday Photograph: Allsport

Henman breaks through in US

Tennis

Tim Henman yesterday became the first British player in nine years to reach the third round of the US Open men's singles when he beat the American Doug Flach in straight sets.

The British No 1, who completely outplayed Flach to win 6-3, 6-4, 6-2, emulated the feat of Andrew Castle who was the last to achieve a third-round berth in 1987.

Henman remains on course to meet the American Todd Martin, who ended the Wimbledon dream of the 21-year-old in the quarter-finals this year. Martin had a less than convincing four sets win over Younes El Aynaoui in the first round.

On court 16, Flushing Meadows's third show court, Henman was always in control of the first set against Flach, a wild card entry and ranked 120 places below the Oxfordshire player at 159, as he swept through the opening set.

But Flach, who caused the sensation of Wimbledon by beating Andre Agassi in the first round, showed some of the fighting qualities which helped dispose of his compatriot early in this year.

Trailing 3-1, Flach came back to lead 4-3, but Henman showed how much he has matured over the last year by keeping his nerve and composure to take the next three games and close out the set.

Then at 2-2 in the third, with both players having broken serve, Henman brushed aside

the challenge of the American to sweep through the final four games.

Andre Agassi, the Olympic gold medalist finally reached the third round after early problems with Leander Paes, the bronze medalist in Atlanta. The sixth-seeded American was a set and two breaks down to 149th-ranked Indian before fighting back for a 3-6, 6-4, 6-1, 6-0 victory.

Matt Watkinson, the Wimbledon runner-up and 11th seed, rallied from two sets down but still lost to fellow American Alex O'Brien 6-3, 6-4, 5-7, 3-6, 6-2. O'Brien, who unsuccessfully served for the match at 5-4 in the third set, recovered in the end to continue his recent success, which began by winning his first professional title two weeks ago in New Haven.

Jeff Tarango, whose Wimbledon tantrum two years ago brought him a fine and suspension, beat the 10th-seeded Marcelo Rios 6-4, 4-6, 7-6, 6-2 and then jiggled his body in a jarring salute to Rios's supporters. "I support their enthusiasm," Tarango said. "At the same time, they're cheering blatantly against me. After I won I figured I could give them a little razzle-dazzle."

Thomas Muster, the clay-court specialist, had no problems with the German Dirk Dier, winning 6-3, 6-2, 6-4. Muster's win sets up a third-round match of two former French Open champions. The Australian now faces the Spaniard Sergi Bruguera, who won the French Open in 1993 and 1994. Muster succeeded him as champion in 1995.

Hamed's chance to dispel doubts

Boxing

GUY LEACH

"Prince" Naseem Hamed is snarling from the sting of critical assault and tonight at The Point in Dublin, Mexico's Manuel Medina is likely to be made to pay for the damage done to one of mankind's larger egos.

As Hamed approaches his third defence of the World Boxing Organisation featherweight title, his cage has clearly been rattled by those who have dared suggest he might not attain the legendary status.

There have always been doubters. Those who believe that, in Hamed, substance might be secondary to style, that a real fighter would expose the 22-year-old boy wonder from Sheffield. But the whispers gave way to screaming when Hamed found himself on the floor in the first round against Puerto Rico's Ricaldo Alcega in June.

That Hamed went on to knock out his previously undefeated mandatory challenger in the following round made no difference: a chunk in the brash youngster's armour had been revealed.

"I wasn't up to my normal standard in the first round," Hamed said. "There wasn't the fire in my belly that I normally have. But that knock-down brought it back."

The rumours persisted that success and celebrity had softened Hamed, that the talent he believes comes from Allah was no longer being nurtured in the gym. That Hamed's increasing fame had left him too busy to train for fights.

His trainer and mentor, Brendan Ingle, gives credence to this allegation. "Naz was only training once a day and when we got closer to the fight, he was trying to cram his training in order to catch up. But for this fight, he's been training twice a day. He's in tremendous shape."

And Hamed will need to be. The Mexican is vastly experienced compared to the champion, with 52 wins from 59 fights as opposed to Hamed's undefeated 22-0, with 20 KOs. Medina has also held two versions of the world title, the last as recently as eight months ago.

TODAY'S NUMBER 10

The number of years since Panama's Roberto Duran has boxed on home soil. Duran, who is 45, fights Ariel Cruz in a super-middleweight non-title fight in Panama City tonight.

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Giddins aims to return after ban

Ed Giddins has pledged to return to first-class cricket a better player after serving his 20-month ban for using cocaine — and has not ruled out playing for England. Giddins has revealed he will not appeal against the suspension, which was imposed after a random test which found he had taken the drug before Sussex's match with Kent at the end of May.

Now the 25-year-old fast bowler, sacked by Sussex two days after the TCCB ruling, is considering offers to play in South Africa, the West Indies and Australia, and may even play a summer of Lancashire league cricket next year.

"I was extremely saddened by the TCCB's decision. While I still protest my innocence I will not be appealing," he said. "Instead, I intend to carry out the suspension with dignity and use the 20 months to improve my game. I feel increasing my level of fitness can prolong my game for three or four years."

"I trust and hope the TCCB will not bear a grudge against me and treat me fairly because I want to play cricket again at the highest level in 1998."

"I just want to make sure that cricket people don't forget about me. On April 1, 1998, I don't want to creep back into the game. I hope to be fitter and better than before and to force my way into the England team."

Giddins insisted he is desperate to keep playing and sees next season as a depressing prospect. "I'm already missing playing for Sussex and imagine it will be even worse next summer," he explained. I would have loved to have stayed with the County but it wasn't possible."

The pace bowler, who toured Pakistan with England A last winter, added he has been heartened by messages of support from Sussex followers.

Derbyshire v Worcestershire

Derbyshire won toss
Worcestershire batted first
Derbyshire won by 10 runs

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سكرا من الامم

Unrest widens as Welsh clubs announce breakaway

Rugby Union
DAVID LLEWELLYN

The tangled web that is rugby union was confused further yesterday when the Welsh First Division clubs announced their intention to recommend to their membership that they break away from the Welsh Rugby Union and join forces with their English counterparts, who shocked the Rugby Foot-

ball Union by announcing their intention to split from them on Thursday. The Anglo-Welsh club tournament will now go ahead in defiance of the recent edict to the contrary by the WRU chairman, Vernon Pugh. However, the WRU last night defied their top clubs to go it alone with their threat of a breakaway. "If that is their wish, then so be it," David Rees, a WRU official, said. "There are 221 clubs who form

the union and we are only talking about 12 here." There was also doubt about the break itself. Cerydd Thomas, the chief executive of the Swalec Cup holders, Pontypridd, said: "I just don't know what is going on. I don't consider the people representing us at the meeting had any mandate to make decisions or issue statements."

"All I know that there was going to be a meeting to discuss the move by the English clubs and to examine possible options for tournaments. Then there was to be a full meeting and a report back to members of FDRU (First Division Rugby Union) on Wednesday."

The RFU was in placatory mood as they responded to Epruc's declaration of intent. Tony Hallett, the RFU's secretary, appealed for patience on all sides after stating that Epruc and the RFU would be meeting early next week in an attempt to solve this latest crisis assailing the game.

Hallett was unhappy at the prospect of a third special general meeting this year, which it is thought the clubs may call, saying: "An SGM would not help. It would unsettle the government of the game and I would ask anybody who has that thought in their mind to be patient."

The RFU were accused of showing no decisive leadership by Epruc's chief executive, Kim Deshayes. Confirming the clubs' intention to break away, he said on BBC breakfast television yesterday: "It's a sad day for rugby. We have been talking to the RFU for three months now and they haven't even let the ball out of the scrum. The game needs clear and decisive leadership and we believe there is a vacuum there because of the inner turmoil at the RFU."

The RFU, apart from having the infrastructure in place, which the clubs say they also have, to cover registration and discipline, also feels that the game should still be run from Twickenham and that a sport needs a governing body. Hallett said: "If they mean complete independence it would be the first sport not to have a governing body and I can't believe they mean that."

The journey into the unknown

David Llewellyn looks ahead to what could be a turbulent term in England

The turbulent start to the new season is a situation made for Spock and Captain Kirk: "It's rugby, Jim, but not as we know it." There has been a definite start during the summer as players and movement has been in the direction of what they had thought would be financial security. For this week at least there will be a Courage League programme for the First Division; the Second Division clubs begin their campaign next week although to-day they will be engaged in cross-border skirmishes in the secondary Anglo-Welsh club competition. The Welsh Rugby Union have tried to play down the importance of the competition, but English Second Division Rugby (EPRU) are hoping to get a sponsor for the event.

Apart from the influx of talented individuals from Rugby League in a couple of weeks, there will be other noticeable changes, not least in north and west London where Saracens and Wasps respectively have moved to football stadia. Saracens entertain Leicester at Enfield Town FC, where they will remain until work is completed on a proposed new ground on land adjacent to the football club's ground. Wasps fans will have to wait a week longer before they can settle down in the all-seater stadium of Loftus Road. This week the English All Blacks travel to Sale. At Harlequins—who wish to be known as NEC Harlequins in deference to their sponsors—it will no longer be possible to identify a player's position by the

shirt number he sports. When Gary Connolly makes his debut at Cardiff he will pull on the No 37 jersey, his rugby league colleague Robbie Paul is squad No 35. Every player has been allocated a squad number which they will wear all season. Naturally Will Carling will wear No 13 all season, even when he plays at stand-off, as he is hoping to do, today, at home to Gloucester, the former England captain is at his regular position of centre and it is unlikely that the first-choice stand-off Paul Challenor will give up his berth without a fight. Not all change is necessarily progress, but most of it helps marketing—and broadcasting.

To date any rockets in the game have been of the missile variety, aimed at different factions as the administrative in-fighting continues, but this afternoon fans can expect to see rockets of a different nature; while the rugby league incomes are not due for a couple more weeks, the addition of a couple of sprinters to the club ranks—Jason John at Moseley and Derek Redmond at Coventry—will also add to the impression of speed. And, of course, there is the sub 10-sec 100-metre runner Paul Sampson who has also joined Wasps.

In any case, a faster game has been proposed by everyone following changes to the laws which should allow more time for the playmakers at half-back to set their three-quarters moving. The line-out, one of the most difficult areas for a referee to control satisfactorily has also had a change or two made, most notably the one where a player may now use either hand to tap the ball back, provided both arms are above his head; previously they could only use the inside arm to play the ball. Of course as professionals, there is going to be a great weight of expectation on the players. Fans—and the clubs financial backers—will want their money's worth (however that can be quantified). Entertainment has to be at the forefront of any side's strategy. There will be little tolerance for stodgy 10-man rugby. The days of the hoof it and hope brigade are numbered. So a more expansive game, the sort the England coach, Jack Rowell, and his squad aspire to, can be expected, and probably demanded.

Foreign imports will help on the entertainment front. Apart from the aforementioned speedsters, there is also the presence of high calibre players such as Michael Lynagh, the former Australian stand-off, and retired—but far from retiring on the pitch—France centre Philippe Sella, both at Saracens. Then there is Laurent Benezec and Laurent Cabannes to beef up Harlequins pack. Alex King, the professionally talented Bristol University stand-off will appear in Wasps colours this season.

Most interest is going to surround the performances of the rugby league stars. Work permits allowing Vagha Tuigamala (Wasps), Connolly and Paul (Harlequins), Henry Paul and Jason Robinson (Bath), Martin Offiah (Bedford), Frano Botica (Oxford). And it will be fascinating to see how the have-nots cope. Clubs without a sound financial footing by now are already on the edge of the herd and are expected to go to the wall perhaps before the season is out. Much of their destiny is out of their hands; but with the ball in their hands they can still contribute something to their fate. Money may change the individuals in the game; it will be interesting to see if it changes the game itself.



Moving the goalposts: Wasps' players get in some training at Loftus Road, their new home ground, earlier this week Photograph: Adam Scott

Paul set to be part of the union

The English rugby union season opens today with the promise of the biggest influx of new talent it has ever seen, largely thanks to that which it has begged, stolen, borrowed and bought from the code it has stomped for the past hundred years.

If club rugby union looks better this season, it will be because it is liberally studded with players who have honed their craft elsewhere. The world of rugby is suddenly upside down. The incomers from league fall into two categories: the permanent transfers, often former union players who have failed to make it, and the loan mangers, often high-grade, better and-bred league men, who are thought to have what it takes to cross over. These are the new, hybrid breed of year-round rugby code-breakers—and how they will fare over the next 12 months will be the most intriguing running story in both codes of rugby.

Take the case of Henry Paul. No boy growing up in Auckland could be unaware of rugby union—the one that took him into the Junior Kiwis and into

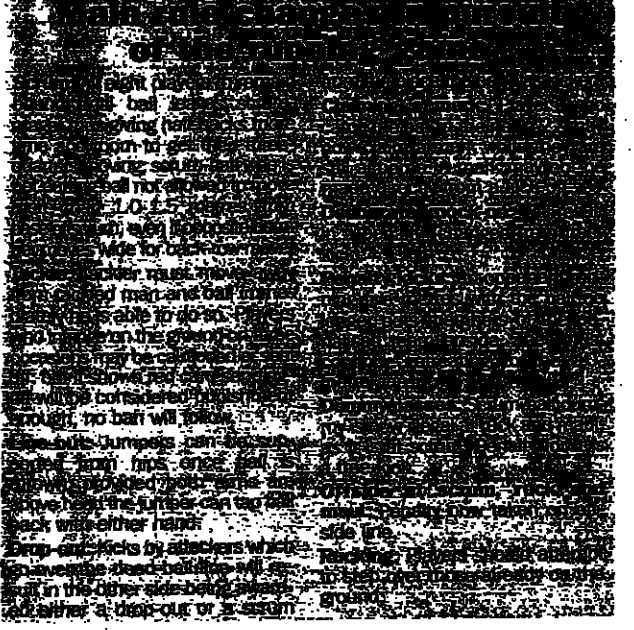
contracts with Wakefield Trinity and, a year later, Wigan. While Paul was playing league, his astonishing skill and flair were a partially kept secret. Once he had played for Wigan against Bath and in the Midlands Sevens, the word was out. Bath wanted him for the winter, Paul wanted to go. Wigan had no objection and nor—despite some initial tough talking—did the Rugby League.

So when Wigan's season ends, he is today or in the Premiership final next Sunday. Paul will decamp to the house in Bath for which he was negotiating last week and take up well-paid, temporary employment as a rugby union player. "The chance to earn money is a factor, of course," he says. "But the main thing is the chance to do something that nobody has done before—as a real rugby league player playing rugby union."

It's a risky thing I'm doing. Rugby union isn't an easy game; it is everyone would do it. There are plenty of people in rugby league who wish that Paul was not doing it, especially at a time when he could be

gone for something that was definitely there, rather than something that might not be. Players like Paul, his equally gifted brother, Robbie, from the Bradford Bulls, and the Wigan and Great Britain centre, Gary Connolly, will add a new dimension to the union game. The footwork of the Pauls is quite unlike anything in union, as is the sheer power of Connolly's tackling. As Wigan showed against Bath, the pace and imagination of league back play is several steps ahead of its union equivalent.

The players who can bring these qualities to union are said to be on contracts worth up to £5,000 a match—dazzling money by any standards. Making a virtue of necessity, the League's chief executive, Maurice Lindsay, says that it would be unfair to prevent players from making that sort of killing. But clubs like Warrington and St Helens maintain that league has no business making union look better by lending out its best and brightest; none of their players will be guesting in rugby union this winter. League has to be concerned about the possibility of burn-out. "I don't feel the need for any rest," Paul said. "When my rugby starts to go down I'll know it's time to take a rest."



All Blacks all set for victory

The World Cup holders, South Africa, face a 3-0 whitewash unless they can halt a rampant New Zealand in the final Test at Ellis Park in Johannesburg today. The All Blacks took an unbearable 2-0 lead last weekend. The All Blacks have recalled Andrew Mehrtens at stand-off, while the Springboks have brought back Henry Honiball at stand-off for Joel Stransky.

Swansea steeled for road ahead

After the false start at Cardiff Arms Park last weekend, when only 19,000 people turned out to see Wales beat the Barbarians, the Welsh rugby season is set for a proper kick-off this afternoon when the more traditional rivals get to grips with each other across the country.

The club scene kicks off with almost a dozen seasoned international campaigners having gone to the Courage League—Llewellyn to Harlequins, Rob Jones to Bristol, Adrian Davies, Andy Moore, Craig and Scott Quinell to Richmond and Phil Davies to Leeds—and no sponsor to take the place of the backer of the last six seasons, Heineken.

It means the Welsh Rugby Union will have to stump up £987,000 this season to pay for the 20 divisions in their National League structure, but not even that is likely to cover the enormous costs involved in satisfying the new found, or now legal at least, wage bills of the clubs. The First Division elite are rumoured to have agreed contracts worth around £5m for their players. The question is will they be worth it? The pace, tempo and competitiveness of the game at St Helen's today, where Swansea entertain Cardiff, should give a clear indication of what the fans can expect from the new season. Swansea look the best outside bet for a trophy this season, having recruited the former ring-leader players Scott Gibbs, Paul Moriarty and Stuart Ewins and brought in Arwel Thomas

from Bristol. They have also installed a no-nonsense skipper in the experienced Welsh hooker Gavin Jenkins.

He, more than anything, could prove the catalyst of a revival that means everyone putting their bodies on the line, rather than a chosen few. Players have to remember they must put in the effort and hard work before reaping the rewards. We are in a new, professional era and there is individual and collective responsibility."

Cardiff beat Swansea three times last season, including a thumping 59-0 win at St Helen's, yet despite their flood of leading summer signings, of whom Rob Howley, Leigh Davies and Justin Thomas will be on duty for the first time, they are somewhat reluctant to start.

An outbreak of scrum pox, in addition to a glut of injuries to international back-row men, caused them to ask for a postponement. The game will go ahead, but the question is will Cardiff be able to scrummage?

The burning issue tomorrow, when the reigning National League champions Neath tackle the Swalec Cup holders Pontypridd in the inaugural Champions Challenge match at the Arms Park, is can Neath make do in their second row after losing Gareth and Glyn Llewellyn. The match is a repeat of the Swalec Cup final in May—an event which already seems so distant after a summer of unprecedented unrest.

The champions, Melrose, start as strong favourites to claim a sixth title in eight years when the Tensate Premiership kicks off in Scotland today against a background of unrest on the international front.

The Scotland captain, Rob Wainwright, is signatory to a letter calling a players' meeting to be held in Edinburgh tomorrow and expected to discuss conditions included in contracts offered this week by the Scottish Rugby Union to 44 home based players and 12 exiles.

Amid suggestions that the money on offer—£20,000-£50,000—is regarded as insufficient in some quarters, Wainwright claims the original deadline for returning the contract to Murrayfield was unrealistic. He said yesterday: "Our lawyer has spoken to the SRU and got them to lift the 29 August deadline. You can't expect people to decide on their careers in three days. It's all being done through our lawyers who are looking at every aspect of the document before players sign."

Contracts talk haunts kick-off

Bill Leith

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The big picture

Tous les Matins du Monde
Sat 10.55pm C4

As Amadeus proved, the right combination of period costume, painterly design and exquisite sound-track can be heady indeed. These three elements merge in *Tous les Matins du Monde*, Alain Corneau's lovingly-photographed period drama. It recounts the difficult relationship between the real-life 17th century viola da gamba master Saint Colombe and his pupil Marin Marais (played, old and young, by Gerard and Guillaume Depardieu).

Nigel Lawson OK? Colleagues advise me that he is, but I had to wind back the preview cassette of the opening episode of *Safe with Us* (Sun BBC2) just to make sure Lawson wasn't being impersonated by an actor. But no, it's old "double-dinners" OK, but much reduced. Lawson has his own inflation under control, that's for sure. In fact he could single-handedly join the ERM tomorrow.

This strange apparition is one of the key witnesses (some might say prime suspects) in BBC social affairs editor Niall Dickson's three-part look at Mrs Thatcher's reforms of the NHS. He's joined by Kenneth Clarke ("He's 15 stone, he smokes and he drinks... and now he's in charge of your health"), who volunteers the information that he dreamt up the idea of GP fund-holding while standing on a promontory in Gallicia. One absent-minded step to the left and the development of the Health Service could have been very different.

These instant histories are becoming all the rage, and they do make you naively wish that politicians would speak as candidly in office as out. If Dickson's series initially lacks anything, it's a point of view. Perhaps that

will emerge over the three programmes, but for the time being, there's a shortage of heat here.

No shortage of heat in *Truth or Dare* (Sat BBC1), which finds *Cardiac Arrest*'s Helen Baxendale in various states of undress. Like many one-off TV dramas, alas, this *Screen One* offering from BBC Scotland gets increasingly silly as it goes along. At heart, it's a late addition to the 1980s cycle of yuppie-in-peril movies, with Baxendale playing Lorna, an ambitious young Edinburgh lawyer in her late 20s, with a nice car, a nice flat and some nice underwear. Then one day, she bumps into her wild friends from university days. This trio of fun-loving slackers, led by John Hannah as a Mephistophelian goatee, enter Lorna's new life like a computer virus, crashing the car, squatting a client's flat and stealing her files. Where will it all end? Where, indeed.

More original is Jez and Tom Butterworth's *Christmas*, the first of three made-for-television dramas by new British filmmakers. These dramas are gathered together under an umbrella called *Talentspotting* (Sun C4), which plays on the title of the recent Brit-movie smash *Talentspotting* and gives an indication of what the

Truth or Dare Sat 9.15pm BBC1

Safe with Us Sun 7.25pm BBC2

Celluloid Icons Sun 8pm C4

Talentspotting Sun 9pm C4

commissioning editors are looking out for. In fact the milieu of *Christmas* - petty criminality in London's Kings Cross - is very Irvine Welsh. The Butterworth brothers have a good ear for dialogue, though, and it's inventively filmed by two-director Marc Munden.

To compliment Robert Epstein's two-part history of gay and lesbian cinema, *The Celluloid Closet*, which starts next Thursday, Channel 4 has come up with a new series called *Celluloid Icons* (Sun C4). Lovers of the English language will have to get used to the expression "iconic moments", which is not some new range of pawns, but what is created, for example, when Jodie Foster and Kelly McGillis hold hands at the end of *The Accused*. The lesbians here admit that they are clutching at straws most of the time - there was nothing overtly lesbian about Foster and McGillis's exchange, after all. But it was an iconic moment - handily described as "a guerrilla tactic to steal lesbian moments from a film". Jodie Foster is the first Celluloid Icon in the series. As her admirers debate whether she's a butch or a femme icon, this from a review of *Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore*: "Foster looks like a boy, but talks like a man."



The big match

Moldova v England
Sun 3pm Sky Sports 1 & 10.25pm BBC1

After Terry Venables's success in taking England to the semi-final of Euro 96, his successor as coach, Glenn Hoddie (above), has a tough act to follow in his opening match, a World Cup qualifier in Moldova. Hoddie will no doubt be reminding his players that Moldova beat Wales 3-2 in the last European Championship qualifiers. Before a ball has been kicked, however, he has pleased the pundits by recalling to the squad misundisputed genius, Matt Le Tissier.

Saturday television and radio

BBC1

- 7.25 News, Weather (2531344).
7.30 Children's BBC: Oscar's Orchestra. 7.55 Robinson Sucroe. 8.15 The Raccoons. 8.40 Marvel Action Hour. 9.45 The Flintstones Meet Rockula and Frankenstone. 10.35 Clarissa Explains It All. 11.00 Grange Hill. 11.30 Sweet Valley High. 11.50 The 03 Zone. 12.05 Cartoon.
- 12.12 Weather (1150948).
12.15 Grandstand. 12.20 Football Focus. 1.00 News. 1.05 Cricket Focus. 1.30 Touring Cars. Action from the Touring Car Championship at Thruxton. 2.00 Motorcycling. Rounds 13 and 14 of the British Superbike Championship. 2.20 Water-Skiing. The British Masters at Reading. 3.45 Football Half-Times. 3.55 Inflation. World Championship highlights from Cleveland, Ohio. 4.45 Final Score (S) (16963290).
- 5.20 News, Weather (3096054).
5.30 Regional News and Weather (236615).
5.35 Dad's Army. Sgt Wilson is to be made manager of the bank's Eastgate branch, much to Captain Mainwaring's obvious chagrin (R) (237783).
6.05 Jim Davidson's Generation Game. Jim Davidson and glamorous assistant Melanie Stace crank up a new series of the ancient game show. Innovations include a new musical spot to wind up the show - in tonight's case, the cast of the West End musical *Hot Shove Shuffle* (S) (592509).
7.05 Due South. More comedy action from Paul Gross's Canadian Mountie in Chicago. Two priceless Aboriginal masks are stolen (S) (228832).
7.50 The National Lottery Live (S) (843509).
8.05 Casualty. It was the night before Ash and Laura's wedding, which of course does nothing to stem the tide of sick and wounded from winding up at Holby General. The last of the repeats, a new series starts in September (R) (S) (821764).
8.55 News and Sport, Weather (Followed by National Lottery Update) (692122).
9.15 Screen One: Truth or Dare. See Preview, above (S) (42887493).
10.55 **Safe with Us**. Paint James B Harris 1993 US). A notch or two more interesting than the usual cop-movie fodder, this well-structured thriller adds character complexity and a strong cast to the staple plot of US Treasury agent Wesley Snipes seeking revenge for the murder of his partner. The object of his vengeance is a scam-artist, played with his usual gusto by Dennis Hopper (S) (3405493).
12.20 **Memories of Murder** (Robert Lewis 1990 US). Nancy Allen deserves better than this willful thriller about an antisocial woman who can no longer recognise her own family but does have dim distant memories of a murder (764178).
1.55 Weather (7306975). To 2.00am.

REGIONS: Wales: 2.30pm Football: Wales v San Marino. 10.55 World Cup Sportscentre. 12.10 Film: Memories of Murder. 1.45 Weather. 11.10 5.55pm World Cup Soccer. 11.35 Film: Boiling Point. 1.10 Weather.

BBC2

- 6.00 Open University: Somewhere a Wall Came Down (P288238). 6.25 Maths (3290073). 6.50 Flight Simulators and Robots (2168431). 7.15 Chardin and the Still Life (3559431). 7.40 Frontiers of Geology (1349344). 8.05 King Cotton's Palace (528615). 8.30 Brecht on Stage (7410696). 8.55 Jazz, Ragga and Synthesizers (742431). 9.20 Anti-racism (703970). 9.45 Me a Student? (5487257). 10.10 The Rainbow (2007967). 10.35 Managing in the Marketplace (5076561). 11.00 Problems with Patterns (5713344). 11.25 Czech Education - after the Revolution (8076306). 11.50 Four Towns and a Circus (8649847).
- 12.15 Pride of Dress. The traditional costumes of the Friesland in the Netherlands (R) (3776219).
12.25 People's Century. Another chance to see the first 10 episodes of the BBC's ambitious oral history series about the 20th century, as a prelude to the next batch, which begin showing next month.
- 12.25 1900 - Age of Hope (R) (S) (7654509).
1.20 1914 - Killing Fields (R) (S) (9068306).
2.15 1917 - Red Flag, Communism (R) (S) (7007180).
3.10 1919 - Lost Peace. The League of Nations and German hyper-inflation (R) (S) (4603851).
4.00 1930 - Sporting Fever. The explosion of sport as a mass pursuit (R) (S) (5700932).
4.55 1924 - On the Line. Henry Ford, mass production and all that (R) (S) (5833035).
5.50 1927 - The Great Escape. The growth of cinema (R) (S) (435615).
6.45 Rugby Special. John Inverdale opens a new season of rugby action with highlights from Saracens v Leicester, and Orrell v Bath (S) (704528).
7.45 News and Sport, Weather (844238).
8.00 Cricket. Highlights of the second of three 50-over-per-side one-day internationals between England and Pakistan (S) (7431).
9.00 People's Century. And so back to BBC2's main event of the day, the repeating of the first 10 films in its oral history of the 20th century.
9.00 1929 - Breadline. The Great Depression (R) (S) (329851).
9.55 1933 - Master Race. You know who (R) (S) (145752).
10.50 1939 - Total War. The story of the Second World War told from the perspective of the civilian experience (R) (S) (130851).
11.45 **Do the Right Thing** (Spikes Lee 1989 US). Lee's brilliantly orchestrated and uncompromising bleak view of race relations, showing how the thin veneer of racial harmony in a mixed Brooklyn neighbourhood breaks down over the course of one sweltering summer's day. The focal point is a pizza restaurant whose owner, Danny Aiello, refuses to change the pictures of the Italian sporting heroes for those of black ones. With Spike Lee and *NY120* Blue's John Turturro (Then *Weatherview* (986615). To 1.45am.

ITV/London

- 6.00 GMTV: News and Weather. 6.10 Cabbage Patch Dolls. 6.35 Bananas in Pyjamas. 7.10 Barney and Friends. 7.40 Disney's Wake Up in the Wild Room (4512696).
- 9.25 Wow! New series - same old sort of fast-moving, pop-dominated babble to keep kids and teenagers glued to the box. The week's musical guests are Louise and boy band Menswear (S) (65638141).
11.00 The Noddy. More of the same really. And presents and Boyzone are the first guests (3986).
11.30 The Chart Show (S) (95828).
12.30 Move on Up. New series looking at issues affecting teenagers (37035).
1.00 News and Weather (24416257).
1.05 London Today (24415528).
1.10 Movies. Games and Videos (5915967).
1.45 Cartoon Time (45441493).
1.55 Airwolf (R) (7685073).
2.50 **Arrested** (S) (1752870).
3.45 International Athletics. From Berlin, the final Golden Four meeting (540257).
4.45 News, Sports Results (2454290).
5.05 London Tonight. Sports Results (2455696).
5.20 Beadle's About. Forget John Birt's speech about the licence fee, the happiest news from this year's Edinburgh TV Festival was the confirmation that *Beadle's About* is for the chop (S) (492509).
5.50 SeaQuest 2032. They all live in a futuristic submarine (S) (704257).
6.40 Body Heat. Physical perks (S) (631829).
7.25 The Big, Big Talent Show. Opportunity knocks for a singer, a ventriloquist, a female illusionist and a comedian (Including Lottery Result) (257344).
8.15 Family Fortunes. Les Dennis is the host (S) (651702).
8.45 News, Weather, Lottery Result (607054).
9.00 An Audience with Freddie Starr. Celebrity chums - including Dale Winton and Robson Green - pay homage to the Scouse one (R) (S) (1493).
10.00 **Alien 3** (David Fincher 1992 US). Further shocks as the king prawn-lookalike drops out of yet more air-conditioning ducts, in the second sequel to the influential sci-fi horror hybrid. Rather a dull affair, really, with Sigourney Weaver landing in a troglodytic penal colony-cum-religious sect populated by the likes of Charles Dhall, Paul McGann, Brian Glover and you know who (S) (39822325).
12.05 Funny Business. Scenes from the Edinburgh Fringe (S) (1349772).
12.35 **BL Stryker - Winner Takes All** (Alan J Lavi 1990 US). Burt Reynolds investigates murder in the world of pro football (S) (824159).
2.15 The Chart Show (R) (S) (9661913).
3.05 El News Review (1609410).
3.55 Cool Vibes (6821842).
4.00 God's Gift (R) (6189265).
4.55 Night Shift (87617611).
5.05 Coach (R) (S) (9155913).
5.30 News (33062). To 6.00am.

Channel 4

- 6.00 Sesame Street (R) (2829257).
6.55 The Magic School Bus (R) (S) (9127257).
7.30 The Ferals (52054).
8.00 Gaelic Games. The best of the season's football and hurling action (46677).
9.00 The Morning Line. The nags to watch (S) (48948).
10.00 Birtz Gary Imrich previews another season of American football (68238).
11.00 Trans World Sport (61702).
12.00 Rawhide (47412).
1.00 **Madame Bovary** (Vincent Minnelli 1949 US). Highly fanciful version of Flaubert's tale, with an over-dressed Jennifer Jones in the title role (the original movie ran with the legend: "Whatever it is that French women have, Madame Bovary has more of it"). Christopher Kent, Louis Jourdan, James Mason and Van Heflin are the leading men (32615596).
3.05 Channel 4 Racing from Sandown and Curragh. Derek Thompson introduces the 3.10 The Lyceum Atlanta Stakes (Sandown), the 3.40 Bison Stakes (Sandown), the 4.00 Tattersalls Breck Stakes (Curragh), the 4.15 William Hill Stakes (Sandown), and the 4.45 Sunley Stakes (Curragh). (S) (10175986).
5.05 **Brookside Omnibus** (R) (S) (2379702).
6.30 The Middle Ages. Ray Gosling continues to poke around the mid-life condition, looking at how the middle-aged fall in love. One couple met in the supermarket, while two mothers, who met through their children, decided to leave their families and start a new life together (S) (580).
7.00 News Summary and Weather (156325).
7.15 **Roseanne** and Tom (Richard A Colla 1994 US). As in Roseanne Barr, as was, and Tom Arnold - the showbiz couple whose courtship, marriage and subsequent relationship meltdown kept the American tabloids in stories for the best part of a decade. Patricia Darbo is convincing as Roseanne, in whose favour the film is obviously biased. Mind you, a movie biased in favour of Tom Arnold (played by Stephen Lee) would be severely stretching credibility (S) (64178832).
9.00 **ER**. Hospital grief. The first major snowstorm of the season hits Chicago (R) (S) (921219).
9.55 Father Ted. Cult laughs. To raise money to fix a risky road, Father Ted (Dermot Morgan) borrows a car to refit as a prize. But how are they going to return it after it has been won? (R) (S) (747832).
10.25 Roseanne. The Connors are chosen to have their TV viewing monitored for a year (R) (S) (933702).
10.55 **Tous les Matins du Monde** (Alain Corneau 1992 F). See The Big Picture, above (S) (60901412).
1.00 Legend of Arlan. Manga (S) (5688361).
2.10 The New Twilight Zone. Followed by *Beastly Behaviour*. Beetle (3666371).
2.40 Full Frontal. (5812265).
3.10 **Skunkabride** (R) (S) (19670265).
3.40 **Dweezels** (S) (49474604). To 4.10am.

ITV/Regions

- ASIAN**
As London except: 12.30pm Movies, Games and Videos (37035). 1.10 Film: Barney (2964122). 2.45 Air-View (44073). 12.05am Film: The Island (4970424). 2.10am Canal Knowledge (680739). 3.05am Film: One of Those Things (2904197). 4.35am Coach (19017739). 5.00-5.30am World of Sailing (49801).
- TIME ZONE/US**
As London except: 12.30pm Movies, Games and Videos (37035). 1.10 Thunder in Paradise (9067580). 2.05 Film: Disney's Return of the Shaggy Dog (524412). 5.10 Time. Full Time (3910737). 6.05 Scoreline (5910737). 12.05 Football (4734420). 12.50am Fantasy Business (619739). 1.20am Coach (8815739). 1.45am War and Remembrance (79340). 1.35am War of the Worlds (7164865). 4.25am Myster: See Wire (2123284). 5.15-5.30am Profile (2471517).
- CENTRAL**
As London except: 12.30pm Premier (37035). 1.15 The Making of James and the Giant Peach (103580). 1.45 Video: Dead on (103851). 2.15 Movies, Games & Videos (194832). 2.45 Knight Rider (54073). 3.55am Johnnie (8741438). 5.20-5.30am Asian Edge (282888).
- ITV**
As London except: 12.30pm West: No Naked Flames (37035). Wales: Go Gwent (613859). 12.55 Wales: Cymru (637763). 1.10 Video: New. Baywatch at Best (63753122). Wales: House (63753122). 1.40 Movies, Games & Videos (5846325). 2.10 Baywatch (59257). 5.10 Wales: Let's Go (3001986). 5.15 London Time (3000257). 12.05am Film: The Island (4970424). 2.10am Canal Knowledge (680739). 3.05am Film: One of Those Things (2904197). 4.35am Coach (19017739). 5.00-5.30am World of Sailing (49801).
- MEDIAN**
As London except: 9.25am News (55338141). 12.30 Movies, Games & Videos (37035). 1.10 Mendenham Motor Sport (63753122). 1.40 Beach Volleyball (58-55325). 2.10 World of Sailing (6848250). 2.40 News (597238). 12.05am Film: The Island (4970424). 2.10am Canal Knowledge (680739). 3.05am Film: One of Those Things (2904197). 4.35am Coach (19017739). 5.00-5.30am Freezone (49801).
- WESTCOUNTRY**
As London except: 12.30pm Movies, Games & Videos (37035). 1.10 Film: The Island at the Top of the World (3020696). 2.50 New. Baywatch at Best (63753122). 12.05am Film: The Island (4970424). 2.10am Canal Knowledge (680739). 3.05am Film: One of Those Things (2904197). 4.35am Coach (19017739). 5.00-5.30am World of Sailing (49801).
- S4C**
As C4 except: 7.30am The Ferals (52054). 10.00 American Football (65238). 12.00 The Averages (67412). 3.05 Reunion from Sandown and the Curragh (10175986). 5.05 Beekle (2379702). 6.30 Bay View (55322). 6.00 Newsday News (55229). 7.15 Sports (55322). 8.00 D Byrne (19250). 8.30 The Chase (55322). 9.00 Newsday (55322). 9.30 Newsday (55322). 10.00 Newsday (55322). 10.30 Newsday (55322). 11.00 Newsday (55322). 11.30 Newsday (55322). 12.00 Newsday (55322). 12.30 Newsday (55322). 1.00 Newsday (55322). 1.30 Newsday (55322). 2.00 Newsday (55322). 2.30 Newsday (55322). 3.00 Newsday (55322). 3.30 Newsday (55322). 4.00 Newsday (55322). 4.30 Newsday (55322). 5.00 Newsday (55322). 5.30 Newsday (55322). 6.00 Newsday (55322). 6.30 Newsday (55322). 7.00 Newsday (55322). 7.30 Newsday (55322). 8.00 Newsday (55322). 8.30 Newsday (55322). 9.00 Newsday (55322). 9.30 Newsday (55322). 10.00 Newsday (55322). 10.30 Newsday (55322). 11.00 Newsday (55322). 11.30 Newsday (55322). 12.00 Newsday (55322). 12.30 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